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A GLIMPSE OF Music in Chicago,

WITH

SKETCHES OF THE LEADING ARTISTS, ORGANIZATIONS AND BUILDINGS.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young in Chicago she resided in the homes of the Beaubiens, inspiring Mark Beaubien with a love for the fiddle, and Jean Baptiste Beaubien with the ambition to own a piano. This piano was the first to come to Chicago. It is said to be in the house of Mrs. Ogee, a descendant, at Silver Lake, Kan. Mark Beaubien left his fiddle to John Wentworth. John Wentworth presented it to the Calumet Club, and it is presumed to have been destroyed when the club's building burned, just before the World's Fair.

It is the intention in this cursory glance across the musical history of Chicago to dwell rather upon salient and memorable things than upon the too numerous details, that if entered upon would embarrass a short recital of Chicago's musical experience and culture.

Love for music is inborn in most of us, and old-time Chicagoans tell with decided pride how in childhood the sounds of music in the violet atmosphere of the Cathedral thrilled them to tears. How in youth the airs of Verdi, Meyerbeer, Rossini and all that great host enlightened and enriched their lives. It is therefore not without trepidation that anyone must set out upon an article that of necessity names some and omits to name others, that must pass the deserving, to note the more popular or more pretentious as well as the meritorious and the truly gifted.

What sins of omission there may be are not sins of commission, and those of the musical world of whom unintentionally mention has not been made will, it is believed, generously forgive. Six acts or scenes may be noted in the drama that has been played at this remarkable theatre of population:

1. The old settler's dance and church music.
2. The music of the Civil War.
3. Hans Balatka and the music of the Germans, mainly on the north side of the city. Mr. Balatka was connected with Milwaukee music as far back as 1851, where he had been director of Haydn's "Creation," as given by the Milwaukee Musical Society.
4. Crosby's Opera House and the birth of love for opera that led to the erection of that edifice.
5. Central Music Hall, Florence Ziegfeld's College and the singing associations that formed after the great conflagration, with "Pinafore" companies, &c.
6. Jubilees, opera festivals and large musical events leading to the erection of the Auditorium and the interests that have centred in that noble building.

Chicago has during the most of this time shared the musical entertainment of the world. The city has, as will be partly shown, also contributed famously to the divertissement of the rest of mankind. Her sons and daughters have written songs and hymns that resound around the earth. Her composers have received the plaudits of greater cities. Her singers and players have often reached the first rank among the professional entertainers of all nations.

The Old Settlers' Harmonic Society gave its first concert December 11, 1835, in the Presbyterian church at the southwest corner of Lake and Clark streets. The grade of those streets was then about ten feet lower than it is nowadays. The first organ was erected in St. Jane's Church. The *Chicago Magazine*, 1857, recites the difficulties which confronted the early choir, "as those who could sing were timid, and those who could not sing were unfortunately filled with ardor to praise the Lord."

At the first concert ever given in Chicago the program, which is unquestionably a very long one, is not without interest, and is therefore reproduced:

The allegro movement in the overture to Lodoiska...Krietzner
Wreath, glee for three voices.....Mazinghi
While with Ceaseless Course the Sun.....Webbe
Di Tanti Palpiti.....Rossini
Behold, How Brightly Breaks the Morning.....Masiennello
Sprig of Shillalah, with variations, violin solo.....Lewis
O, Lady Fair, glee for three voices.....Moore
Nightingale, favorite military rondo.
O, Sing Unto the Lord, anthem.....Whitfield
Soldier Tired, celebrated movement in Artaxerxes.
The Muleteers, duet.
La Flora.....Mozart
Canadian Boat Song, glee for three voices.

Away with Melancholy, variations, violin obligato....Lewis
Deep Blue Sea, glee for three voices.
Dead March in the Oratorio of Saul.
Schoolmaster, glee for three voices—basso obligato, violoncello, accompaniment.

To commence at half-past six.

Tickets, 50 cents.

Some mention should be given to a society called the Choral Union, which was formed in 1846, and which continued for about two years. Its officers were A. D. Sturdevant, president; A. S. Downs, secretary; J. Johnson, first leader; S. P. Warner, second leader; I. A. Hosington, third leader. Out of this Choral Union was formed, December 4, 1849, the Mozart Society, of which George Davis became president. Mr. Davis, who had already been active in connection with the earlier musical organizations and in the promoting of all musical culture, was himself a popular singer. The first program of the inauguration concert, on October 24, 1850, is worth giving:

Potpourri, Fille du Regiment.

Orchestra.

Song, with vocal quartet accompaniment.

Violoncello Solo.

Carlina Lenson.

Comic song and chorus.....Weinman

The Chicago Waltz.....Lenson

Composed for the occasion. Orchestra.

Vocal Trio.

Messrs. Davis, Lumbard and Dunham.

Polka, French song.....Lenson

Orchestra.

Medley Overtures, negro airs.....Dyhrenfurth

Orchestra.

French Grand Chorus.....Weinman

(With full orchestral accompaniment, arranged from "Preciosa.")

In May, 1848, at the theatre Mr. McVicker appeared in song and dance. Some of those who in his last days sat through afternoons with that eminent, peculiar and great Chicagoan, enjoying conversations upon sociology, municipal affairs, history and personal recollections, enjoying from the fund of his keen memory the most entertaining tales of old Chicago, were often-times led to recall to him the odd contrast afforded upon his entry upon life in Chicago as a singing and dancing comedian, and the dignity and state with which he unwittingly surrounded himself in later days. He used to declare that he owed more to David Swing than to any other mortal.

George P. Upton, the *Tribune's* first music critic, and author of three valuable books on music, attributed to Julius Dyhrenfurth, violinist, the honor of founding musical culture in the West. Dyhrenfurth arrived in 1847, and on December 27 of that year attended the New England Festival, where George Davis, Frank Lumbard and others sang. Frank Lumbard was one of the Lumbard brothers, Frank and Jule, who for some time had been delighting the pioneers with "Old Shady." A veteran Chicago newspaper man tells how he heard Frank Lumbard's voice once at an Ingersoll meeting for Hayes in 1876 at the Exposition Building, when every note was perfect, every syllable distinct, "although I had not been able to catch a single syllable or sound coming from the mouth of the orator. Frank Lumbard then was old, his voice was of the political stump variety, very comforting to old farmers."

Twenty-two years before, at the initial performance in the New Metropolitan Hall, which was opened September 26, 1854, with a concert by Frank Lumbard, assisted by the best musical talent in the city, the editor of the *Press* said, "This is the finest hall in Chicago. We would rather hear Frank Lumbard sing one evening in plain Saxon than hear all the Italian artists in Christendom screech and squeal until Doomsday."

In 1850 John G. Shortall, Edward Stickney, Joseph Stockton, Edward Tinkham, John Le Moyne and others formed the Philharmonic Society, which gave eight concerts, beginning October 24, 1850, in the dining room of the Tremont House, and afterward in Metropolitan Hall and Bryan Hall, which stood on the site of the Grand Opera House, on Clark street. This series was the initiation of organized musical culture, and Hans Balatka

led the society. It was while the Philharmonic concert was in progress that news came of the firing on Sumter. Announcement was made from the platform, the performance ceased, and the audience began chanting "America," with constant drum beats and enlistments for war.

The traveling concert troupes of those days frequently went under the names of families, as the Berger, Peak, Seguin, Hutchinson family, the Alleghenies, &c. Sol Smith Russell, when eleven years old, is recalled as singing "Lanigan's Ball" in the Peak family bell ringers. The songs that were especially dear to the people at that time were "Hazel Bell," "Nellie Gray" and "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower." Where else could that be save in Illinois?

The first opera season consisted of a small portion of one evening's entertainment. It was on July 30, 1850, that an opera company, of which Mr. Manvers, Mr. Guibelei, Mr. Lippert and Miss Bienti were members, were announced to appear, with the assistance of a local chorus and orchestra. "La Sonnambula" was on the bill for the opening night, and the place of presentation was Rice's first theatre, which was located on Randolph street. A good audience was present, and all went well until the second act, when an alarm of fire was given, and one hour afterwards the theatre was burned to the ground at a loss of \$4,000. The *Democratic Press* printed the following card from the manager of the troupe:

The undersigned, acting in the name and in behalf of Madame De Vries and Signor Ardit, known by the name and style of the Artists' Association, has the honor of calling the attention of the musical community and of the citizens of Chicago in general to the fact that he has made arrangements with Mr. Rice, the manager, to have the Italian Opera Troupe on Thursday evening, October 27, at the Chicago Theatre to perform the opera, in three acts of "Lucia di Lammermoor." The undersigned begs leave to introduce the following artists: The grand prima donna, Signorina R. De Vries; the favorite tenor, Signor Pozzolini; the tenor, Signor Arnoldi; the comprimaria, Madame Sidenbourg, late of Madame Albani's troupe; the unrivaled baritone, Signor Taffenelli, and the eminent basso, Signor Colletti. Also a grand and efficient chorus and grand orchestra. This great company numbers over forty members, the whole under the most able direction of the distinguished maestro, Signor Ardit. G. POGGLIANI.

April 21, 1853, Adelina Patti and Ole Bull at Tremont Music Hall made their first appearance in Chicago. The program of this concert shows the extraordinary character of the entertainment given for those days in Chicago, when tickets of admission were only \$1 and \$2 each:

Overture from Rossini's grand opera of "William Tell," performed by M. Strakosch.

Madame Sontag's celebrated cavatina, from "Linda di Chamouni," "Luce di quest' anima," sung by Adelina Patti. "The Mother's Prayer." A fantasia religioso, composed and executed by Ole Bull.

"Ah non giunge," the celebrated rondo finale from "La Sonnambula," sung by Adelina Patti.

Paganini's famous "Witch Dance," performed by Ole Bull.

"The Banjo," a new capriccio characteristic, composed and performed by Maurice Strakosch.

"Comin' thro' the Rye," the famous Scotch ballad, sung by Adelina Patti.

Grand National Fantasie, for the violin alone, performed by Ole Bull.

Jenny Lind's "Echo Song," sung by Adelina Patti.

"The Carnival of Venice," by Ole Bull.

After some disappointment Chicago heard its first opera, which was "Lucia," in 1853.

October 17, 1854, the New York Italian Opera Company, on its way to St. Louis, New Orleans and other Southern cities, gave a one night's entertainment in Chicago.

In 1858 we had Rosalie Durand as soprano.

Brignoli came in 1859. Of him a little later.

Bryan Hall was dedicated to music September 17, 1860, by a grand concert.

The Castle and Campbell Opera Company opened in 1860 at a nearly forgotten theatre in the region of the present Title and Trust Building. In 1863 the Holman Opera Company gave a season at Wood's Museum, on Randolph street.

Louis M. Gottschalk, the famous New Orleans composer, whose brother, L. Gaston Gottschalk, still resides in Chicago, conducted a series of concerts, beginning December 12, 1864, in Smith & Nixon's Hall, in the old church at the southwest corner of Clark and Washington streets.

These were the amusements of all the people. Meanwhile the North Side must have its Turner Hall, its Maennerchor, its orchestrons in beer gardens and a general racial devotion to music not shared by the native American, at least not with exactly the same ceremonies. In time the Sunday orchestra concerts in Turner Hall came to be events dear to all liberal music lovers, and it must be said of the Chicago Germans that they were nobly tolerant of Italian and French music, and the young men thirty years ago were more likely to whistle or hum "Robert, toi que j'aime" or the cavatinas of "Trovatore" than the so-called popular ditties of their day. Some people bitterly regret that it is not so nowadays, for the musical education of the masses seems to have gone steadily backward. From "Le Sabre de mon pere" to the incessant "Sweet Rose O'Grady," and the still more damnable "Hot Time in the Old Town To-night."

German music here culminated in June, 1881, when the seventy-second Saengerfest of the North American Saengerbund was held in Chicago. North Clark street was embowered in oak leaves from the bridge to Lincoln Park, a simple and yet most beautiful decoration.

In 1861 arrived the news of the war. The music of both war and salvation is the bass drum, the fife and drum must beat and shriek for four years rousing men to form battalions and to feed the red carnage of a hundred fields. But while this horrible music of civil strife was sounding Chicago had two sons who spoke to the nation in more pleasing and still more inspiring cadences. It was from Chicago that George F. Root, now but lately in his sepulchre, sent forth "Tramp, Tramp, the Boys Are Marching," and "Just Before the Battle, Mother," to bedew the eyes of patriots and uphold the mighty arm of Abraham Lincoln. It was from Chicago that Henry C. Work paid to the genius of Tecumseh Sherman and to the courage of his army the immortal tribute of "Marching Thro' Georgia." It was Work's brain that gave to the sorrowing world its most comforting refrain, singing "Brave boys are they, gone at their country's call, and yet, and yet we cannot forget that many brave boys must fall." Oh, let us hear Work's "Kingdom Coming" once more and turn from the sad spectacle of the people oppressed by no king, wrought, nevertheless, into the furious hatreds and reprisals of a prolonged war. If at this moment of the Civil War we looked upon Chicago from the belfry of its court house we should have seen a vast collection of houses, and seven out of ten of them, even on the south side, were one-story pine cottages. Continuously from that date to this have arisen the light-colored brick walls of a more durable architecture.

The city now sighed for some monument of culture yet many decades distant, and Uranus H. Crosby, if he could not bring to us the culture, could at least excite our admiration, and, as it turned out, our cupidity, with his splendid dream of a colossal opera house, art gallery and academy of all the sciences. In 1864 a large lot, midway on the north side of Washington street, between Dearborn and Lake streets, was chosen, and W. W. Boyington erected the palace with its French roof and marble front which was to ease the pride of the growing, but needing metropolis. As Chicago dealt in no figures less than a million, the cost was placed at that amount, and the people took their seats joyously to hear opera as it was heard in cities at that time more advanced. The assassination of Lincoln postponed the opening until April 20, 1865.

The first opera given in that great theatre was "Il Trovatore," the artists being Clara Louise Kellogg, Zucchi, Lotti, Susini and Brignoli, the operas that followed were "Lucia," "Poliuto," "Marta," "Norma," "Faust," "Sonnambula," "Puritani," "Lucrezia," "Ernani" and "Fra Diavolo." The theatre was a grand one, and with a good many cheap seats, and it was in the Crosby Opera House that hundreds greedily listened to the music of Europe's great composers. Night after night, season after season, there they sat with their pleasant anticipation of hearing the great Christine Nilsson in the "Huguenots" and others of her famous rôles.

But Crosby's Opera House pulled Crosby down. With the nimbleness that flattered the West he landed on his financial feet, offering the scheme of a raffle, or a lottery, that dazzled America and delighted Chicago. Each ticket was to cost a dollar. The opera house, the lucky number drawn, would be his; whose was that lucky dollar? A million for one! The books now put the true cost at \$375,000. The West went at it to get that opera house. The drawing was delayed and postponed several times. It was finally brought about late in 1866. The prizes were put in one box, and the tickets in another. A blind man took out the prize, while another man took out the ticket which was to get the prize—there were plenty of minor prizes. Finally out came the prize of the opera house.

A day or two later in came A. H. Lee, of Prairie du Rocher, Ill., who held the winning ticket, and sold it to Crosby for \$200,000. This event was one of the most daring and successful advertisements the city ever had, and probably attracted 100,000 population on its own account. German and English operas followed this speculative action of Crosby. Jarrett had astonished New York with the splendor and wickedness of "The Black Crook," "The White Fawn," "Undine" and "The Red Horseman." Other spectacular shows with brilliant tableaux followed, and as they wore out in New York they were transferred to the stage of Crosby's, where Bichl, the orchestra leader, attuned them to the best of music. Afterward his medleys for "The Field of the Cloth of Gold" and "The British Blondes" won the applause of all discriminating Chicagoans. For some reason it is hard to follow the regular theatrical orchestras of Chicago. They have made far more bad music than good, the cornet and trombone being overplayed, and the selections usually shabby and tiresome. But Bichl was a talented theatre orchestra leader. He culled only the pretty things, and knew how to arrange a tuneful potpourri.

Crosby's Opera House was ahead of the city. It often stood vacant. Chicago could not be at fortissimo all the time. Yet Chicago could not have done justice to Parepa Rose elsewhere in those days. Madame Parepa, when she appeared there in 1868, was supported by Castle and Campbell. It has been said there never was a sweeter or more pleasing tenor than Castle was at that time. After this tenors came here in trios—Le-franc, Capoul, Campanini, Tamagno, Wachtel, Brignoli, but William Castle,

who is still in Chicago, had a voice which compared favorably with any of these mentioned.

When Nilsson came to Chicago the first time she gave a concert at Crosby's, with the famous contralto, Annie Louise Cary; Brignoli and Vieuxtemps, the violinist, whose marvelous execution was such as will never be forgotten.

But Crosby was not without enemies. There was an editor named Story who owned the *Times*, and made it celebrated as a newspaper. He blacklisted Crosby's Opera House, and crippled its usefulness. He had always opposed its interests in his paper, and when the "British Blondes" arrived and created a furore the attacks of the *Times* became bitter and personal. In return, the English Lydia Thompson and Pauline Markham furnished the city with one of its ante-fire sensations in "the horse-whipping of old Story," as it was called. This episode occurred on Wabash avenue, just below Twelfth street, the two women being defended by two Englishmen, George Henderson and Archibald Gordon. But Story made a brave and somewhat successful resistance against all four of his assailants. At the trial in the police court next day the defendants were fined \$100 each, but Lydia Thompson received an ovation at the opera house and drew larger houses than ever.

In 1871, after a long season of rust and inaction Crosby took hold of his theatre and spent \$80,000, it was said, in its refurnishing and redecoration. It was to reopen with Theodore Thomas' orchestra Monday, October 9, 1871. A leading Chicago newspaper man tells how "at 3 A. M. of Tuesday, October 10, 1871, I was on my way to the lake front, carrying my red Boosey books of the opera. I looked up Wabash avenue, and saw a sheet of crimson flame. My opera house—like so many others, having a dollar to spare, I had hoped to own, and where so many happy, inspiring and ennobling hours had been spent—my opera house, was gone. I wish that the conflagration had spared me that sorrow and its attendant calamities to popular music."

Before the fire there was a wonderful season of good opera at McVicker's, with Caroline Richings and Henry Drayton. But Henry Drayton carried off the honors that year. Caroline Richings, the Cornelia of English opera in America, died of smallpox in poverty at Richmond.

The great fire gave the remaining city only two main places of musical entertainment. A troupe visiting Chicago must perforce give a night at the Twenty-third Street Baptist Church and an alternate one at the First Congregational Church. After this burned they had to go to the Union Park Congregational Church. In this way we heard the French band, the German band, Carlotta Patti, Mario, Theodore Thomas, Madame Essipoff, &c.

In 1869 Clarence Eddy came to the city to be organist at the First Congregational Church. Bergestein came as basso, a powerful singer in the Manzoni requiem. Bischoff began to sing as leading tenor in choral work.

Carl Wolfsohn came to town. With this newcomer gathering talent, society musical life outside of German circles was initiated. John G. Shortall organized the Beethoven Club, which sang the Mass in C in Farwell Hall, with Wolfsohn as leader. Among the educated women in this organization were Mrs. Augustus Eddy, Mrs. Arthur Caton, Jessie Haskell, now Mrs. Fuller, and Miss Nina Lunt. The Beethoven Club chorus was the first great mixed chorus the city ever had.

There were interests which the Beethoven Club could not, or would not, conciliate, and the result was the organization of a Männerchor, called the Apollo Club. George P. Upton, who became the first president, at the suggestion of Silas P. Pratt (its first director), was its founder. The latter was succeeded by A. W. Dohn, Carl Bergestein, and at last, in 1872, by W. L. Tomlins. When the Beethoven disbanded the Apollo became a mixed chorus, and Tomlins began his lifework, teaching Chicago how to sing "The Messiah" and sing it rightly. Tomlins, at the opera festivals, at the Auditorium, at the World's Fair, or on that august day of days in October, 1892—this man has been truly a great precentor. The Apollo Club, with its wage-earners' concerts, long has been an institution of which all men, rich or poor, might be proud.

During the winter after the fire Wachtel came to Chicago. On the site of the Desplaines Street Lyceum a number of theatres had been located. Immediately before the fire D. R. Allen, with \$200, attempted the erection of a large wooden theatre called the Globe. Here Ingersoll lectured when he drew only fifty hearers. It was on this mortgage-ridden Globe that Wachtel opened with "Trovatore." One who was present thus describes the occasion: "I was there, or I would have missed the opportunity of my life. The opera was in German. When it came to "Di quella pira," Wachtel came out with fire in his eye, stuck his sword in the floor and set the orchestra chasing him through that martial aria. At the cadenza he began some skyrocket tones that we thought were in the orchestra. After he was gone we came to our senses, or, rather went out of our senses, and compelled him to show us that his *coups de poitrine* were really human. He sang straight from his chest, higher than Capoul's falsetto—higher than Leon's female minstrelsy. It cut the air, and set unexpected fixtures in vibration. The next night he sang the "Postillion of Lonjumeau," that had made his European fame. His prima donna fell ill, the money lender settled on the theatre, and Wachtel went off in disgust.

Frank E. Aiken built a theatre on Wabash avenue after the fire. Theodore Thomas opened it October 7, 1872, with Rubinstein and Wieniawski. Afterwards Leonard Grover got the theatre and gave many opera bouffes.

A concert opened McCormick's Music Hall November 13, 1873.

Henry M. Smith was managing editor of the *Tribune*. "Make it breezy!" he ordered those on his staff. So, to make Chicago also a little more breezy—the wind was out of the city sails in 1873—he organized the Peace Jubilee, using the properties left over from the Boston and Cincinnati festivals of 1872. He did it in order also to advertise the new Grand Pacific Hotel, built by the Lake Shore Depot people. Gilmore's Band came on. The anvil chorus was to be hammered out with cannon. Ascending seats were built for the chorus in the depot, and there were a good many singers, but under the arches they could make no adequate noise. The Peace Jubilee passed away without the free advertising it had expected, but then Chicago people were out of humor in 1873.

There was at that time a bright and good-looking reporter on the *Tribune* named George B. Carpenter. He had a way of getting free notices in the press that was maddening to those selfish spirits who saw what he was about. By means of promoting David Swing, art, music and what not, Carpenter, without capital of his own, erected Central Music Hall, and happily secured so much of the stock that, although the labor killed him, he left a sufficient estate to his widow, who succeeded him as secretary of the company and treasurer of the music hall. In 1888 the office of business manager was created. Miss Emma S. Blood, who since 1879, when the Central Music Hall was erected, had been connected with that institution, was given that position. The prosperous condition of the institution is undoubtedly, in a large measure, due to the persistent energy and executive ability of this lady, who as secretary and treasurer is the present practical manager for the company, and to the popularity and excellent business qualifications of George E. Harmon, who has the engaging of the artists for Central Music Hall.

The Chicago public naturally connects the Central Music Hall chiefly with Stoddard's magic lantern lectures, but it holds some reputation from the fact that Adelina Patti first appeared there on her return to America, and concerts were given there also by Carlotta Patti, Emma Thursby, Julie Rivé-King, Teresa Carreño, Chevalier de Kontski, Clara Louise Kellogg, Bernhard Listemann, Camilla Urso, Brignoli, Remenyi, Joseffy, Wilhelmj, Cary and many other celebrated musicians. Central Music Hall has also been largely identified in Chicago's musical advancement because Dr. Florence Ziegfeld has there made his headquarters. His musical college may be called the parent of all the others. It can easily be believed that his pupils have formed a major portion of the musical armies that have made the whole West melodious. For thirty years or more he has imported a good share of the musical talent that has found a home in Chicago, and which, in turn, has established schools of its art. For thirty years he has united with the cause of music the good-will of the influential classes of Chicago, and his seasons of concerts, usually in Central Music Hall, or in the days gone by, in the First Methodist Church, have been remarkable for their enormous aggregate attendances. He was the means of bringing to Chicago Louis Falk, Eliodoro De Campi, William Castle, L. Gaston Gottschalk, J. J. Hattstaedt, Carl Hild, Jacobsohn, Josephine Chatterton, August Hyllested, and later there have been Hans von Schiller, John Ortengren, Felix Borowski and Bernhard Listemann. These are but a few of the great host of accomplished musicians which Dr. Ziegfeld has brought to Chicago.

Dr. Florence Ziegfeld enjoyed the friendship for many years of Allen G. Fowler, chairman of its board of directors, one of the grandest looking and one of the noblest of men. Mr. Fowler is said to have given to Ziegfeld's public entertainments and commencements a distinction and elegance that attracted all people of refinement. Let it be said, also, that when Allen G. Fowler fell on evil days Dr. Ziegfeld, in return for the ideal friendship that he had enjoyed, went to the limits of love and duty for a stricken friend, exhibiting sentiments of affection and self-forgetfulness that, in the estimation of the majority of people, made him an ornament of his race—a race renowned for its noble ideals and admirable romanticisms. Allen G. Fowler sleeps well at Grant's Pass, Ore. There are many still to say, "God bless him."

And if we note the names of these men—Balatka, Ziegfeld, Liesegang, Heimendahl, Hattstaedt, Liebling, Falk and Thomas—it will be found that it was the German-Americans who taught, promoted and cultivated music in Chicago. It is hard to separate the North Side. It is difficult to draw the line between Turner Hall and the Central Music Hall. Yet there is somewhere a difference. A complete German audience at a great German opera, as at the Chicago Opera House on an important occasion, was not always tolerable to the non-Germans, and it is to be supposed vice-versa. While acknowledging all that we owe to the Germans many of us would prefer them directing Americans rather than having it all their own way. There was a restaurant near Central Music Hall, on Randolph street, which was sacred to music. Pictures of the composers hung on the walls. The smoking room was tacitly reserved for musicians and their friends. Here ate Dr. Ziegfeld and all his people, Fowler, Hattstaedt, Gottschalk, all the piano people—a Saengerbund every day. The steel Venetian building

arose and the historic old restaurant disappeared. A waiter from that smoking room recalled its memories the other day. He said the proprietor was poisoned by arsenic. The restaurant, with its good coffee and crescent rolls, ceased to be. But, after all, these are old-time reminiscences.

In the early seventies Mrs. Sarah Hershey founded the Hershey School Musical Art, where she had associated with her Clarence Eddy, whom she afterward married, and W. S. B. Matthews. Later Frederic Grant Gleason, Clayton F. Summy and Mme. C. N. Rounseville became connected with the institution. The Hershey school was a very successful institution, which lasted until 1885, when Mrs. Eddy took up her residence abroad.

It was about 1878 that a few musically gifted women, who used to meet for practice in the warerooms of one of the piano firms, conceived the idea of a musical club. Among them were Mrs. John Clark, Mrs. William Warr, Mrs. F. S. Gorton and Mrs. John Black. This society of women, formed for the purpose of developing the musical talent of its members and stimulating musical interest, was called the Amateur Musical Club. It has been somewhat active in the musical affairs of the city, particularly during those years in which Mrs. Theodore Thomas and Mrs. Frederic Ullman were presidents.

There are many of those prominent in the musical world now or in days gone by who, in the following out of their profession, or at the sacred call of charity, have made appearances at organizations belonging to this city. So far as possible their names should be recorded, but those elsewhere mentioned are not repeated. Emma Abbott, Adolph Rosenbecker, one of the oldest and best violinists of the West; Maria Litta, Scalchi, Signor Rasori, Signor Mierzwinski, Mlle. Rossini, Signor Corini, all of the Mapleson Opera Company of 1883; Geraldine Ulmar and Tom Karl. The operas of the early seventies and eighties were principally at the Adelphi, a theatre made out of the post office—site of First National Bank—and the Columbia Theatre. Strakosch, Mapleson, Abbey, Damrosch and Mrs. Thurber managed them. At the Adelphi Nilsson and Campanini won their chief Western triumphs. Sembrich and Minnie Hauk came about the same time as Nilsson. Madame Nordica appeared for the first time at McVicker's. Patti jammed McVicker's so that people were afraid to go to their seats after paying for them.

A long story might be written about Mrs. Thurber's American opera and her beautiful ballet for preachers, with invitations for the clergy and some attendance by the divines.

Nine seasons of Theodore Thomas' summer night concerts were given at the north end of the old Exposition Building, fifty weeks in all, with 350 programs, and these successful seasons led finally to regular Thomas concerts at the Auditorium, which were instituted in 1891.

The first opera festival was in 1882, with Frau Materna, Cary, Campanini, Whitney and Georg Henschel, accompanied by a large orchestra and chorus. The "Fall of Troy" was also given, and Rubinstein's "Ocean" symphony.

In 1884 at a similar festival, which was led by Thomas, Frau Materna, Nilsson, Emma Juch, Remmert and Scaria, were the people in front, but their opportunities were small on a flat floor against a big chorus and orchestra.

It was at this point that Ferdinand W. Peck, long a lover and supporter of music, took a leading hand. In 1885 he built an opera house in the south end of the Exposition Building, with stage and boxes. Patti and De Anna came, and De Anna, a baritone, carried off the honors. There, unconsciously, Mr. Peck and his architect, Mr. Adler, fixed the lines that were to mark their great granite Auditorium, which Mr. Peck now set out to promote and build. Milward Adams was sent to Europe to gather information. Night and day, year after year, in his offices at the southwest corner of Clark and Washington streets, where Gottschalk had played his "Last Hope," Ferdinand W. Peck measured, argued, pleaded, solicited, ordered, invested, and at last was in a position to erect his huge monument, the Chicago Auditorium.

It was dedicated in December, 1889, by the President of the United States, the Governor of the State of Illinois, the mayor of the city of Chicago, the Apollo Club and Adelina Patti. It was there that Tomlins might say his lifework had its climax, when his 500 voices, trained for fifteen years, had fittingly poured forth the acclamations of the "Hallelujah." On that occasion the city, it is gratifying to be able to state, was true to itself, in singing a cantata by Frederic Grant Gleason, its own son. Of this memorable occasion John McGovern wrote in 1889 that "in a democracy Ferdinand W. Peck had been a Pharaoh, building like Cheops; that, if you enter Chicago from the south you saw the spike among the nails, and you said, 'that is the Auditorium, and Ferdinand Peck built it.' At that opening and dedication ceremony I sat confused, bewildered, almost terrified with delight, in the deep yellow velvets and among the soft lights innumerable of that celestial place. The storm without made not a noise within our strong place—our fenced city of art. I went forth into the mist and darkness, childishly, proud and happy; and, as I went, it seemed to me I shone with the radiance out of which I had lately come."

Music at the World's Fair demands more than a mere passing mention. To the necessities of a proper choral building \$50,000 was devoted

by Director-General Davis in his initial report, and to this somewhat limited amount ample justice was certainly done in the building which was produced.

The director of the orchestral part of the plan as formulated made only one choice possible, and Theodore Thomas, one of the foremost masters of music in the world, was chosen for the position, while to William M. Tomlins, another necessary choice, was given the control of the choral. The attendance at the concerts given was unfortunately not of such a character as the high-class music presented should have justified. A reason advanced was that the average visitor was a mere beginner, to whom Wagner and Liszt were unknown quantities. Consequently, the magnificent concerts were comparatively neglected, due to no fault either in the concerts themselves or in Mr. Thomas, but to the natural deficiencies of the musical tyro.

The intention of the Music Bureau was expressed in very decided terms to give an exhibit of the art of music in orchestral concerts twice a week, with choral concerts, bi-monthly, of oratorio festivals in three series, these to be supplemented with concerts by the various Swedish and German societies, children's choral societies, organ recitals and an absolute necessity, daily popular orchestral concerts. A brass band had been the highest musical delight hitherto of the majority of the visitors, and the whole program as arranged was aptly described by Joseph Kirkland, of the *Chicago Tribune*, as "Xenophon to a kindergarten."

The trouble—a commercial unpleasantness into which it is quite unnecessary to enter—made matters muddy at the very outset of the Fair. Paderewski and what piano he should use was the main bone of contention. Mr. Thomas was a man whose friends were legion, and the idea that even stray individuals should accuse him of corruption was not for a moment to be tolerated. In August he resigned his position, and his manly, dignified, yet withal entirely good-humored communication to the board is worthy of a place in these notes of Chicago's music:

CHICAGO, AUGUST 4, 1893.

James W. Ellsworth, Esq., Chairman Committee on Music.

DEAR SIR: The discouraging business situation, which must of necessity react upon the finances of the Fair, and which makes a reduction of expenses of vital importance to its interests, prompts me to make the following suggestions, by which the expenses of the Bureau may be lessened. The original plans of the Bureau, as you know, were made with the design of giving, for the first time in the history of the world, a perfect and complete exhibition of the musical art in all its branches. Arrangements were made for regular orchestral and band concerts; for performances of both American and European masterworks of the present day, under the direction of their composers; for concerts by distinguished European and American organizations; for chamber concerts and artists' recitals; for women's concerts, &c., besides a general review of the orchestral literature of all kinds and countries, in symphony and popular concerts throughout the season.

The reduction of expenses at the Fair has obliged the Bureau to cancel all engagements made with foreign and American artists and musical organizations, and to abandon all future festival performances, thus leaving very little of the original scheme except the bands and the great Exposition orchestra, with which are given every day popular and symphony concerts. My suggestion is, therefore, since so large a portion of the musical scheme has been cut away, that for the remainder of the Fair music shall not figure as an art at all, but be treated merely on the basis of an amusement. More of this sort of music is undoubtedly needed at the Fair, and the cheapest way to get it is to divide our two fine bands into four small ones for open-air concerts, and our Exposition orchestra into two small orchestras, which can play such light selections as will please the shifting crowds in the buildings and amuse them.

If this plan is followed there will be no further need of the services of the musical director, and in order that your committee may be perfectly free to act in accordance with the foregoing suggestions and reduce the expenses of the musical department to their lowest terms, I herewith respectfully tender my resignation as musical director of the World's Columbian Exposition.

Should, however, any plans suggest themselves to you, in furthering which I can be of assistance, I will gladly give you my services without payment.

Very respectfully,

THEODORE THOMAS, Musical Director.

The fact that Paderewski had given his services without asking for return, even for the necessary expenses he might be incurring, was at this very time made public. Thomas' detractors considered it wisdom to remain silent, and the whole unfortunate incident closed. The resignation of Theodore Thomas was accepted, and Max Bendix was offered and accepted the vacant directorship, fulfilling its arduous duties and heavy responsibilities in a manner to which absolutely no exception could be taken.

The Welsh Eisteddfod, or harp festival, of September was a feature of such interest to the thousands who gathered at that wonderful Exposition, in bringing before them the music and ceremonies of the famous Druid age in Ancient Britain, that is well worthy of particular mention.

Still, it must be acknowledged that the World's Fair, even for reasons Mr. Thomas' letter has made clear, did not gather in Chicago all those who are greatest and highest in the musical life of the century, as was the primary intention, was yet able to afford to the people of the great West opportunities of enjoyment, the memory of which no years can ever efface.

Musical progress is also powerfully shown in the interest given, and the importance of the subject made, by the University of Chicago and the

Northwestern University. Lectures on music are now of constant occurrence and concerts of a high-class character are frequent.

The remarkable growth of music in Chicago has not been achieved without multitudinous labors, and the most earnest struggles against adverse conditions, the most thorough endeavor on the part of its pioneers and those who had to carry them through, not to be overborne until some progress had been shown. Many of those who fought and struggled have been referred to briefly in the foregoing columns. Great and noble was their work, but to-day there are numerous followers in the same pathway;—men and women daily striving to elevate the musical profession, and of many of these short biographies follow.

The Spiering Quartet.

THE recent successful début in New York of the Spiering Quartet clearly defines the high position which this organization has attained in the musical world. Its road to success was impeded by great difficulties. Without financial backing, receiving little appreciation, this quartet has struggled bravely on, aiming always for the best and highest in its art, until now it not only has hosts of friends and admirers here at home, but has returned from the East, bringing back numerous tributes of praise at the hands of the best known critics in the Eastern musical world.

Five years the members of the quartet have worked together earnestly and zealously, until their ensemble has reached that stage of perfection at which, as a prominent New York critic (August Spanuth) says: "They feel, yes, they breathe together." "Earnestness and sincerity, high

artistic purpose, precision of attack, unanimity of spirit, manly, warm, straightforward playing, free from every sign of affectation, intelligent study, and true interpretation," are phrases from the pens of some of the critics present at their New York concert.

The personnel of the quartet is: Theodore Spiering, first violin; Otto Roehrborn, second violin; Adolf Weidig, viola, and Herman Diestel, 'cello. Mr. Spiering, the leader of the quartet, is an American by birth. He was born in St. Louis in 1871. His father was leader in musical matters in that city. Of him the junior Spiering obtained his earliest instruction on the violin, his first public appearance being at the early age of seven years, in a chamber concert. In 1886 he was sent to Cincinnati to study with Henry Schradieck, under whose efficient instruction he made tremendous progress. In 1888 Schradieck, about to leave Cincinnati, sent Spiering to Joachim. With this great master Spiering remained four

In this somewhat cursory glance over the musical history of Chicago the reader has been placed in possession of the leading facts, and from which its mighty possibilities can by any interested observer be without difficulty adduced. The records of the past are undeniably most creditable to Chicago, the foundations laid by the musical pioneers have been broad and deep, and the edifice thereon reared is a sightly edifice of art. Music in Chicago is in no embryonic condition, the experimental stage has been long passed, and the primary conditions of development have been so plainly demonstrated that every possible assurance is given of Chicago's self-evident position as the Western centre of musical culture, refinement and influence.

years, during which time many honors were conferred on him. He was concertmeister of the Hochschule orchestra, appeared on a number of occasions as soloist, in chamber concerts, with the Barth trio, and on one memorable occasion on one program with the Joachim Quartet, when Brahms had come to Berlin to bring out his then new clarinet quintet.

On that afternoon Spiering and his associates played Brahms' Quintet in G major, op. 111. Brahms was so pleased with the performance that he presented Mr. Spiering with a photo of himself, bearing the following dedication: "In remembrance of December 11 (1891), and the two quintets. Johannes Brahms."

On his return to America, in 1892, Joachim gave Mr. Spiering a letter to Theodore Thomas, in which he writes: "He always gave me great pleasure. As he is endowed with a nature striving for the highest and purest ideal, I expect to hear the very greatest things about him in



Theodore Spiering Hermann Diestel Adolf Weidig Otto Roehrborn

THE SPIERING QUARTET.

the future." One need only read the excellent criticisms bestowed on Mr. Spiering on his recent tour to recognize that Joachim's prediction is fulfilling itself.

Otto Roehrborn, second violin, was born in Hanover, Germany, in 1874. When ten years of age, his family came to America, making Kansas City their home. At fourteen Roehrborn was sent to Cassel, Germany, to pursue his studies, begun with his father. Two years were spent at Cassel. In 1890, he went to Berlin, to study at the Hochschule, the goal of all violinists. He was soon admitted to Joachim's class. On his return to America in 1893 he became a member of the Chicago Orchestra, and shortly after of the Quartet. Mr. Roehrborn is an accomplished musician, playing the piano accompaniments when the Quartet is en route.

Adolf Weidig, viola, is by birth a German and the son of a musician. After studying with Carl Bargheer, Dr. Hugo Rieman, Court Conductor Abel and Joseph Rheinberger, he was, at sixteen, engaged for the Hamburg Philharmonic Society. In 1888 he was awarded the Mozart Prize at Frankfurt for the best composition for string quartet. During two successive years at the Academy of Music in Munich he took the highest diplomas for "extraordinary accomplishments in all musical branches." Of his numerous compositions his string quartets and orchestral works are the best known, having been performed on both sides of the Atlantic.

Herman Diestel, 'cello, was born in the Harz, Germany, in 1868. After a thorough course of study at Hildesheim, he went to Berlin, where he entered the Hochschule, studying with Hausmann, the 'cellist of the Joachim Quartet. After finishing his studies he accepted the position of solo violoncellist in Hamburg. Later he filled the same position in Dresden. From there he was engaged by the Mendelssohn Quintet Club of Boston, with which organization he traveled for two years. In 1893 he became a member of the Thomas Orchestra, which position he held for four years.

The Apollo Club.

This organization, of which the importance may be gauged by the frequent mention it has required in our brief sketch of Chicago's musical history, is undoubtedly the leading choral body existing to-day in the United States and would take leading rank with any similar body in Europe. It is not suffering from any extreme youth, for it was as far back as 1872 that George P. Upton, the eminent Chicago newspaper man and quondam music critic for the *Chicago Tribune*, at the suggestion of Silas G. Pratt, formed the choral society which has since assumed such large and important proportions. The organization it is interesting to note, was perfected in the temporary store of Lyon & Healy, then located—little of the South Side was left by the great fire of the year preceding—in the little wooden church at Sixteenth street and Wabash avenue.

George P. Upton became the society's first president, and Silas G. Pratt, who is now in New York, was appointed its first director. The latter was succeeded by N. W. Dohn. The work attempted was not of any ambitious order and consisted chiefly of part songs. The thirty charter members are certainly worthy of recognition and are here given:

S. G. Pratt,	Louis Falk,
C. T. Root,	A. L. Goldsmith,
Edwin Brown,	A. R. Sabin,
F. A. Bowen,	William Cox,
C. C. Stebbins,	F. B. Williams,
E. H. Pratt,	W. W. Boynton,
Theo. F. Brown,	C. V. Pring,
Harry Gates,	A. B. Stiles,
William Sprague,	Fritz Foltz,
John A. Lyndon,	F. S. Pond,
Frank G. Rohner,	W. H. Coulston,
J. S. Marsh,	H. Rocher,
S. E. Cleveland,	C. C. Phillips,
Warren C. Coffin,	W. R. Allen,
Philo A. Otis,	L. M. Prentiss,
J. R. Ranney,	George P. Upton,
C. C. Curtiss,	

The first officers were: President, George P. Upton; vice-President, William Sprague; treasurer, F. A. Bowen;



Arch Between Hall and Parlor in Apollo Hall.

secretary, C. C. Curtiss; librarian, W. C. Coffin; music committee, Fritz Foltz, S. E. Cleveland and Philo A. Otis.

Satisfactory progress was made and a female auxiliary organization suggested by Mr. Dohn, who was evidently

a capable leader. Schumann's "Paradise and the Peri" was given in 1874 in McCormick Hall. The following year Carl Bergstein became conductor and the club gave one concert, a few part songs, the sextet from "Lucia" and some solos by local singers. Previous to this concert a number of members not blind to the failings of the club had been considering the possibility of securing William L. Tomlins as director. It was finally so arranged, and at once the wisdom of the choice became apparent. Mr. Tomlins was a strict disciplinarian and at the very commencement of his association showed that those members who would not work could be dispensed with. Part songs were the feature of the first concert, but these songs were so splendidly rendered that music lovers were more than satisfied. The club became one of the city's most popular institutions and year after year greater triumphs were obtained. Frequently it became necessary to repeat concerts, as McCormick Hall could not accommodate the crowds that gathered.

The Apollos had been satisfied to remain as a male chorus, but Mr. Tomlins was already a convert to the



ANGUS S. HIBBARD,
President of the Apollo Club.

female auxiliary idea and merely waited a suitable time to bring it forward. At last, with a mixed chorus, Gounod's cantata "By Babylon's Wave" was given and wondrous enthusiasm was aroused. The position of Director Tomlins was assured and there was no member of the Apollo Club but recognized in him both guide and friend.

Händel's "Acis and Galatea" was then essayed and followed by "The Messiah" and Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," the public being at last brought to appreciate the great artistic possibilities of choral music. The twentieth anniversary of the Apollo Club's existence was celebrated in 1892 with a three days' May festival. To take part in the celebration Edward Lloyd came from England, Amalia Joachim from Germany and William Ludwig from Ireland. "The Creation" and "Requiem Mass" were given on the first day; "Acis and Galatea" and "The Hymn of Praise" for the second, and Bach's "Passion" on the final day. The occasion was a memorable one in the history of Chicago's musical progress.

In the spring of 1878, in the old Tabernacle, now the basement of the wholesale house of J. V. Farwell & Co., a festival was given by the club and portions of Händel's "Israel in Egypt" included. New laurels for the Apollos were the result. Berlioz's "Te Deum," MacKenzie's "Dream of Jubal," Sullivan's "Golden Legend" and Becker's "Reformation" cantata were given for the first time in this country, and the splendid concerts during the World's Fair, both in the Festival and Music Halls, were such as to establish high estimation for the Apollo Club wherever on the civilized globe good music is honored.

The list of its productions is a long one, but certainly claims a place in any sketch of what has been achieved by this organization. Of the following either one or more performances have been given:

Händel's "Acis and Galatea," Max Bruch's "Fair Ellen," Haydn's "Seasons," Berlioz's "Te Deum," Mackenzie's "Rose of Sharon," Bach's cantata "I Wrestle and Pray," Gade's "Crusaders," Hoffman's "Cinderella," when the Central Music Hall was dedicated, selections from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," Dvorák's "Spectre Bride," "Requiem Mass," Gounod's "Third Mass," Rheinberger's "Christophorus," Paine's "Edipus," Schumann's "Manfred," Sullivan's cantata "On Sea and Shore," Sullivan's

"Golden Legend," Becker's "Reformation" cantata, Grieg's "Bergliot" (with reader), Gleason's "Commemoration Ode," at the dedication of the Auditorium, Berlioz's "Messe des Morts" and Bach's "Passion," Saint-Saëns' "Samson and Delilah," Horatio W. Parker's "Hora Novissima," Max Bruch's "Arminius," Goring Thomas' "Swan and Skylark."

"The Messiah" has been given over twenty times and the following each on several occasions: Haydn's "Creation," Händel's "Judas Maccabeus," Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust," Mendelssohn's "St. Paul," Rubinstein's "Tower of Babel," "Hymn of Praise," Massenet's "Eve," Mendelssohn's "Elijah," Rossini's "Stabat Mater" and Bruch's "Frithjof."

The performances during the World's Fair must not be forgotten, Händel's "Messiah" four times and Rossini's "Stabat Mater," Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Bach's "Passion."

The present officers of the club are as follows: President, Angus S. Hibbard; vice-president, Charles A. Adams; secretary, Henry P. Williams; treasurer, John H. Cameron; directors (for one year), Joel H. Levi, Clarence P. Inwegen, (for three years) Franklin C. Hollister and Theodore D. Peck.

Last year's treasurer's report, given at the meeting in May, 1897, showed that receipts for the year had been \$15,000, exceeding by \$3,000 those for the twelve months previous. An independent report was made by the president in regard to the contemplated musical extension for the ensuing year, to take the shape of establishing children's and adults' classes at Hull House and other social settlements. All the expenses in connection therewith would be borne by the Apollo Club music extension fund.

What wonder is it that an organization that has done so much for Chicago's music and has at the same time given such generous support to whatsoever was for Chicago's good should possess such popularity and universal respect among all sections of the community.

This sketch of the Apollo Club would be entirely incomplete without some reference to Angus S. Hibbard, its popular and able president. Unquestionably his open and liberal policy, his bright business ideas, and the public confidence his energetic and persistent demand for all that was best in music had created, were the main factors which served to place the Apollos in the last few months on a far firmer basis than ever before.

Mr. Hibbard is an old time member, and the interests of the club have always been dear to him. For some time, when business took him to New York, the connection was severed, but no sooner did he return to Chicago than he once more made himself active for the welfare of the club and of Chicago music. Financially and otherwise the result has been most eminently satisfactory, and it would almost be as impossible to disassociate Mr. Tomlins from the achievements of the Apollo Club as to forget all that is owing to Angus S. Hibbard.

William L. Tomlins.

Teacher, artist, composer, the possessor of a subtle magnetic power enabling him to hold in check, stimulate and at the same time bring out all there is best in the voices under his command, is this distinguished Chicago musical representative, William L. Tomlins.

He is a Londoner, born there February 4, 1844. In his early education music took a prominent part. While a boy of nine he sang in a church choir, and later attended the classes of the Royal Academy of Music, where in harmony he was a favorite pupil of Dr. Macfarren. Mr. Tomlins became so proficient on the harmonium and organ that at an early age he acted as organist, and when but seventeen years old he conducted a performance of Händel's "Messiah," with soloists, chorus and orchestra.



A Corner in the Parlor of Apollo Hall.

Soon afterward he was made examiner and inspector of certificates for the teachers of music in the London board schools.

At twenty-two he became one of the managers of the Tonic Sol Fa. Coming to New York in 1870, he ob-

tained various positions during the next two years as organist, and with the Ritchings Bernard Old Folks Company, managing the Mason & Hamlin orchestral organ, which no one else was able to properly illustrate. The latter occupation brought him to Chicago, and he obtained an opportunity to show his abilities as a vocal conductor in the Mason & Hamlin rooms. The Apollo Musical Club was lacking a leader, and the post was offered to Mr. Tomlins.

This was in 1875, when that musical body was at its lowest ebb. He accepted the offer, and by the most careful training, by absolute labor-daring difficulties for the delight it gave him to conquer, that club has been made one of the most competent in the musical world to-day, and unquestionably is at the head of all choral societies

classes have now become an established part of the settlement work in Chicago and are now maintained under the auspices of the Apollo Club.

In 1877 Mr. Tomlins, whose Chicago work had obtained such favorable recognition, was invited to take the conductorship of the Arion Musical Club in Milwaukee, then vacant, and where he has been able to achieve equally valuable results until that organization is to-day beyond all doubt one of the finest choral bodies in America. In 1888 the heavy nature of his other duties and his desire to carry out some highly important special work in Chicago led Mr. Tomlins to resign the Milwaukee Arion Club leadership. In June, 1893, the members of that club attended the World's Fair musical festivals, singing under the direction of Theodore Thomas and their old con-

engagements in East and West for these lectures, which are replete with educational and musical qualifications.

This new phase of Mr. Tomlin's ability, and in which his remarkable powers are demonstrated, has created a desire to know further about the musical culture of children, which Wm. L. Tomlins has done more to develop than any other man in the West.

Central Music Hall.

For many years the Central Music Hall was the largest audience room in Chicago, and as such its place in the musical history of the city will always remain firm and steadfast. As its name implies, it is central. From west, from north, from south, its facilities for transportation cannot be excelled. It is the starting point for many



EXTERIOR CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

in the United States. This is the result of twenty-two years under his direction, and as his has been the work, to him must be given the praise for the artistic result. At the first setting out he felt circumscribed by the methods in which he had been taught, but the originality of his mind came to the fore, and his attempts at a wider and more general form of training have borne wondrous fruit. His primary experiments were with adults, but while unsatisfactory, there was sufficient result to assure him he was working in the right direction. He became "convinced that the musical instinct is well nigh universal and that the song voice is a common heritage." In 1879 his attention was turned to children, and following out his theories, every advance opening up new discoveries, he saw at the end of three years success won.

Theodore Thomas heard his chorus of 200 voices at this time and admitted that he had never heard anything like it. Mme. Christine Nilsson, after hearing Tomlins' chorus in 1884, gave equally generous indorsement. His

ductor. Shortly after this Mr. Tomlins was again induced to assume his old position, and now a mere hint of his possible resignation is sufficient to send a cold chill of apprehension traveling through the anatomy of every faithful Arion. As one of the directors said to the writer: "As long as Mr. Tomlins desires to remain he can do so."

His method of conducting is interesting. No baton is used; characteristic gestures of the hand, expressive mimicry and an occasional undertone command rouses every singer to his best efforts. The training of the choruses of the May festivals has been done by him. As a chorus master he has evinced positive genius and where the best interests of the city musically have been concerned Mr. Tomlins has always been ready with his active co-operation and his absolutely invaluable assistance. Both as a musician and as a man William L. Tomlins possesses a high place in the estimation of Chicago.

A few words must be given to his lectures, which at present are attracting widespread attention. He has many

suburban services, and is in close connection with every railroad line out of the city. Within the last few months, even greater improvement has been made in this direction, for the erection of the elevated roads—fortunately a block away and consequently working no detriment to the musical properties of the hall—and the completion of the Union Loop have enormously increased its accessibility.

It was in 1879 that the rapidly increasing musical necessities of our great city were grasped by a number of leading capitalists and influential citizens and a stock company formed to erect the Central Music Hall Block and utilize to the best possible service. The outcome was the happy fulfillment of many cherished ideas of the late George B. Carpenter, who became its first manager and whose untimely death deprived the literary and musical circles of Chicago of one of its brightest lights.

The Central Music Hall Company performed its task well. In addition to the large auditorium, from which

its name is derived, the building comprises a smaller hall known as the Apollo, seating 200 people, and suitable for rehearsals and receptions, twelve stores and about seventy offices. No sooner was it completed than it became the recognized musical centre and from that time to the present it has been the home of some of the chief musical organizations of the city, among which may be readily recalled the Chicago Musical College, the Apollo Club, the Mendelssohn Club and the Tamasso Mandolin Orchestra. The tenants of the offices are not confined to the musical profession, but doctors, artists and others have always been eager to avail themselves of the accommodation offered. The management has at all times been most liberal in its policy, and as improvement after improvement has been brought forward in this most progressive age, immediate advantage has been taken. Through its spacious entrance thousands of people pass daily, but so excellently is the building constructed that possibly the strongest impression which a visitor receives is the atmosphere of quiet refinement everywhere prevailing and which is so necessary to those who have need of studios, and is so usually foreign to buildings possessed of the distinct advantage of being centrally located.

Eighteen years this month have elapsed since the Central Music Hall was formally opened to the public, who united with the local press and with all visiting artists in enthusiastic praise for the manner in which the comfort and well being of both artist and audience had been considered. This too had been done without the slightest loss to the necessities of acoustic principles and properties. The galleries are so splendidly constructed that there is not a seat in the house but gives a view of the stage. The organ is one of the finest in the country and is heard to excellent advantage at the services every Sunday which have been for many years a feature of the city. Here it was that Prof. David Swing, now with the majority, was accustomed to deliver his eloquent discourses so replete with earnest thought and the truest piety, but at the same time so fancifully and delightfully poetic. Professor Swing's place in this Central Church, as it has long been named, is now very worthily filled by Dr. N. D. Hillis.

In the direction of furnishings and decorations, the Central Music Hall management has been liberal and indeed lavish. Arrangements are now being made to redecorate the entrance and foyer in new designs and colorings, thereby making this audience-room, where the public has so long been accustomed to feel at home, still more attractive.

On its platform there are few artists of world-wide fame who have not, at some time or another, appeared, and the roll of distinguished men and women contains a great number, "familiar to our lips as household words." Henry Ward Beecher, Hon. Schuyler Colfax, Hon. Daniel Dougherty, Thomas B. Reed, Phillips Brooks, Mrs. Livermore, Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Mme. Besant, Matthew Arnold, Edwin Arnold, Conan Doyle, Mark Twain, George Cable, F. Hopkinson Smith, Thomas Nelson Page, John W. Stoddard, Ian MacLaren, James Whitcomb Riley, Opie Reid, Marion Crawford and Anthony Hope.

LYRIC ARTISTS.—Mme. Adelina Patti, Carlotta Patti, Christine Nilsson, Mme. Gerster, Mme. Albani, Mme. Nordica, Clara Louise Kellogg, Mme. Scalchi, Annie Louise Cary, Miss Emma Thursby, Signor Campanini, Signor Brignoli, Del Puente.

VIOLINISTS.—Ole Bull—his last public appearance May 22, 1880—Remenyi, Musin, Wieniawski, Camilla Urso, César Thomson, and the 'cellist Gérardy.

PIANISTS.—Paderewski, Mme. Carreño, Fannie Bloomfield-Zeisler, Joseffy, De Pachmann, Scharwenka.

MUSICAL ORGANIZATIONS.—Theo. Thomas' Orchestra, Boston Philharmonic Society, Gilmore's Band and all local societies of any repute.

The directors of the Central Music Hall Company are John M. Clark, D. Adler, Joseph Leiter, Henry Dibblee, Eugene Cary, Marshall Field, Jr., and J. Russell Jones, of whom the first named is president, and Henry Dibblee vice-president.

Josie Hartmann's Recital.

Miss Josie Hartmann, the accomplished young pianist, will give a recital at Steinert Hall, on Wednesday evening, February 2, 1898, assisted by Miss Olive Mead, violinist.

A SHORT REVIEW OF THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA'S CAREER.

The benefits which Chicago derived from the World's Fair are manifold. Science received that priceless heritage, the Columbian Museum, while art—the divine art—was endowed by the establishment of a permanent orchestra—one of the greatest grand orchestras ever built on a permanent foundation.

The idea of a permanent orchestra for Chicago was conceived by a number of its public-spirited as well as wealthy citizens, who pledged their financial support to the then prospective institution for a term of three years in the sum of \$1,000 each year. The fund thus created was known as the Guarantee Fund. The result of this step was that The Orchestral Association was incorporated under the laws of Illinois, and this association supports



FOYER CENTRAL MUSIC HALL.

the Chicago Orchestra, whose conductor is also one of the most prominent orchestral conductors in the world—Theodore Thomas.

The object of the orchestra's organization was first of all to educate the people of Chicago in the musical field, by affording them an opportunity to hear the standard works of the classicists, and also to give them the newest



ANNA MILLAR,

Manager Chicago Orchestra.

creations of the recognized composers of the present day. That the educational effects have been realized in a very high degree can be seen by a comparison of the "request"

programs of the past season with those of the first year or two of the orchestra's existence. There is a dignity and high standard about the present request programs which were totally absent in the earlier. This is doubtless due in great measure to the fact that Mr. Thomas has adhered strictly to his own ideas, something which has often called forth some very severe criticisms. But Mr. Thomas has always had a definite purpose in view, and all things considered, he seems to know better than his patrons what they ought to have.

Then, too, it was also the desire to offer to our sister cities the benefits and pleasures which orchestral music afford, as well as to give the very best to those who come to the concerts at first merely for the rest and immediate pleasure received, but who later on become, by reason of the merits of the work, actively interested in its support.

That there has been no miscalculation on this last named point is shown by the figures presented here, which represent the amounts of each sale for the past seven seasons:

First season.....	\$17,000.00
Second season.....	26,000.00
Third season.....	26,000.00
Fourth season.....	36,000.00
Fifth season.....	41,000.00
Sixth season.....	49,000.00
Seventh season (current)...	57,000.00

This shows a steady increase in the season sale, while the single sale (box office) has kept pace with the season sale each year. The necessary expenses for each season have, however, always exceeded the receipts, and the result has been a deficit, which has decreased, nevertheless, from \$57,000 the first year to \$27,000 for the sixth season. The original guarantee was for only three years, and when that expired the governing members, who while they guarantee nothing have always been very generous in their donations, were looked to for assistance.

To these generous people the public should feel exceedingly grateful, and doubtless does.

Although the association faced a deficit each year its desire to produce the very best appears to have grown, for last season the orchestral chorus was organized and placed under the care of that well-known and excellent musician, Arthur Mees, as assistant conductor, and the exploration of

a most interesting field in musical literature was begun by giving works which are seldom heard in this country, consisting not only of short works for chorus and orchestra, but of several new works as well. Although not as large as it will be eventually, the chorus is of most excellent quality. The chorus classes, which were organized this season, and which are free to those who possess the necessary requirements of voice and reading, are intended to build up the chorus proper, being, as it were, in the nature of a preparatory school.

The work of the orchestra has, one might say, covered the entire catalogue of musical literature. Each season has given the patrons of these concerts the very best solo talent obtainable, and the list of soloists who will appear this season is undoubtedly the most brilliant ever offered. The one idea—to give the very best—seems constantly to predominate, and when it is deemed necessary to obtain an artist directly from abroad it has been done, as notably in the case of the young pianist, Josef Hofmann, who will be heard in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other large cities with the orchestra, besides giving a limited number of individual recitals.

The outlook for the future is most gratifying. There is a greater interest in the work, and consequently a greater attendance, and naturally the receipts are swelled. Unless some unforeseen calamity happens the books will show another decrease in the deficit at the end of this season.

Anna Millar.

Not often is there found in one individual a combination of rare musical talent and a high order of business ability. Any exception is noteworthy, but it would be difficult to discover a more striking instance than that afforded by Miss Anna Millar.

She came to Chicago from a small Iowa city and, undeterred by difficulties, absolutely unmindful or disdainfully unheeding the extraordinary obstacles that beset her path, she demonstrated the possession of the highest order of energetic faculties and when offered the managership of the Chicago Orchestra, most courageously accepted the position.

Very quickly Miss Anna Millar made herself master

of the musical situation and, setting out to obtain results which, however difficult, her farseeing mind knew to be within reach, she did not permit herself to rest until the desired end was obtained. To this really extraordinary faculty the great Thomas orchestra owes its well being to-day. She it was who gathered up the strings broken by unfortuitous circumstances and out of what was the most thorough discord made the truest harmony.

Not merely in Chicago has the orchestra under Miss Millar made itself a power. In the Eastern cities, such as New York, Boston, Buffalo and Philadelphia, demands for any open dates are in constant receipt. The exclusive control which she has managed to obtain over a number

Edwin A. Potter.

This representative Chicagoan, who is secretary and treasurer of the great piano house of Lyon, Potter & Co., has won a place on the roll of those who have generously and faithfully served the cause of musical progress in Chicago. A man of marked energy, his business abilities have never been used but for honorable purpose. Quick in his judgment, he is seemingly the possessor of some remarkable intuitive ability, enabling him to grasp not merely possibilities but probabilities, and his conclusions have almost unerringly proven correct. Broad-minded and liberal, the uprightness of his conduct has never been brought into question; that justice demanded a certain

Abram French & Co., which has since become French, Potter & Co., with Mr. Potter as its president. In 1889, in association with the late William Steinway, of New York, and G. W. Lyon the firm of Lyon, Potter & Co. was organized. The Western representation of the Steinway piano was undertaken, and under the active charge of Mr. Potter an enormous increase in the business of that piano has been shown, and its popularity to-day among leading organizations and prominent musical circles in the West is possibly owing to the excellent management of the Chicago firm.

Mr. Potter's abilities have not, however, been devoted solely to the business progress of his house; he has at all



FOUR OF THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE THOMAS ORCHESTRA.

of leading artists for certain of the principal cities, obliging them not to appear previous to their so doing in connection with the Chicago Orchestra, speaks very strongly of her far-seeing business instinct and powerful executive ability.

Anna Millar is one woman in tens of thousands. Her success has truly been marvelous and, notwithstanding the heavy inroads on her time, she has still found it possible to take personal charge of a number of the most distinguished visitors, either speakers or artists, who have visited Chicago during the last two years, and in a large measure due to her most careful handling to obtain for each a most excellent reception; in the majority of cases, indeed, an unqualified success.

course of action carried the assurance of its performance. Edwin A. Potter is a man of the people and for the people, and that which he has done for the furtherance of good music can never be forgotten by those to whom Chicago's advancement and refinement are well grounded principles.

Colonel Potter is a New Englander, and comes of a family whose progenitors had settled in Massachusetts as far back as 1635. He was born ten years over the two centuries later in Bath, Me., where his father, William Potter, was a shipbuilder and a man of the highest consideration in his community.

Just after the big fire, in May, 1872, E. A. Potter came to Chicago as manager of the great pottery house of

times evinced a desire to assist the worthy younger members of the musical profession by encouraging them to appear in Steinway Hall. His courtesy to visiting artists is proverbial, and he numbers many warm friends among the greatest virtuosi in the world, who speak of his unfailing kindness and considerateness. Little wonder is it, then, that he is popular among all sections. Mr. Potter is a member of the Union League, the Washington Park, the Kenwood and the Chicago Athletic clubs, of which he has been president. At the last election there was a keenly contested fight, and among those prominently mentioned for Mayor of Chicago was Edwin A. Potter. This in itself was a deserved tribute to his personality.

Katharine Fisk.

Most interesting is the personality of this great contralto, charming as a woman, and world renowned as a artist, whose international reputation necessitates the division of her time from the end of November to the middle of February in Great Britain and the balance of the year in the United States. A beautiful woman, her wondrous art, cultivated alike in its vocal and dramatic powers, her delivery eminently dramatic and her voice pure,



FERDINAND W. PECK.

noble and vibrant, nothing is left wanting to stamp her as one of the greatest contraltos of the day. What a list of appearances has been made, and each of these has been a veritable triumph!

Madame Fisk, Western born, we are proud to say, has sung considerably throughout the United States and in Great Britain, with the London Philharmonic Society, Richter, Colonne, Crystal Palace, London Symphony, Sir Charles Hallé and Scottish orchestral concerts. She has also taken leading parts with the Gloucester and Norwich festivals, Royal Choral Society, Queen's Hall Choral Society, Liverpool Philharmonic Society, the London Ballad Concerts, Patti concerts and any number of others. In her début at the Gloucester Festival, in 1895, the *London Daily Telegraph* said: "The festival début of Mrs. Katharine Fisk was another noteworthy event. Those who heard her recognized an artist of no common order, one richly endowed with natural advantages, and the result of patient study." Of her singing in "Samson et Dalila," at a Colonne orchestral concert, the *London Times* had the following:

The feature of the concert was the superb performance in the second act of "Samson et Dalila," in which the vocal part was sung, better probably than it ever has been before in England, by Mrs. Katharine Fisk and Monsieur Vergnet, the original interpreter of the part of Samson when the opera was first given in Paris at the Eden Theatre some six years ago. It is difficult to speak of this magnificent singing last night in terms that do not savor of exaggeration, and at the close of the performance the two singers were very warmly and deservedly applauded and recalled.

Earlier her singing in the same character had been thus referred to in the *Musical Standard*:

If Samson (Edward Lloyd) did not quite infuse the necessary passion into his amatory utterances this was more than atoned for by the singularly able performance of Madame Fisk, a lady possessing an unusually rich voice which she used with both taste and judgment, the intensity thrown into her rendering of the lovely air, "When Night Shadows Hover," and again in the duet with Samson commencing "Mon cœur s'ouvre à ta voix," completely dissipating any doubt as to the singer's capacity as an emotional artist from whom much may be expected.

The *Lady's Pictorial* was none the less flattering in its notice of her performance: "The triumph of the evening was achieved by Mrs. Katharine Fisk, whose exposition of her part was as brilliant as the French composer's musico-dramatic creation itself is."

Honored and respected by her fellow-professionals, eagerly welcomed by the people wherever she appears, lovable as a friend and most charming under all circumstances, America has every reason to be proud of its gifted daughter, who is unquestionably one of the finest of contemporary musical artists.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop.

Whether as artist or true woman, this best known Chicago soprano and leading American singer has done much for the advancement of musical art in the West. She is a native of Ohio, where her father was a prominent lawyer, and her first connection with Chicago was in March, 1886. Direct from Europe and study under Randegger and Madame de la Grange, her services as soprano were eagerly solicited by the Plymouth Church, where she remained for six years. Her voice possessed splendid range, great power, flexibility and sweetness; she was a thoroughly trained artist and a thoroughly accomplished and charming mannered woman. The demand for her services at concerts and musical entertainments would have satisfied one far more exacting.

In 1890 she became the wife of Dr. Rufus Bishop, and for two years kept in strict check the ambition natural to such artistic triumphs as she enjoyed to obtain whatever higher training was possible by returning to Europe. She went to London and was advised by the great tenor Edward Lloyd to seek tuition in oratorio work from that eminent teacher, Frederic Walker. She was determined to make that her specialty. Madame Patti, whom she met at Craig-y-nos, so strongly advised her, and after results justified her prescience.

Again home in Chicago, her place at the head of the profession was acknowledged then as freely as it is today. The number of her concert engagements was very great, but nevertheless she continued her church choir work, her services having been secured immediately after her return from abroad by the Second Presbyterian Church. That position was retained until last year, when her numerous engagements all over the United States forced her to resign.

She has appeared with a great many of the world's leading singers, among whom may be recalled Edward Lloyd, Charles Santley, William Ludwig and Madame Joachim. Her reception was invariably of a most flattering and gratifying description, and to recapitulate the nice things said of this great artist in the press throughout the United States would require an additional special supplement.

Her recent tours are well known to have sustained her reputation to the fullest extent, and her appearance in Chicago next season will be eagerly welcomed. At present she is resting in California, after a period of extremely hard work.

Genevra Johnstone-Bishop understands not merely the art of singing well, but she always looks superb and invariably dresses with exquisite taste so that she captures her audience in every particular.

Frederic Grant Gleason.

He was born in 1848 in Middletown, Conn., where his father was a banker. Both Mr. Gleason's parents were

master, whose name was then scarcely known in this country. From that time Gleason became a Wagnerite, and upon going to Europe became an active partisan of the master. In 1869 he entered the Leipsic Conservatoire, where he remained with Moscheles, Plaidy, Lobe, Richter, Papperitz and Dr. Oscar Paul until the death of Moscheles, when Mr. Gleason went to Berlin to continue his studies and became a member of the Wagner Verein, which was laboring to raise funds for the production of the "Ring of the Nibelungen" at Bayreuth.

After this he studied with A. Loeschhorn, Oscar Raif, August Haupt, and while in Berlin enjoyed opportunities of meeting Richard Wagner and heard him drill and conduct a picked orchestra for several concerts in Berlin, among them that notable gathering at which the "Kaiser-marsch" was first performed soon after the return from Paris, in the presence of the Emperor William, Prince Bismarck and all the kings and dignitaries of the new German Empire. It was probably the most brilliant gathering ever assembled in the German capital, and certainly the most brilliant that ever attended a musical affair.

One of the never to be forgotten features of this occasion was the singing of the "Welding of the Sword," from "Siegfried," by the great tenor Albert Niemann, and Wagner's own reading of the Vorspiel to "Tristan" and others of his works.

Frederic Grant Gleason returned to the United States in 1875 and accepted a choir appointment at one of the principal churches in Hartford. Later he accepted a call to New Britain to a still larger organ, and in 1877 he removed to Chicago, where he has lived and labored for twenty years.

At the foundation of the American College of Musicians he was made a Fellow of the College, a member of the board of directors, and after several re-elections resigned both offices owing to press of other work. He was then invited to become a member of the New York Manuscript Society soon after its foundation, and made an honorary vice-president. His first orchestral work to be produced in Germany was the Vorspiel to his opera, "Otho Visconti," which was given in the old Gewandhaus in 1892, and afterward in other European cities. In 1883 Mr. Gleason received a medal of honor from the Associazione dei Beuemerite di Palermo, Sicily, for "distinguished services in the cause of art." Frederic Grant Gleason was elected president of the Chicago Manuscript Society in 1896 and president-general of the American Patriotic Musical League in 1897. He was selected to compose the "Auditorium Festival Ode," a symphonic cantata for the dedication of the Chicago Auditorium, which was produced with a chorus of 500 voices, solo and orchestra, on that occasion.

Selections from "Otho Visconti" and from each act of "Montezuma" have been in the repertory of the Thomas Orchestra, and have been frequently played for years past.



EXTERIOR AUDITORIUM BUILDING.

enthusiastic amateurs, and did much to encourage the love of music so evidently part of the young Gleason's nature. While he was still a boy he was placed under the care of Dudley Buck, after he had showed his talent by composing an oratorio or two and several cantatas without receiving any instruction.

In 1865 a fragment of "Tannhäuser" fell into his hands, and at once made him an ardent admirer of the great

Mr. Gleason's works were represented in the orchestral concerts of the Columbian Exposition, and his orchestral writings have been heard from Boston to San Francisco, beside other countries. Some of Chicago's most prominent composers and pianists have been pupils of Mr. Gleason, whose works include:

Op. 1, Three songs; Op. 2, Organ sonata in C sharp minor; Op. 3, Barcarolle (piano); Op. 4, Episcopal

Church music; Op. 5, songs; Op. 6, Episcopal Church music; Op. 7, "Otho Visconti," grand romantic opera in three acts (music and text); Op. 8, piano compositions; Op. 9, Trio in C minor (piano, violin, violoncello); Op. 10, Quartet for female voices; Op. 11, "Overture Triomphale" (organ); Op. 12, Cantata, "God, Our Deliverer" (solos, chorus and orchestra); Op. 13, Trio in A major (piano, violin, violoncello); Op. 14, Trio in D minor (piano, violin, violoncello); Op. 15, "Culprit Fay" cantata (solos, chorus and orchestra); Op. 16, "Montezuma," grand romantic opera in three acts (plot, text and music); Op. 17, "Praise Song to Harmony," symphonic cantata (solos, male chorus and orchestra); Op. 18, Concerto in G minor (piano and orchestra); Op. 19, Three sketches for orchestra; Op. 20, "Auditorium Festival Ode," symphonic cantata (tenor solo, chorus and orchestra); Op. 21, "Edris," symphonic poem after the prologue to Marie Corelli's novel "Ardath"; Op. 22, Theme and variations (organ); Op. 23, Sixty-seventh Psalm, "God Be Merciful;" Op. 24, Idylle (organ).

The Chicago Auditorium.

The Auditorium Hall, which is a main part of the Chicago Auditorium Building, all owned and managed by the Chicago Auditorium Association, owes its inception and successful accomplishment to the business abilities, courage and enthusiasm of one man, Ferd. W. Peck.

It is famous in the musical world for the operas, concerts, dramatic performances and great meetings which have been held within its walls. In 1888, before it was properly roofed, the hall was the scene of the Republican Convention which nominated Benjamin Harrison as presidential candidate. The greatest singers the world has known of recent years have there been heard. Its vast capacity (there is seating accommodation for over 4,100 people) in no way interferes with the perfect acoustic properties which enable every note to be distinctly heard even in the uppermost galleries. The stage being utilized for seating purposes and the entire hall thrown open, gives accommodation for double the number above named, making it one of the largest as it is one of the grandest halls in the world.

Its stage equipment, modeled after the leading European opera houses, is most complete in every particular, there being twenty-six hydraulic lifts for the purpose of moving the stage platform. The height of the stage is 89 feet and the perfection of its appointments may be judged from the fact that over this portion of the house alone nearly \$200,000 was expended. The organ, which possesses electric action and a number of wonderful improvements, is one of the grandest in the world. It is the largest and for stage appointments the finest opera house in the world.

A word might be given to the recital hall, on the seventh floor of the Auditorium Building, which, daintily arranged and seating over 500 people, affords excellent accommodation for concerts and lectures.

Bruno Steindel.

For three years soloist of the famous Philharmonic Orchestra under the direction of Hans von Bülow, a position gained in competition with fifty-six opponents, what more is needed to stamp the artist, musician and master of his instrument?

Steindel is a native of Zwickau, Saxony, a town in which Bruno Steindel's father was director of music, and there, under the direction of the latter, the study of the violin was taken up. This was later discontinued for the 'cello, which had always possessed for him a great fascination, and was his favorite instrument. Extraordinarily talented, Steindel was fortunate in obtaining as his teachers the ablest masters of the instrument that Germany, the cradle of the musical art, possessed. What use he made of such training and the high character of his natural gifts were seen in his appointment with the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra.

Mr. Steindel was still with that eminent organization at the time Theodore Thomas was planning the Chicago Orchestra in a manner to surpass all his previous efforts. Thomas immediately selected young Steindel as leader of the 'cellos, and the wisdom of his choice has never been for a moment in doubt. The 'cello is the instrument, as every musician will acknowledge, which allows the most perfect display of individuality. Here was a 'cellist, a virtuoso of marvelous technic, the possessor of a repertory covering all the most important 'cello works; a master of his instrument, and with a manner in its seeming unconcern almost humorous, which could not but make him most interesting as a performer. Chicago was proud to welcome such an addition to its great artists, and to possess, as was readily admitted, a 'cello soloist who was possibly unequaled in this country, and who was the peer of almost anyone either in Europe or elsewhere.

His appearances in concerts all over the United States were triumphs, and, as was written by a Western critic:

Mr. Steindel's numbers were fine selections calculated to show his superb tone and technique to great advantage.

As a 'cello soloist he has no equal in this country, and it may well be doubted if there is his superior elsewhere. His selections were a fantasia by Grutzmacher, the Bach-Gounod "Ave Maria," the "Swan," by Saint-Saëns; "Polonaise," "Spanish Dance," "Papillon" and "Spinning Song," by Popper.

So deeply attached has Mr. Steindel become to the Chicago Thomas Orchestra that he has been known to declare that no possible inducement could lead him away, so long as Theodore Thomas remains its director. Most flattering

Edmund Schuecker.

Fortunate indeed is musical Chicago, and especially fortunate is the Chicago Orchestra in the possession of a virtuoso of such brilliant parts as the great harpist Edmund Schuecker.

A native of Vienna, of which city his father also was a noted musician and a member of the Imperial Court Orchestra, it was there that he received his early musical education. For several years he was a student with the



BRUNO STEINDEL.

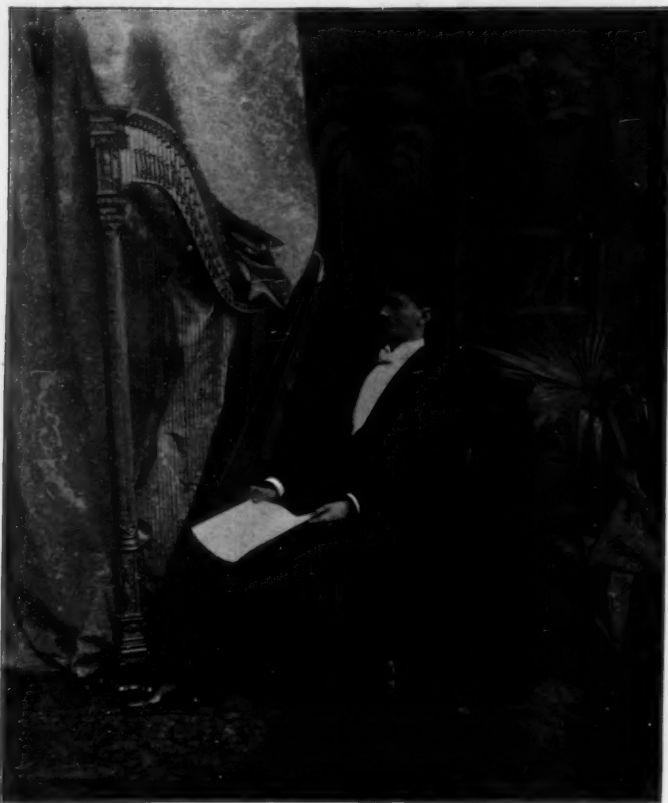
Leading 'Cellist Chicago Orchestra.

offers have been made him by the leading American orchestras, and he has also been requested to return to Berlin. The consideration in which this artist of the 'cello is held in the East may be gathered from the following extract from the New York Times, March 25, 1896:

Mr. Steindel has already been heard in so many obligations that his hearers were prepared to find in him a 'cellist of the first rank, and their expectations were not disappointed. "Tone" is nine points of a violoncellist, and there are those who are inclined to hold that it is also the tenth, so much more important is it to a 'cellist to have a good cantabile than to have all other things and to lack this. Mr. Steindel's tone is excellent. He is, first of all, a singer upon his instrument, and his technical equipment is complete. He is distinctly a classical player, his effectiveness is secured while carefully avoiding exaggeration, and his playing is marked by taste as much as by skill. In answer to a hearty recall Mr. Steindel gave without accompaniment his own arrangement of Schubert's song, "Am Meer."

famous harpist of the Vienna Conservatory of Music, Professor Zamara, and it was in 1877 that Mr. Schuecker graduated from that institution, obtaining first prize as a performer on the harp and also for musicianship. He at once entered upon the professional career in which his brilliancy of execution absolutely assured success and his services were speedily in request among many of the first orchestras in Europe.

The reputation he was enabled to make procured him in 1884 the appointment to a professorship in the Royal Conservatory in Leipzig and he also became harpist to the famous Gewandhaus Orchestra. Further well deserved honors followed and in 1890 he was appointed court harpist to the Duke of Saxony-Altenburg. When Theodore Thomas received his engagement as director of the Chicago Orchestra he at once offered Edmund Schuecker the appointment as harpist with the organiza-



EDMUND SCHUECKER,

Harpist to the Chicago Orchestra.

tion, an offer which in itself was sufficient to stamp its fortunate recipient as among the finest exponents of his department of musical art to-day living.

Mr. Schuecker has been repeatedly urged to join one of the Eastern orchestras, but he is loyally bound to the Chicago Orchestra and would make no change. Necessarily the press opinions of such a master of his craft are of a highly interesting character and a few are here given:

Edmund Schuecker, solo harpist of the Chicago Orchestra, made his first appearance in America as soloist last evening. The residence in Chicago of a harpist of such ability as Mr. Schuecker proved himself last evening is one of the many benefits the musical life of the city will derive from the organization and presence here of the Chicago Orchestra. Of these musicians (the Thomas Orchestra) none bids fair to prove more welcome than Mr. Schuecker, whose mastery of a rarely mastered, beautiful instrument seems undoubted. All his work was characterized by unusual clearness and rapidity in execution, great brilliancy when required, and excellent taste in shading and phrasing in more quiet passages.—Chicago Tribune.

The soloist of the evening was Edmund Schuecker, harpist, who performed the "Spring Song," by Gounod, and the "Serenade," by Parish-Alvars, whose compositions are popular. Mr. Schuecker proved himself an able and proficient performer on his instrument, and the artistic features of this work contribute liberally to his success as a virtuoso. He was twice recalled, and compelled at last to add another number to the program.—Milwaukee Sentinel.

After this the harpist, Mr. Edmund Schuecker, confirmed the already favorable impression he had created on the audience by a composition of his own, a fantasia, "Di Bravura," which was most artistically executed. Mr. Schuecker is one of the finest harpists in America, and everyone who fails to hear him misses an opportunity that they may never have again, as truly he plays on a harp of a thousand strings, and carries the mind from earthly surroundings, and causes one to feel that surely the heavenly choir is made up of such sweet sounds. Mr. Schuecker is a brother of the harpist who plays in Nikisch's band, both of whom are quite young, and are considered the finest performers in this country on this difficult instrument.—Louisville Commercial.

An interesting feature of the program was an unaccompanied solo on the harp by Mr. Edmund Schuecker, who, with an astounding amount of technic and considerable grace of style, succeeded in drawing from that dignified but rather ungrateful instrument a musical response which delighted the audience, and brought out a storm of applause for the player, who responded with an acceptable encore.—St. Louis Republican.

Electa Gifford.

A bright American girl realizing the necessity of hard work to accomplish success, is now in Paris fitting herself for whatever branch of the musical profession she finds herself most qualified. It may be opera, oratorio, ballad singing, or teaching. Whatever it is, it will be studied thoroughly and when Electa Gifford is again a resident in Chicago it will be when she is thoroughly equipped.

Miss Gifford is a rare type of girl, earnest, enthusiastic, talented by nature, enhanced by cultivation, she

social qualifications made her much sought after, so that the demands made on her time threatened to interfere with her studies and only her good sense prevented. She has a very distinctive personality, and a way of forgetting to make ill-natured remarks; she invariably thinks kindly of people, and as one who knows Electa Gifford well says: "She has all the qualities of a gentlewoman; in every phase of her life she is a lady."

Miss Gifford, in addition to her church work, made constant appearances at private musicales and was also heard publicly on many occasions, notably with the Thomas Orchestra, and in St. Louis, Louisville, Detroit and other important cities.

She knew, however, that success of this kind was evanescent, and so forsaking all present glories for the sake of future attainment she resolutely decided to go abroad where the possibilities of study were greater. With this end in view, a concert was given in her honor in Steinway Hall last year, when she bade farewell to many friends who were sorry to lose this charming girl, but who recognized the wisdom of her going.

Musicians were agreed upon the merit of her performance, which even at that trying time showed temperament, talent and musical intelligence. Her interpretation of songs requiring pathos was especially good and the writer well remembers even now Miss Gifford's singing of Foote's Irish folksong, which had so much real feeling infused that the thought occurred "What a pity she does not make ballads her forte; few could sing them so well."

Leopold Godowsky.

That so consummate an artist as Leopold Godowsky, the renowned pianist, should have chosen Chicago for the continuance of his ripe and brilliant life work is a significant indication of the present rank of the city as a musical centre. Music never found a truer servant or a nobler, abler or more enthusiastic devotee than when in his very early years this brilliantly talented young Russian pianist nurtured and nourished on its beauties, devoted to it his life. Leopold Godowsky is not yet twenty-eight.

He was but three years old when remarkable musical talent was shown, and at seven he had composed some piano pieces so filled with melodies, original and yet so musically mature, that in the later compositions of this master some of these have been reproduced. His debut was made at nine, and subsequently he played with thorough success through a portion of Germany and through Poland. Then resuming his studies at the Royal Con-



ELECTA GIFFORD.

servatory, Berlin, he there remained until he was fourteen.

At this time he made his first visit to the United States, playing in many of the principal cities in association with several great artists, among whom was the violinist Ovide Musin. His success was very pronounced, but returning to Europe he continued his studies. To study with the great French master, Saint-Saëns, had become the ambition of his life, but he was a boy of sixteen, and having been overreached in the business matters of his recent tour he was practically without resources. Saint-Saëns, too, was known to refuse to accept pupils. A happy opportunity, however, arose and at a "Reunion des Artists" weekly meeting, an organization of which Saint-Saëns was honorary president, Godowsky was given an opportunity to play. Having heard the young artist play and examined several of his compositions Saint-Saëns invited him to play at the "Trompette," a well-known art club. So good was his performance, that, following the concert, he was requested to play a composition of his own. He gave the "Don Quixote" poem symphonique, arousing such enthusiastic praise from Saint-Saëns that he was embraced on the stage before an audience of the élite of the Parisian

er of over one hundred pieces, all distinguished by splendid musicianship and some of which are placed on the favorite programs of the greatest living artists of the day.

CHICAGO MUSIC CRITICS.

Charles E. Nixon.

Charles E. Nixon, music critic and dramatic editor of the *Inter-Ocean*, was born in Claremont County, Ohio, in 1860, and after a boy's usual experiences in the "plain air" of the country, started in the district school. He first studied music in Cincinnati, also taking up art, with Ben Pitman, in the School of Design. In 1877 he was graduated from the Chickering Academy, in Cincinnati, and four years later from Cornell University. While at the University he had learned the printer's case, and had been an editor on the *Cornell Era*; this, however, did not count when he came to Chicago, despite some prior reportorial experience in vacations, for he began at the bottom of the list in the line of reporters then employed on the *Inter-Ocean*. Then followed seven years of good,

news," and graphic descriptive powers at ready command. As well as being at home in the saddle, and not averse to roughing it, he has during the summer seasons been assigned to correspondence duty, and thus covered a fair



Charles E. Nixon

Music Critic.

portion of the Union in his studies of men, localities and manners. He rode through the Yellowstone when the roads were "trails," then over the present mountain line of the California Central; again over the Denver and Rio Grande in a construction train; hunted in the mountains of the Big Horn, galloped with the Sixth Cavalry over Wyoming, and scampered over the dust plains of New Mexico; was on the Klu Klux investigation in Mississippi, attended the first Popocratic legislature in Alabama, and early described the process of sugar by diffusion in Louisiana. These are simply some samples of what an all round newspaper man has been called for on short notice. In the spring of 1893 Mr. Nixon accompanied F. Ziegfeld, Jr., to Europe on a rather difficult diplomatic mission of closing contracts and getting ninety musical people from Germany, Russia and England as an attraction during the World's Fair.

In the consideration of musical topics Mr. Nixon eschews the use of technical terms, preferring the simple and direct truth in statement as best calculated to inform the general reader, avoiding comparisons as an injustice to the performer, and the indiscriminate use of the term "artist." The works of modern composers have been very carefully considered in his columns, and as before remarked, the modest workers in the local field have ever



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY.

artistic world. Shortly after this Saint-Saëns agreed to accept him as a pupil, and there he remained until 1890.

In the latter year he went to London to play in a series of concerts, achieving the most marked and distinguished success. He became in great demand for concerts and recitals, and in all the most important cities of Europe proved that not only had he benefited by the training of a great master, to whom his gratitude was at all times acknowledged, but that he was himself the possessor of great natural gifts, which, increased by his sound training and earnest study, made him one of the greatest piano virtuosos of the day.

Having decided on another American tour he returned to the United States in the fall of 1890, and, after some decided Eastern concert successes, in which his marvelous command of difficulties and splendidly broad, yet eminently educated, interpretation gained him triumphal appreciation, he accepted a position with the Broad street Conservatory of Music, at Philadelphia.

In 1895 he was induced to come West and identify himself with the interests of Chicago's music. For that coming the city is markedly benefited, and our musicians are proud to acknowledge among them this pianist whose absolute individuality is almost disguised in his lack of self-assertiveness and remarkable unpretentiousness. Every appearance is the occasion of new laurels; great before, year after year his greatness becomes the more pronounced. His repertory is enormous, covering every composition of note in piano literature, and difficulty is a word unfound in his lexicon, and one translated by him into an opportunity to display ability. He is the compos-

hard, yeoman service, in a period when a reporter was expected to cover a large territory, and "The Bureau" was unknown.

When George B. Armstrong, the city editor and music critic of the *Inter-Ocean* (now editor of the *Indicator*), resigned his position, young Nixon was given the musical assignments, which he has since developed into a very authoritative and interesting department. After his long experience in the sterling school of the reporter, he was made an editorial paragrapher, and in addition wrote special articles on a vast variety of topics. In 1882 he was made the Sunday editor, and in 1882 also conducted the first colored supplement printed on a Webb perfecting press. This was continued two years. In 1884 the serious illness of Elwyn A. Barron, the distinguished dramatic critic of the *Inter-Ocean*, compelled his withdrawal; Mr. Nixon was selected as his successor, and has since conducted both departments, furnishing a daily column or two, as necessity dictates, and seven columns for his page in the Sunday issue.

The double duties have grown so much of late that Charles Perce has been occasionally called upon as an assistant. During the past twelve years Charles Nixon has attended every operatic performance worthy the name, and many that were not; every original production in the musical line, and a vast variety of concerts, not only by the great artists of the world, but those given by local musicians, in whose welfare he has always manifested the keenest interest.

This writer has kept his pen alive to the genius of change, having what is technically known as "a nose for

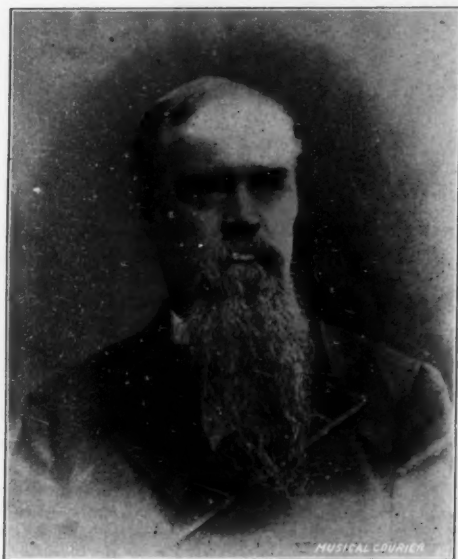


W. S. B. MATTHEWS—Music Critic.

had a liberal share of recognition from his pen. His belief in the musical future of America is unbounded; as yet compositions by American composers have been culture are nowhere more liberally presented than in this

coldly received in Europe, but that will change. This writer holds that others than Chicagoans and Americans have reason to be proud of the works of Gleason, Liebling, Thiele, Schoenefeld, Goldbeck and a host of others. Again, as to the American voice, he believes they are the finest in the world. Europeans criticise our speaking voices on account of bad tone production, their teachers speak of our artistic breathing, but they admit the superior vocal quality, and thus many of our singers, growing great, remain abroad and are honored in the measure they deserve.

Finally, this critic holds that the opportunities for



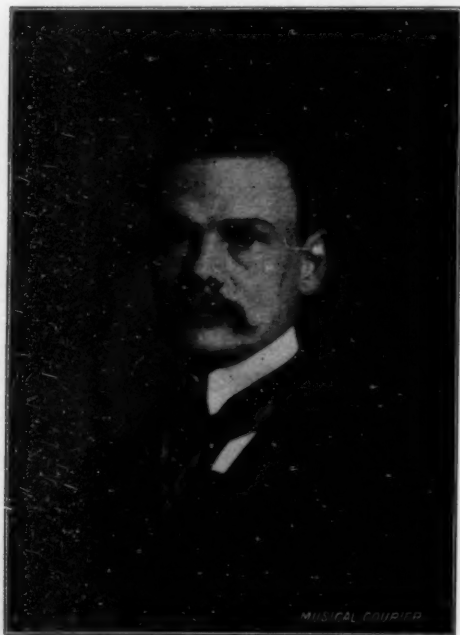
GEORGE P. UPTON—Music Critic.

musical study and the general advancement of musical city, the home of the finest orchestra in the world; numerous schools admirably conducted, one of the finest and largest choral bodies, a manuscript society that is doing excellent work in a modest way, all unite to sustain him in this justly optimistic view of music in the middle West.

George P. Upton.

Through the history of music's progress and advancement in Chicago one man has always been among the foremost—George P. Upton, the writer, newspaper man and leading music critic.

He was born at Boston, Mass., October 25, 1835, and is



William Armstrong

of old-time American descent. His education was received at Brown University, Providence, R. I., from which he graduated in 1854. The following year he came to Chicago, and two days following his arrival, October 29, 1855, his journalistic career began, which has continued uninterruptedly to the present time. The first paper with

which he connected himself was the *Chicago Native Citizen*, but six months later he engaged with the *Chicago Journal*, with which he remained in the latter portion of the time as music critic, until 1862, when he accepted an editorial position on the *Chicago Tribune*. Few newspaper men have had more thorough or more varied experience. At different times he served as city editor, commercial editor, night editor, war correspondent, art, music, dramatic and literary editor. Altogether for thirty years, notwithstanding what other position might be his on the papers he remained as music critic on the *Journal* and the *Tribune*, and to him the distinction is acknowledged of writing the first music criticism in Chicago. As is mentioned elsewhere, Mr. Upton was the founder of the Apollo Club, of which organization he still remains an honored member. It was founded in 1872, the year following the fire, with George P. Upton as first president, and A. W. Dohn as conductor.

Not merely has he been known as a newspaper man and a most able music critic, he is also a writer of considerable note. His musical articles in the magazines have been many, and he is the author of the following musical books: "Woman in Music," "Standard Operas," "Standard Oratorios," "Standard Cantatas," "Standard Symphonies," and the following translations: "Life of Haydn," "Life of Liszt," "Life of Wagner."

When the musical department of the Newberry Library was being organized to Mr. Upton was assigned the task of making out the lists of necessary books. The library is said to be the most complete in that particular on this continent. Mr. Upton has a splendid private musical library of about 2,000 volumes.

W. S. B. Mathews.

W. S. B. Mathews was born at Lowdon, N. H., in 1837, the son of a Methodist preacher. His talent for music



JAMES O'DONNELL BENNETT—Music Critic.

showed itself at an early age, and he made such progress that by the time he was fifteen he was officially appointed teacher of music in the academy at Mount Vernon, N. H. His studies had been made in part with local teachers, and in part at Lowell and Boston. After a few years' experience in Western Massachusetts and in New York State he married and moved to Illinois, where he was very successful as a teacher of piano, organist and chorus accompanist.

In 1860 he was appointed professor of music at the Wesleyan Female College, in Macon, Ga., and remained in the South until the end of the war. He came to Chicago and commenced his duties as organist in Centenary M. E. Church January 1, 1867, and with one short intermission retained the position until March, 1893.

As early as 1859 Mr. Mathews commenced to write for *Dwight's Journal of Music*, and in 1868 Lyon & Healy established the *Musical Independent*, of which he was editor until the great fire in Chicago. After that, for a number of years Mr. Mathews was more or less connected with the daily papers as music critic and editorial writer, holding the latter positions upon the *Herald* and upon the *Morning News* successively. All of this may be regarded as preparation for the work in which he has latterly been engaged—in editing his own magazine, *Music*, the publication of which was commenced in November, 1891.

Mr. Mathews is well known as the author of many theoretical works on musical subjects, the first of which, "How to Understand Music," was published in 1880, and has remained a standard work. His "Popular History of Music" was the result of his five years' experience as lecturer on the history of music in the Chicago Musical College. He is also the editor of twenty-four volumes of piano material, including two sets of graded studies, four collections of small pieces for instruction in phrasing and interpretation, and a very valuable collection of Schumann's works. I suppose that Mr. Mathews' business

would be given as that of a teacher of music, since this is what it amounts to, from his piano lessons, the practical works on music which he has edited, and the journal which he conducts.

James O'Donnell Bennett.

The musical and dramatic work on the *Chicago Journal* is handled in the main by James O'Donnell Bennett, who

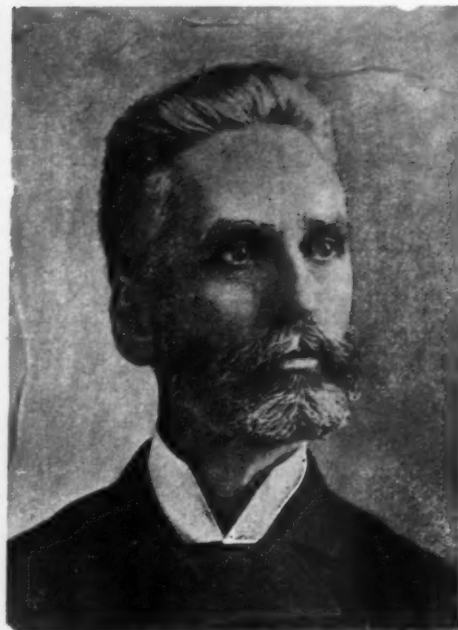


BERNHARD ZIEHN.

has been connected with the Chicago press for the last five years, starting as a reporter on the now defunct *Times*. Two years ago he assumed charge of the dramatic and musical department of the *Journal*, and since then has devoted his attention exclusively to this line of work, with the exception of a few months last summer and autumn, when he represented the *Journal* in London, and wrote extensively on dramatic subjects and English life.

His letters from abroad were widely read, and created considerable interest.

Mr. Bennett is twenty-seven years old, was born in Jackson, Mich., and educated at the university of his native State. He is a very capable writer, with a style peculiarly his own, and very fascinating. His youth, his en-



A. J. GOODRICH.

ergy, and his well-recognized abilities have given him a decided place in Chicago's newspaper world.

William Armstrong.

William Armstrong, lecturer, novelist, and music critic, has, in the last-named capacity, been engaged on the staff of the *Chicago Tribune* for five years. For six years he has been resident in Chicago, and during the earlier

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E.A. POTTER



DR. ZIEGLER



EMIL LIEBLING



GENEVA JOHNSTONE BISHOP



THEODORE THOMPSON

PROMINENT
ARTISTS



FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON



CLARENCE E. GLEASON



DR. ZIEGFELD



MAX BENDIX



THEODORE THOMAS



KATHERINE FISK



FRANK BAIRD



LAWRENCE EDDY



WILLIAM L. TOMLINS



MUSICAL
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part of that time wrote for *Belford's Magazine* until the discontinuance of that periodical.

His literary work includes two novels: "Thekla: A story of Viennese Musical Life," published in 1887, and "An American Nobleman," a story of the West Virginia



C. E. R. MUELLER.

mountains, brought out more recently and shortly to be issued in London. He has also contributed to magazines since 1890, writing an article for the *Century* for May of that year on "Some New Washington Relics." Mr. Armstrong studied in Germany.

In addition to his critical and other literary work he entered the lecture field last season, appearing extensively in this country. Last June Mr. Armstrong made his London debut in Queen's Hall in a lecture entitled "A Group of American Song Composers," Madame Nordica singing the program of songs in illustration. Later he lectured by invitation of Sir Alexander Mackenzie before the Royal Academy, being the first American upon whom this distinction was conferred. Miss Marie Engle, of the Covent Garden Opera, and the American baritone, Charles Clark, illustrated the latter program. During the present season Mr. Armstrong will fulfill lecture engagements as far west as the Pacific Coast and in May of next year return to London for a second series.

At the outset of his work in the lecture field Mr. Armstrong received the indorsement of Theodore Thomas and Walter Damrosch. During last season, among other engagements Mr. Armstrong lectured before the Amateur Musical Club, Chicago Musical College, and American Conservatory in Chicago; the Schubert Musical Club, St. Paul; Thursday Club, Minneapolis; the Contemporary Club, Indianapolis, and in the Amphitheatre at Chautauqua.

Among letters regarding his work one from John L. Griffiths, president of the Contemporary Club at Indianapolis, and of which ex-President Harrison is a member, says:

"Notwithstanding the fact that we have been addressed from time to time by some of the most distinguished speakers in the United States, we assigned to no one a higher place than to Mr. Armstrong."

Mrs. Ellen M. Henrotin, president of the Federation of Women's Clubs, after hearing Mr. Armstrong deliver his lecture, "Unpublished Interviews," wrote: "I am glad to learn of your project of giving this lecture before the musical and the women's clubs. I congratulate those clubs which will be so fortunate as to be introduced to these great artists under your happy auspices."

Mr. Armstrong's lectures this season will be: "Unpublished Interviews with Great Musicians," "Impressions of Contemporary Music and Musicians in England," "A Group of American Song Composers" and "A Group of English Song Composers."

The first treats of a majority of the great musical artists now before the public; the second of musical art and artists in England. The third and fourth comprise studies of the subjects named, illustrated with representative songs.

A. J. Goodrich.

Few musicians have had such varied experiences as have fallen to the lot of A. J. Goodrich. He has conducted choral societies, operas and orchestras; given instruction in piano playing, singing, harmony, counterpoint, composition, orchestration and analysis; lectured on history, musical form, analysis, &c.; served as reporter, staff corre-

spondent, sub-editor and chief editor of several music journals; contributed largely to the musical and newspaper press, written several original text books and composed volumes of music, from a song to a symphony.

A St. Louis critic said, "Mr. Goodrich is not a pupil of Liszt, nor does he flourish as his credentials the parchment certificate of any European conservatory." What is more strange, he has never received oral instruction in music from anyone, excepting a few lessons in the rudiments from his father, who was a botanical physician and amateur musician, with a fine voice and wonderfully acute ear. Mr. Goodrich himself gives a great deal of credit where credit is due, for when asked who his teachers were he replied: "Palestrina, Scarlatti, Corelli, Purcell, Couperin, Bach and Händel, Mozart, Beethoven, Von Weber, Schubert, Berlioz, Chopin, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, Verdi, Rubinstein, Von Bülow, Saint-Saëns, Raff, Jensen, Franz, Wagner, Tschaiikowsky, Grieg and other masters."

Indeed this seems to be literally true, and to an active, analytical mind what could be more instructive or more inspiring than the score of a masterwork?

It is evident that Mr. Goodrich has spent a large part of his time in such studies, for no other author has so completely penetrated and explained the mysteries of form and composition as Mr. Goodrich has done in his two chief works, "Complete Musical Analysis" and "Goodrich's Analytical Harmony." An instance of this is the distinction he makes in the latter work between resolution and progression (chapter 28). The point of view from which his system has been evolved was announced nearly thirty years ago, when he wrote: "While musical effects



FREDERIC LILLEBRIDGE.

remain inexhaustible, just so long must theory play a secondary part!"

He has discarded all harmonic rules as arbitrary, and substituted principles which are inviolable. Therefore, his system of theory contains the enduring elements of musical truth, and will not soon pass out of existence and authority. Mr. Goodrich long since abandoned his piano practice and composition, believing that his mission in life was that of an investigator rather than performer or composer. The wisdom of this course has been acknowledged by many able critics, all of whom take note of Mr. Goodrich's original, independent vein of thought. Rupert Hughes in a recent number of *Godey's Magazine* said:

Mr. A. J. Goodrich has made himself perhaps the most advanced of living writers on the theory of music, which is certainly a large contribution to the solidity of our attainments, for he is recognized among scholars abroad as one of the leading spirits of his time.

The New York *Sun* in speaking of Mr. Goodrich's lecture on his new book, "A Theory of Interpretation," observed: "But Mr. Goodrich is one of Professor Tyndall's original investigators in this realm."

Mr. Goodrich's principal works are text books, to wit: "Complete Musical Analysis" and Goodrich's "Analytical Harmony," with supplement, published by the John Church Company; "Music as a Language," a small reference book, published by G. Schirmer; "The Art of Song," illustrated lecture, published serially in *Werner's Magazine*, and the new text book now ready for the press, "A Theory of Interpretation."

His contributions to THE MUSICAL COURIER have also been more or less important. A few of these may be mentioned, "Evolution of the Dance Form," "Personal

and National Characteristics in Music," "The Harmonic Basis of Wagner's Operas and Music-Dramas," "Character and Development of the Leading Motives in Wagner's Music-Dramas," &c.

Bernhard Ziehn.

Bernhard Ziehn was born in January, 1845, at Erfurt, in Thuringia. After receiving a common school education, he went through the "Schullehrerseminar" (normal school) and for three years taught school at Muehlhausen. In November, 1868, he came to Chicago to serve for two years more in the same capacity. Like Schubert, he seems to have taken but little delight in teaching school, and about 1871 made music his profession. While Mr. Ziehn, in common with all German schoolmasters, had received some instruction in music, it is still from this date that his music study began, and with such results that he is ranked, both here and abroad, among the foremost theorists.

In 1881 were published (Pohle, Hamburg) his "System of Exercises for Pianoforte" and "A New Method of Instruction for Beginners." The idea underlying this work is that one hand being, so to speak, the inversion of the other, the exercises must be so arranged as to bring out this important point. As a consequence, a great part of the exercises are in contrary motion, so as to involve the same key positions for the hands.

The work on which Mr. Ziehn's fame will rest is his "Harmonie und Modulations Schore" (Sulzer, Berlin, 1887). It is the result of many years of patient research. The old theory, in many points not a reflection from living works, but the imaginary guide for composition invented by dry old pedants, is here set aside and all the points taken are illustrated by examples from the masters. Among those quoted most frequently are Bach, Beethoven, Liszt, Wagner, Chopin, Schubert, Franz, Mozart, Berlioz, Jensen, Grieg, Heller, altogether over ninety composers are quoted, and it will be admitted that a work that cites Astorga and d'Albert, Bach and Brahms, Beethoven and Berlioz, Cherubini and Cornelius, Gluck and Grieg, Kirnberger and Kirchner, Rameau and Raff, Scarlatti and Schumann, Weber and Wagner, is not one-sided.

Space forbids entering upon a detailed examination of this work that shows so many interesting progressions and modulatory possibilities, that from the very beginning makes the pupil acquainted with the possible harmonic relations of tones (thus on page 9 the major second G—A is harmonized in thirty-two ways, eight times in each of the four voices), that treats the altered chords as exhaustively and systematically as they never before have been treated. Mr. Ziehn received very flattering notices in the German journals of music. Every musician, no matter where he pursued his theoretical studies, should examine this work, and it may be safely stated he will feel repaid for the study of it.

As a writer on musical subjects Mr. Ziehn, too, occupies an enviable position. Most of his articles have appeared in Lessmann's *Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung*. One of the first was an attack on Dr. Riemann, who was exercising a kind



JENNY OSBORN.

of papal power over the musicians of Germany. Mr. Ziehn showed mercilessly the weakness of the much heralded "Phrasierung," the many contradictions in Riemann's countless writings, the appalling arrogance of this so-

called reformer of music. (One of his champions even called him "Præceptor Germeinæ in rebus musicis"!!) Another article showed the contrapuntal skill of Mr. Ziehn in a remarkable way. Dr. Riemann had egregiously failed in combining the four themes of Bach's unfinished fugue ("Kunst der Fuge"), a problem that had remained unsolved for about 150 years. Mr. Ziehn solved it in a number of ways, each satisfactory, and thus took one more excellent occasion to expose Dr. Riemann's incompetence.

The most astounding feat of musical criticism Mr. Ziehn accomplished when he—this time he attacked the Bach biographer, Smitta—proved that the "Lucas passion" was not written by Bach. This scholarly article prevented the adoption of this spurious work into the "Ausgabe der Bachgesellschaft," and made Mr. Ziehn the recipient of a most flattering letter from Dr. Robert Franz, the Bach student and scholar.

Mr. Ziehn is not unknown to the readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER, having (in April, 1890) written, over the signature of "Archilogos," on "Hans von Bülow in Chicago."

A close study of two years made Mr. Ziehn an unsurpassed master in the correct execution of the embellishments in classical works. (See Nos. 1 and 2 of "Alte Klavierstücke," Pohle, Hamburg.)

In conclusion it should also be mentioned that Mr. Ziehn is a great friend of nature and is especially versed in botany. Last summer he published in one of the Chicago dailies a detailed account of the numerous places in the Chicago parks and suburbs where poison ivy grows. The attention of the Department of Agriculture in Washington was called to this article, and Mr. Ziehn in consequence received several flattering communications from the Department.

C. E. R. Mueller.

Mr. Mueller belongs to a musical family, two brothers and two sisters having devoted themselves to music, thus following their father's example.

Born in September, 1847, in the town of Auma, in Thuringia, he came to this country in July, 1860. While the study of music was begun at the age of about eleven years, it was not with the intention of making it a profession. From 1861 to 1863 Mr. Mueller attended the Concordia College, at Fort Wayne, exchanging that in 1863 for the University of Chicago. In this he graduated in 1868 at the head of his class. In his sophomore year he began teaching German in his Alma Mater, which teaching he continued up to 1871.

During all this time music had not been neglected; on the contrary, he had, besides keeping up his study of the piano, studied without master the organ, and had attained considerable proficiency in harmony. In 1871 he went to Europe to study music and to travel. At Leipzig he did not find what he expected, and in 1872 he went to the Stuttgart Conservatory, where Lebert, Speidel and Pruckner were his masters of the piano, Faist of organ and theory, and Koch of singing. All these facts will show that Mr. Mueller's education, both general as well as musical, rests on a broad foundation. It is certain that there are not many musicians who, besides Greek and Latin, master German, English, French and Italian.

During his stay at Stuttgart he translated the piano School of Lebert and Stark. After three years' hard study there he traveled for half a year through Italy, thus becoming well acquainted with the marvelous art treasures of that country.

Returning to America in 1876, he introduced himself in a concert as organist and composer. On various occasions he also appeared as pianist. Chicago had at that time not yet overcome the effects of the panic of 1873, and thus Mr. Mueller was induced to go to London, England. He stayed there nearly two years, enjoying the recommendation of Messrs. Aug. Manns and E. Pauer. Receiving a call as teacher of the piano to the Hamburg Conservatory, he went there in October, 1879, successfully holding that position until the summer of 1880, when he resigned it and came back to Chicago, thus ending his "Wanderjahre."

Soon after his return he founded the "Euterpe Damentwr," which at various concerts sang the best works for female chorus, while Mr. Mueller, with others, gave variety to the programs by performing chamber music. Elected in the fall of 1882 teacher of singing in the Chicago high schools, he edited with O. Blackman four books of school songs, which are among the best published in this country. At numerous pupils' concerts he showed the excellence of his method, both of the piano and the voice. Ever progressive, a careful observer and student, he improved on the methods taught by his teachers.

It would be surprising if a man of his education had not written on music, and, accordingly, we find that he, besides acting at various times as critic for several German and American papers of this city, has contributed to them articles on musical subjects.

'Aside from these, he analyzed Schumann's Mass for the program of the music festival of 1882, and for the Saengerfest of 1881 he wrote the analyses of all the works performed. These analyses have been highly spoken of by noted musicians.

Having for some time made the study of Schubert a specialty, he wrote a long essay on "Die Gesamtausgabe der Lieder Franz Schubert's." This, published originally in the *Illinois Staats-Zeitung*, appeared this year in connection with the Schubert centenary in Lessmann's



FRANK KING CLARK.

"Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung." It led to an interesting correspondence with Sir George Grove, and Dr. E. Mandyczewski, the noted Schubert scholar and reviser of the "Gesamtausgabe," honored him with a letter of which he may justly be proud.

It can be truly said that in no other essay on Schubert's songs can be found so much exact and valuable information about the different settings of the same poem, the number of poems Schubert composed of the different poets, the harmonic peculiarities of the music, the embellishments used in the songs—all features which make it an essay of lasting merit.

Frederic Lillebridge.

Another honorable name to be added to the list of American musicians is that of Frederic Lillebridge, born in Brooklyn, N. Y., in 1862.

Unlike many imported musicians, Mr. Lillebridge possesses social standing, a liberal education, and thorough sympathy with our American institutions. He is a gentleman, a scholar and an artist.

It is a conceded fact that too many musicians are confined to a very narrow sphere of action; they play piano or organ and understand something of "thorough bass," but here their qualifications end. They know nothing



KATE VANDERPOEL.

of the kindred arts, nor of literature, not to speak of the sciences nor the well-known theories of education. Yet all the arts are correlative and every department of learning sheds some light upon the cloudy problems which a teacher is called upon to solve. Von Bülow was a profound scholar; so was Liszt. The same may be said of Cherubini, Zelter and all the famous teachers of the past.

But the average musician is restricted by a very narrow mental horizon. He can teach the notes and the scales and the mechanics of piano playing, but nothing more. How to practice, how to analyze music and how to learn a composition in a brief space of time—these are secrets which his pupils never acquire. Nor has he any clear conception of the vital part of all interpretive effort—the æsthetics of music. In these matters, especially as instructor, Mr. Lillebridge enjoys decided advantages. His musical temperament and his general educational acquirements give him a broad grasp of the art, æsthetically as well as technically. His studies on the three greatest instruments have undoubtedly contributed to the sum total of his musicianship, as well as to the excellence of his artistic performances, for Mr. Lillebridge is a brilliant and sympathetic pianist, a very capable organist and a fairly good violinist, having played among the violins at orchestral concerts.

We know that Händel and Berlioz were intended by their paternal guardians to be healers of the sick; and that Schumann and Tchaikowsky were destined by the same kind of authority to be expounders of the law. In similar manner, Mr. Lillebridge was apprenticed to the diplomatic service; in fact he was chancellor to the Peruvian Legation in Washington, where his linguistic accomplishments were especially serviceable. But, like Händel and Berlioz and Schumann and Tchaikowsky, the subject of this monograph could not resist the mystic spell of "Apollo's art divine."

Mr. Lillebridge was a faculty member of Lambert's New York College of Music. He speaks four or five languages and has had the benefit of travel in England, France, Germany, Spain, Sweden and America. For two years Mr. Lillebridge studied theory, counterpoint, fugue, analysis, form and composition with the celebrated theorist A. J. Goodrich, who speaks in praise of his pupil's great talents and accomplishments. As a pianist Mr. Lillebridge may be classed as a conservative; he never sacrifices the spirit of the music for the reward of common applause, nor produces an effect merely for effect's sake. Though a brilliant performer he is not an automaton who plays strictly by the note and the card, like an organette. If he did he would not receive these words of commendation.

Though Mr. Lillebridge belongs among the young composers, he has been quite active in this creative department. Several fugues and songs, miscellaneous works for various instruments, a nocturne for orchestra and an elaborate choral and fugue for chorus and orchestra are among the fruits of his labor. We would particularly mention a dashing concert polonaise and a gavotte and musette (*a la antique*) performed by the composer during his recent visit to the Stockholm Exposition. Also a miniature published by Ed. Schubert, entitled "Fleur d'Ete," which is a rare fancy and as charming as it is original. From a collection of press and personal notices a few were selected:

John Philip Sousa, the great bandmaster, says: "It is with genuine pleasure that I commend Mr. Lillebridge. The public can rely on his musical ability to the utmost."

Leo Kofler, the celebrated organist, says: "In a competition last year at this church (St. Paul's, of New York), among a great number of organists—about 100, including some of the best in New York—Mr. Lillebridge was selected as the one who showed the greatest knowledge of the science of music, and most ability as an organist."

Then came the feature of the evening. Mr. Lillebridge on appearing on the stage received a grand ovation. He is a musician of the highest calibre. His technic is faultless, his phrasing excellent, and his dexterity astounding. In Liszt's Rhapsody No. 2 he held the audience spellbound. Every latent effect of the piano was brought out. The instrument responded lovingly to the electrical touch of the artist. An encore loud and prolonged was graciously responded to.—From the Moncton Times.

Mr. Lillebridge's artistic efforts are ably seconded by those of his charming wife, a concert soprano of great promise, and a most painstaking teacher of vocal music.

Jenny Osborn.

A notable voice, excellent in quality and of splendid range, prepossessing in appearance, most admirably trained and, moreover, still quite young, Jenny Osborn should have a great future before her. She has all the qualities that command success, and is unquestionably the brightest of the rising musical stars in Chicago to-day.

For her musical training she has been principally indebted to Mrs. Hess-Burr, and certainly does most excellent justice to that lady's abilities, energy and careful attention to details. As soprano at St. Paul's Church she made herself very favorably known in this city's musical circles, and received a great number of engagements for concerts and recitals. A persevering student, and graced with good common sense, she devoted herself to oratorio work, and later operatic roles.

It is in the former, however, that Miss Osborn has done her best work. Late engagements well foreshadow the

possibilities within her reach. During the present season here she has sung the soprano part in "Messiah" with the Arion Club in Milwaukee and with the Apollo Musical Club of this city, and is under engagement to sing in St. Louis and Louisville. Her private engagements have also been very many, and the success she has won has been cordially acknowledged not only by the public and musicians, but also in the extremely favorable press notices received on every occasion that she has sung. It is a well recognized fact that during the present season she has received some of the most important engagements in the West, and either for oratorio work or as a singer in miscellaneous concerts there is no one here more eagerly sought.

Kate Vanderpoel.

Three years ago this clever song writer, whose vein of bright and light music is seemingly illimitable, was unknown in the realms of musical life. Now she is one of the best known women here and her popularity is something extraordinary. She is a native of Cleveland, Ohio, but has resided in Chicago seven years and there done the work which has made her success.

Miss Vanderpoel, to use the name she has chosen to employ in her work, is a most interesting woman, whose bright and witty remarks give a strange piquancy to her pleasant conversational powers. She is the sister of Edward Townsend, the author of "Chimmie Fadden" sketches, making it evident that the ability to do powerfully popular work is not confined to any one member of this gifted family.

Since Miss Vanderpoel first discovered the musical talent she possesses she has been indefatigable in her work. She has produced both instrumental and vocal music, some of which has been transcribed for organ by Clarence Eddy and other well-known artists. Altogether Kate Vanderpoel has published over twenty-five pieces, all melodious and dainty in the handling, among which there are some needing particular notice. The popular and charmingly thought out melody "La Miniature," dedicated to Amelia Küssner, sold in thousands. "Little Boy Blue," by Eugene Field, was charmingly bright in its setting, and "When Apple Blossoms Give Their Fragrance Rare" found equal attention. "Golden Poppies" is one of the latest successes and is dedicated to Genevra Johnstone-Bishop. It is also on the road to popularity and was sung all over the Pacific slope when the Chicago soprano was on tour. "Florimella Waltzes," orchestrated by several conductors, is now being played by orchestras in Chicago and the West, where it never fails to please.

Such unqualified public success would be impossible if Kate Vanderpoel were not a trained musician. She has always loved music and in Cleveland's musical society was formerly an immense favorite and whenever she visits that city she is always sure of a royal welcome from her hosts of friends. Well trained as a young girl, afterward in New York she studied with Errani. In Chicago she belongs to no musical organization, freely acknowledging that she prefers to work out her success in the musical world as a free lance. Previous mention ought to have been made, as exhibiting the facility of her musical powers and the popularity of her work, of the reception accorded during the last Presidential campaign of the stirring "That Man from O-Hi-O," dedicated to William McKinley; "On to Victory" and the highly patriotic "Flag Song." In all 20,000 copies of these songs were ordered at that time by the National Republican Committee.

It is said that Kate Vanderpoel is the first to employ the original poster as a frontispiece for her music. "Golden Poppies" has an attractive cover designed by a popular artist, but the "Florimella Waltzes" has a remarkably clever piece of poster work designed by J. Lyndecker, the famous cartoonist, for which Miss Vanderpoel paid a large sum.

It can be said that Kate Vanderpoel has decidedly the gift of melody and writes music which takes.

Frank King Clark.

Among the rising young artists in Chicago no one has attracted more attention this season than Frank King Clark. Possessed of ample resources, he was educated at Columbia College to follow the profession in which his father had made a such a success, and who was conceded to be one of the most brilliant lawyers on the Pacific Coast. Mr. Clark's wonderful voice attracted so much attention, however, that at the advice of music critics he decided to leave the West and devote himself to an artistic career. His voice is a basso cantante of unusual range, combining great power with a rare sympathetic quality. Mr. Clark possesses every requisite of success—a man of striking presence, splendid physique, attractive personality and undisputed talent.

Since his arrival in this city Mr. Clark's success in concert work has been very pronounced, and his singing has

always been received with marked approval. His services have been in great demand, and a number of important engagements have been booked for the future. In his work this season Mr. Clark has devoted himself to the interpretation of English and French ballads, a decided departure from the ordinary concert repertory, which has been received with great enthusiasm.

In connection with a recent recital the *Chicago Evening Post* says:

Mr. Clark has a voice of remarkable range and power, and at the same time sympathetic quality unusual in the bass voice.

Another critic writes in commenting upon a recent appearance: "Mr. Frank King Clark gave a delightful concert of an informal nature at the Wheaton

Chicago Conservatory.

AN INSTITUTION WHERE ART IS CONSIDERED OF MORE IMPORTANCE THAN MONEY—A GREAT FACULTY—SOME UNIQUE FEATURES.

The reputation and success of an educational institution depend primarily upon two things—its faculty and its policy. With instructors of recognized ability and high ideals in artistic education the Chicago Conservatory of Music and Dramatic Art occupies a unique position in the educational world. No other unendowed institution exercises the same care in the selection of its faculty. The commercial spirit is absolutely suppressed in this great school, its whole energy and ambition being di-



LEOPOLD GODOWSKY. GEORGE EUGENE EAGER. CLARENCE EDDY.
ARTURO MARESCALCHI. MISS JULIA CARUTHERS. HERMAN L. WALKER.
JOSEPH T. OHLHEISER. SAMUEL KAYZER, PRESIDENT. S. E. JACOBSON.
FREDERIC GRANT GLEASON. MRS. AMEYMAJOR. EDWARD DVORAK.
MISS ANNA MORGAN.

THE PRINCIPAL MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY OF THE CHICAGO CONSERVATORY AND SOME OF THE ASSISTANTS.

Golf Club last Thursday evening. Mr. Clark has such a magnificent voice, combined with such a happy personality, that it is not to be wondered at that he is growing in demand.

Still another authority says: "Mr. Clark's voice is the finest basso I have heard in many months, and he promises to prove a shining light in the musical firmament."

In fact, the universal verdict of the critics is that a brilliant future awaits this talented young man. Mr. Clark is pursuing his studies with Mr. A. Devin-Duvivier. He is under the management of Mrs. Geo. Benedict Carpenter, Steinway Hall.

rected toward the artistic development and progress of its students. President Samuel Kayzer will only be satisfied with the best, and that is why one finds among its musical teachers the really great names of Godowsky, Eddy, Marescalchi, Jacobsohn and Gleason. That too is why one finds the Chicago Conservatory the best equipped institution of the kind in the country; with specially constructed quarters in the magnificent Auditorium building; with Steinway pianos for its teachers and students; and with every other evidence of progress and artistic enterprise.

At no period in its career has the Conservatory urged

its claims for consideration as an art institution pure and simple until it had proved its title to that distinction. Its many friends and all who have taken note of its achievements will bear witness to the truth of this statement. Invariably it has performed first, and called attention to the performance afterward. It has made no promises which it has not fulfilled, and it has held out no equivocal inducements for patronage. Being a private institution it has never benefited by an endowment of any kind, but it looks back on its very humble beginning without embarrassment. In its comparatively obscure early home its ideals were the same as now. They were adhered to and realized as fast as its means would permit, which for some years it was but slowly. Its apparent progress might have been more rapid, perhaps, if it could have harmonized the conduct of an art institution with the acceptance of business opportunities which such institutions command. As it could not do this, it chose to continue simply an art institution, and during the whole course of its career it has never once diverged from its original single purpose of providing the means of true culture in the musical and dramatic arts.

There are shops which make a business of selling musical instruments, sheet music, text books and stationery, and it is presumed that they have had the benefit of the custom of pupils of the Conservatory, as that institution has never disputed the field with them. There are some other virtues of omission which render the Conservatory's retrospect agreeable, when it might easily have been otherwise. For example, it has never had patrons or patronesses, and it has never endeavored to usurp public functions to which it was not entitled through the advertising of representative preachers, merchants or manufacturers as constituting its boards of advisors, managers or directors.

Whatever business talent the Conservatory commanded was exerted on behalf of the artistic ideal it represented.

The Conservatory has often been asked to state in what respect the advantages offered by an institution of its kind are superior to those afforded by private masters. The foregoing does not fall far short of answering such questions. A pupil of the Conservatory is brought into frequent contact with hundreds of other pupils, all animated by the same general purpose, and while pursuing his studies benefits by an unconscious development of the artistic side of his nature, the advantage of which can hardly be overestimated. No matter how valuable may be the instruction of a private master it cannot include the characteristic influences of an institution. It is in the nature of things that teachers will come and go, while it is the privilege of institutions to exist indefinitely, their systems continuing to produce the same results irrespective of any change of instructors. The conservatory is accessible to

ers would be to sacrifice its standing and destroy its means of existence.

The results achieved by the Chicago Conservatory would not have been possible without the co-operation of thoroughly reliable teachers. In its early days it was not able to attract great names to its faculty list; it had to be



MARY WOOD CHASE.

satisfied with names less widely known, but whose owners were none the less competent for all that. As a matter of course the stronger the institution became the more celebrated grew the names of its instructors, and as the results the Conservatory's system enabled them to obtain became more widely known and appreciated there were attracted to the institution from the East and from European musical centres teachers whose names alone are sufficient to guarantee the standing of any school to which they attach themselves. The Conservatory is proud to acknowledge its obligation to Leopold Godowsky, to Clarence Eddy, to S. E. Jacobsohn, to Arturo Marescalchi, to Anna Morgan, to Frederic Grant Gleason, the present directors of its different departments, and to George Eugene Eager, Herman L. Walker, Edward Dvorak, Julia Caruthers, Joseph T. Ohlheiser, Amey Major and other past and present members of its faculty.

There is an economy, as well as a utility, in the Conservatory's graded system of teachers, since the valuable time of the celebrated artist at the head of a department is by this means reserved for a period in the pupil's progress when it can be made the most of. By means of this system a child may begin under the lowest priced teacher in a given department, and continuing in the Conservatory year after year, without any of the disadvantages usually arising from a change of instructors, finish with the master whose method dominates the whole course. This reference to a graded system of teachers should not be taken as implying that the Conservatory plan embraces a fixed course of instruction in certain stipulated branches, covering a certain period of time, and the satisfactory completion of which entitles the pupil to a diploma. On the contrary each branch is taught in its own department, and even in the department there is no fixed course. The Conservatory holds that the rational system of instruction must consider pupils as individuals. It perceives in each pupil a distinct personality, a special talent and temperament that requires special treatment. It therefore contemplates virtually as many courses of instruction as there are pupils.

Upon entrance the pupil is carefully examined, and the course of instruction arranged for her is such as will be most likely to speedily to overcome her natural deficiencies and give her natural talent the best chance for development. She is taught to rely upon herself rather than to rest upon the belief that the favorable verdict of the institution where she receives her instruction will settle the question for all comers. The certificate or diploma awarded in conformity with such a system is a testimonial to the ability of the individual pupil rather than to that of a class of pupils, and as such possesses undeniable value. No testimonial having any other significance has ever been given by the Chicago Conservatory, and it has never held out the inducement of testimonials as a means of making the instruction it provides speedily available for gain. Its list of pupils has never been increased by the promise of professional engagements upon graduation, although it is well known that many who have benefited by this system have secured desirable positions through the opportunities the institution affords all its pupils of making their abilities known to the public.

The extent to which the Conservatory's achievements

in a dramatic way have made themselves known leaves little to be said for that department, considered from the professional standpoint. Quite distinct from the professional branch of the institution, however, are its studios in which are taught the finer shades of expression, elocution, voice culture, Delsarte and poetic reading, a knowledge of which is becoming more and more requisite to a thorough education, just as a knowledge of music is. The teachers and pupils in this department have the same opportunities in the way of practice recitals and more formal entertainments enjoyed by those whose efforts are concentrated on music.

Herman Kurztisch.

When this deservedly most popular Milwaukee basso deserted the musical field some years ago and devoted himself to business pursuits local music lost one of its brightest ornaments. The announcement recently made that Mr. Kurztisch would resume his old profession was received with undisguised gratification.

Mr. Kurztisch's chief musical strength lies in oratorio work and in the difficult Wagnerian music, for which his dignified bearing, fine voice, with its full tone and wide range, over which he has excellent command, are eminently qualified. Educationally his musical advantages have been peculiarly thorough, and of these he has availed himself. Among the societies and clubs for which he has sung may be mentioned Orpheus Singing Society, when Haydn's "Seasons" and the "Landsknecht," by Taubert, were given. At the Milwaukee singing festivals he sang in Schumann's "Faust," Haydn's "Creation," Mozart's Requiem, Wagner's "Lohengrin," and a number of other works, and at the Arion Club, in which he took chief honors, doubling the two most difficult characters, Raphael and Adam.

Mr. Kurztisch has for a number of years been a member of the Calvary Presbyterian Church quartet, the most prominent church on the West Side in Milwaukee, and is also cantor of the East Side synagogue, Temple Emanuel.

As a concert singer Mr. Kurztisch is sure of success, as his voice and style are not solely confined to oratorio. But his singing in "The Messiah" is remarkably fine, the recitatives being sung in truly declamatory manner. In descriptive singing he excels and in all appearances made he has been received with unqualified success.

He lately sang in Chicago, where his voice was considerably talked about by all who heard him, and he is also under engagement to sing with the Arions this season, as well as for other societies.

Mary Wood Chase.

Mary Wood Chase was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., but her parents soon removed to Utica, where her father took a professorship in Cornell University. Her musical talent showed itself at an extremely early age, and was fostered



CONSTANCE LOCKE-VALISI.

by her mother, who was herself possessed of an unusually beautiful voice.

At the age of sixteen Miss Chase entered the New England Conservatory, in Boston, studying for three years with Sarah Eliot Newman, graduating with honor at nineteen, having played during that time in frequent concerts and recitals. Even then the personal magnetism and dramatic tendency which now strongly characterize her playing had already asserted themselves. During the next few years she devoted herself to teaching, often appearing in recitals, and attracted the attention of well-known American artists to such an extent that she was strongly advised to study for concert work, and to this end she went to Ber-



HERMAN KURZTISCH.

the mass of pupils, instead of a favored few, by reason of the fact that its facilities for teaching a given branch are not limited to the hours of a single instructor. The existence of a reputable institution relieves those unfamiliar with such matters of the responsibility of making their own selection of instructors. Persons having the least knowledge of musical matters may apply to the established institution with confidence that their musical education received there will be based on a solid foundation. Its principal function being to discriminate between methods of instruction which are good and those which are bad, its reputation exists chiefly through the correctness of its judgment. To make mistakes in the selection of its teach-

lin in February, 1893. Until June, 1896, she devoted herself to the study of the piano, under the guidance of Oscar Raif, who expressed himself frequently in terms of highest praise of her work to his pupils and friends. In the spring of 1896 engagements were made for her appearance in the fall in concerts in five German cities, and arrangements were begun for her debut in Berlin, but untoward circumstances compelled her return to this country, where she has located in Chicago, and won instantaneous recognition as an artist of the highest rank by the most prominent musicians.

Her concert engagements and teaching keep her busy, but she always has time for a kind and pleasant word for the ambitious student or anyone interested in her art. Unlike many members of the profession she has a feeling of cordial good will toward her fellow workers and seems entirely free from petty jealousies and enmities.

Her playing is quite unusual in freedom from all mannerisms and desire for display, and possesses a charm in poetic interpretation, in beauty of tone and perfection of

to sink self and make seemingly the sole interest the soloist for whom she is playing. In this regard her familiarity with German, French, Italian and English music is to her of infinite service. Wherever she has appeared public and critics have united in their praise of the musician as well as the charming woman, and during the present season her engagements have been very numerous and greater than ever before. Her energy has found its fair reward. She has unquestionably accomplished what she set herself to do, obtaining a place among the foremost musicians of Chicago.

Some of Kowalski's Pupils.

In a class of more than one hundred and forty, under the able tuition of Prof. J. H. Kowalski, Ethel Childs stands out as one of the most prominent pupils, and certainly none could be more promising. She is first soprano for the Chicago Ladies' Trio, in which position she has won much fame and a most enviable reputation. Miss Childs is thoroughly familiar with the operas and has also

Ladies' Quartet, and though not yet nineteen years of age, has a reputation few singers in this or any other country possess.

Marjorie Woods is the soprano in Unity Church at Oak Park and outside of this has done excellent work in various lines. She has a very pleasing pretty face and charming manner, and sings French like a thorough Parisian. She is an enthusiastic, energetic worker.

Marie Simpson has a resonant contralto voice which she handles understandingly and her singing is noted for its pathos and sympathy. She is second alto for the Chicago Ladies' Quartet, also soloist for Trinity Methodist Church, and her singing has been compared to Anna Louis Cary's.

Mrs. Currier has a voice which shows good training and hard study. It is pleasing in tone and quality and she handles it with an ease which shows not only work but excellent training. She is first alto of the Chicago Ladies' Quartet.

Mary Weaver McCauley has just been engaged as lead-



A KOWALSKI GROUP.

technic and artistic finish that is rare indeed. She has been aptly called the "poetess of the piano," and with her modest, unassuming manners and quiet grace she wins hosts of friends and admirers wherever she plays. A brilliant future has been predicted for her.

Constance Locke-Valisi.

A native Chicagoan, musically most gifted, a very capable teacher and a sympathetic and gifted accompanist is this Norse descended lady, who has so well demonstrated the possession of the perseverance and energy which are typical characteristics of her race.

Madame Locke-Valisi studied under the best teachers of this city and being musically talented, necessarily received special attention. The result of her sound training and well recognized abilities was seen in her appointment some years ago as one of the instructors at the American Conservatory of Music. So great was her success in that position that later she felt justified in placing her services before the public as a high class teacher of the piano, and she opened a studio on the South Side. Her pupils are making the most satisfactory progress and her time is very fully occupied with the considerable number who avail themselves of her able and skillful training.

As pianist and accompanist, Madame Locke-Valisi has a high reputation in the latter regard, possessing few rivals in the West. Musically she is never at fault, her reading at sight is a gift; instinctively she appears to grasp the necessities of the music placed before her and at the same time to possess a sympathetic power, enabling her

done much concert work. She is an educated French and German scholar and sings in these languages with perfect ease. She has a range of three octaves and her trills and runs on high notes must be heard to be appreciated. Her face and manner are most pleasing, both on and off the stage, and she never fails to leave a good impression wherever heard.

Cora Sinzich has a rich, full mezzo voice of wide range and excellent quality. She is second soprano in the Chicago Ladies' Quartet and is also soprano soloist at Trinity Methodist Church. Miss Sinzich has given a great many song recitals and always to crowded houses and appreciative and enthusiastic audiences. In conversation, her voice is soft, low and sympathetic and must be heard in song to fully realize and appreciate its volume and resonant fibre.

Lucretia Stevens has that much-sought-after voice, a full, deep contralto, and handles it with much feeling and effect. She has done a great deal of concert work, often assisted by Harrison Wild as organist; sometimes, Earl Drake as violinist, and again, with Schecker as harpist. Her reputation along this line is well established, and very promising things in the future are predicted for her.

Maud Dewey is so well known in this and other cities that a paragraph at length is hardly necessary. Before she was eighteen she had mastered a number of the operas, had done much church work and had sung times without number for clubs and charity. Her trills on high C and D are never forgotten by audiences, and they are looked upon as phenomenal by musicians of repute who have heard her sing. She is first soprano for the Chicago

ing soloist in "Elijah," to be given in San Francisco and San Jose, the coming month. She has sung in almost every city in the United States, usually in opera and always with tremendous success.

Mrs. Camp not only has a magnificent voice under perfect control but has an unusually beautiful face and very charming personality. She has a lyric soprano voice and is particularly successful in florid work. She has been soloist for many prominent instrumentalists on many occasions and has always sung with marked success.

Signor and Signora de Pasquali.

Signor de Pasquali and his gifted wife are the possessors of two such exceptionally fine voices which fate has seldom seen fit to unite in one family or under a single name. The lady is a native of Boston, and a graduate of the National Conservatory of Music in New York city, at which institution she studied with Oscar Saenger. She is the possessor of a great coloratura soprano of great range and very perfect quality. Her tone is pure, her method finished and her execution so true and artistic, even in the more difficult operatic roles, that one is surprised, pleasantly and agreeably, it is true, at the fair singer's youth. To nature she owes much, for in addition to an exquisite voice she has beauty, youth and a very charming and entirely unaffected manner.

Signor de Pasquali, formerly tenor of the Royal Theatre Bellini, of Palermo, Italy, was brought up for the profession of civil engineer until so much attention was attracted by his voice that he decided instead to take up music. For

seven years he was a close student under Bertini at the Royal Conservatory, Palermo, where during four successive seasons he obtained the highest possible honors. His debut was made in the Royal Bellini Theatre of that town with the renowned Lamiroux, and his success was both immediate and decided.

Coming to the United States, his first appearance was with the Damrosch Symphony Orchestra, concerning which is the following:

On Sunday the first Damrosch concert took place. The soloists were Miss Emma Juch, Signor Mangioni De Pasquali and Emil Fischer, who sang the garden scene from "Faust." The young tenor at the side of these great artists sustained his part with honor. He has a voice of great clearness and freshness, and a very good method, and sang with much grace and feeling.—New York Sun.

Later the New York Herald declared: "The well-known and popular tenor, Signor De Pasquali, with the famous Sousa Band, was the centre of attraction at Manhattan Beach," and afterward a still more flattering testimonial from the Pittsburg (Pa.) Leader:

Next came one of the finest tenors that have ever been heard in Pittsburg, Mangioni De Pasquali. He was a revelation, and he proceeded to take his audience by storm at once, displaying a marvelously beautiful voice under almost perfect cultivation.

That he has frequently been heard in opera and in concerts with organizations of such standing as the Hinrichs and Tavery Grand Opera companies, the Schirmer-Mapleson Company and others, obtaining the most pronounced successes, is sufficient proof that the promise of his Italian days has not been unfulfilled, and that Signor Mangioni De Pasquali is worthy of high distinction among the tenors we have to-day in the United States of America.

Notices of Signora De Pasquali have been equally flattering, as can be judged from the following paragraphs:

In her rendition of the trying role of Marguerite, Signora De Pasquali evinced an artistic conception of the part which is sure to win her fame. When Goethe wrote his masterpiece, and when Gounod set it to music, they must have had in their minds just such a Marguerite as Mrs. De Pasquali makes. She is young, beautiful and simple mannered; in fact, she is everything that the poet and musician ascribed to Marguerite. Her coloratura is faultless, and she executed the most florid and difficult passages with a truthness and evenness seldom heard. She scored a genuine triumph.—Atlanta (Ga.) Journal.

The event of the evening was the singing of the polonaise from "Mignon" by Signora De Pasquali.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Signora De Pasquali possesses a soprano voice of great range and beautiful quality. She reached high D last night with perfect ease, and her whole range is even and without a flaw.—Atlanta (Ga.) Constitution.

Mme. De Pasquali is a singer whose rare ability is attracting the attention and commanding the admiration of the lovers of music in our city. She has a remarkably sweet and powerful high soprano voice.—Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.

George Hamlin.

George Hamlin, of Chicago, is a tenor of whom it has been said, "He is absolutely reliable and can be depended on to do well whatever he undertakes." A steady and sure progress has placed him in the front rank and he now occupies an enviable position among the oratorio and concert singers of this country. He has had numerous engagements with the leading societies in the West, such as the Chicago Apollo Club, the St. Louis Choral Symphony Society, the Milwaukee Arion Club, the Ann Arbor University, Louisville Musical Club, &c.

Mr. Hamlin has appeared in the East with Walter Damrosch in New York, Jules Jordan in Providence and at the last Worcester Festival, an honor rarely extended to a Western singer.

Mr. Hamlin's engagements this year include Chicago, with the Thomas Orchestra and Apollo Club; Cincinnati, with the Apollo Club; Pittsburg, with the Mozart Club; Columbus, with the Arion Club; St. Paul and other cities. The following criticisms are on this season's work only:

Mr. Hamlin gave a rich, inspiring rendition of "Urbs Syon Aurea," by H. W. Parker. In his songs Mr. Hamlin showed to good advantage the versatility of his voice as well as its smooth, cultured quality.

The concert was closed by Mr. Hamlin, who sang the cavatina from Faust in a masterly manner.—St. Paul Globe, October 6, 1897.

Mr. Hamlin's voice is a tenor robusto, large and dramatic, which points unmistakably toward oratorio as his legitimate field for conquest.

He possesses some low notes which are fairly baritone in color, but it is the resonant brilliancy of the upper which is most remarkable.—St. Paul Evening Dispatch, October 6, 1897.

Mr. Hamlin's voice seems to grow constantly in sweetness and power and his singing last evening met with great favor.—Chicago Times-Herald, October 8, 1897.

Mr. Hamlin sang an aria from Massenet's "Herodiade" exquisitely and won an encore which was entirely de-

served. A selection of songs which Mr. Hamlin rendered later delighted the audience.—Chicago Chronicle, October 8, 1897.

Mr. Hamlin's work is a growing cause of satisfaction among those who have had occasion to observe this singer's steady improvement. Lately he has matured remarkably, not only in his method and breadth of style, but in the expansion and strengthening of his voice. Last night's numbers were given with a fullness and sonority of tone and warmth of feeling which promise admirable results from his work later in the season.—Chicago Record, October 8, 1897.

Mr. Hamlin's popularity in Chicago is highly creditable to our music lovers. He rendered his several numbers acceptably and was rewarded with enthusiastic applause. His art is manifested in every detail and he has both refinement and strength.—Chicago Evening Post, October 8, 1897.

Never has Mr. Hamlin been heard to greater advantage. His always smooth musical tenor has gained in breadth and feeling, and he fully met the dramatic requirements of Massenet's "Herodiade."—Chicago Musical Times, October 13, 1897.

Mr. Hamlin quite charmed me with his art; nature has given him a voice combining many excellencies.

He has wide compass, abundant power and sympathetic quality. His upper A and B flat have a superb ring, and his covered voice on a velvety G or F delights the ear. He phrases like a musician, and his enunciation of the



GEORGE HAMLIN.

text is perfection itself. Mr. Hamlin is an excellent artist, and Chicago has reason to be proud of him.—John S. Van Cleve, in the Critic, October, 1897.

George Hamlin carried off the honors by his singing. I have heard a dozen artists, big artists, speak of his work, and they agree that it was splendid. Both the Massenet aria and the English and German songs were sung with exceptional finish, and on each new occasion his voice seems to grow in volume and power. It has mellowed and rounded until few tenors can compare for quality of tone with George Hamlin. There was no question of favoritism. Mr. Hamlin by merit alone easily carried off the palm for excellence.—Musical Courier, Chicago correspondent, October 9, 1897.

Genevieve Clark Wilson.

When in Chicago the gifted American soprano decided to make Chicago her home it was quickly recognized that here was an oratorio and recital singer of great power, and one whose future possibilities it would be a matter of extreme difficulty to gauge. Her voice was of exceptional quality and her method refined and educated. Several churches eagerly sought her services and she has held some of the best positions in the city in churches noted for the high standard of their music.

At present Mrs. Wilson holds the most lucrative choir appointment in Chicago and finds her work in the Second Presbyterian Church in all ways entirely congenial. Her devotion to her duties has compelled her to refuse many concert tour offers where they are of long duration. Her first good teacher, as she expresses it, was Frank Morse, of Boston, who readily discerned her capabilities of work and advised her to adopt the musical profession. Mrs. Wilson speaks of his method, artistic qualities and abilities as a teacher in the most enthusiastic terms. Going to London Genevieve Clark Wilson placed herself under the direction of Georg Henschel, with whom she studied considerably.

Returning to America she filled several prominent positions as vocal teacher previous to her marriage and her settling in Chicago. But Mrs. Wilson never neglected her studious methods—she is a severe critic and continually aims for the best—she therefore keeps incessantly at work and is constantly acquiring and adding to her repertory. In this she is frequently coached by Mrs.

Hess-Burr, for whom she entertains the highest regard. Mrs. Wilson also specially mentions among her American instructors L. G. Gottschalk, of Chicago.

During the past three seasons, during which time Mrs. Wilson has regularly taken up concert work, she has sung with many of the prominent Eastern artists and also with some of the best foreign artists visiting this country. She has been soloist for the Boston Symphony Orchestra—the Thomas Orchestra, Detroit Symphony Orchestra, and the Kneisel Quartet, of Boston, and has appeared with the oratorio clubs of Chicago, Boston, Milwaukee, St. Louis, Ann Arbor, Racine, Pittsburg, Minneapolis, Evanston, Ypsilanti, Madison (Wis.), Louisville, Dubuque, Cincinnati, Albion, St. Paul and Wheeling, W. Va. Her services have also been in request by the musical clubs of Toledo, Columbus, Delaware, Jacksonville, Grand Rapids, Saginaw, Jackson, and Philadelphia; the musical organizations of Chicago, such as Spiering chamber concerts, Mendelsohn Club, Students' Club, Chicago University and West Side Choral Union, and also with the various social clubs of Chicago.

Georg Henschel invited her to sing the soprano part in his yearly presentation of Bach's "Passion Music," but, as before stated, she is averse to entering upon any work which would take an extended time from her church duties.

L. Gaston Gottschalk.

This eminent teacher, talented vocalist and thorough musician is a native of New Orleans, where he was born in 1847. He is a brother of the late well-known pianist L. Moreau Gottschalk. It was in Paris that L. G. Gottschalk obtained his musical education, among his earlier teachers being Ronconi and Rizzo. The ability and the application which he evinced were both remarkable, and he was still quite young when he made a highly successful concert tour in the United States as far as California.

Returning to Europe, the following ten months were spent in Italy under Francesco Lamperti, his debut being made at the Theatre Della Concordia in Cremona. Of so thorough a character was the success he achieved that twenty-two appearances were made by him in "Lucresia," and he afterward took part in "Trovatore" and "I Duo Foscari." Following this he was for some time at Alexandria and Genoa, from the latter entering upon a five years' engagement with Max Strakosch, during which time he sang with Gerster, Cary, Kellogg, Roze, Tietjens and Campanini. Subsequently he accompanied Minnie Hauk through the United States, and then Kellogg and Brignoli on their American tour. London was the next scene in which he sought for triumphs, and being engaged by Ernest Gye for Covent Garden there, and later in St. Petersburg, where he appeared with Pauline Lucca, he won great success in "Trovatore," "Traviata" and "Carmen."

Paris was his next field of effort and great was his success, Saint-Saëns and Gounod accompanying him at soirées musicales, and then he sang at the Trocadero, being accompanied by Guilman, the French organist, and Colonne's orchestra. During one of his later provincial tours he was made an honorary member of the famous Société Philharmonique of Angers. Settling down in Paris, he devoted himself to singing and to teaching, obtaining among his other pupils the nieces of the King of Servia.

Dr. Florence Ziegfeld, the enterprising and indefatigable seeker for the best talent procurable, in 1886 made Mr. Gottschalk an offer to take the directorship of the vocal department of the Chicago Musical College, and there he remained for three years. In the summer of 1889 he founded the school of vocal art which he named in memory of his brother, the composer, Louis Moreau Gottschalk. He has had associated with him from time to time artists like Middelschulte, Hyllested and Goldbeck, and the last named is at present head of the composition department at the Gottschalk Lyric School.

L. Gaston Gottschalk is undoubtedly one of the best teachers of opera in this country. His enormous experience, his fine method and his power to impart are but a few of the characteristics of this master of vocal art who has long been recognized as a leading figure in the profession. There are so few exponents of the dramatic music who have the necessary stage experience combined with the old traditional interpretations as laid down by the Italian school, that when any such are known to be living in Chicago the fact should be given due prominence.

Walter Spry.

Among the prominent musicians who claim Chicago as their birthplace none takes a higher rank than this thorough artist, able musician and master of the piano, who a short time since left the Western metropolis to accept the directorship of the Quincy Conservatory of Music. At that institution the conscientious manner in which he has taken hold of affairs has already borne good fruit. Popular in the community, respected on account of his unquestionable talent, he has been able to arouse new interest in musical affairs. A number of prominent artists have been heard in Quincy. Mr. Spry has a large class of pupils

in the conservatory, and the number is increasing every week. Walter Spry is also under engagement to appear with the Spiering Quartet in several large cities, including Chicago and St. Louis.

As an organist and composer Mr. Spry is well known to the musical public, and it has been remarked that his organ playing was equal to his art of piano playing. He is now organist of the First Congregational Church, of Quincy, which contains a splendid three manual organ.

Walter Spry's earlier education was at the Chicago Musical College, from which he graduated in 1889. Afterward he was abroad six years, obtaining the benefit of study from some of the most famous masters, notably Rudorff in Berlin, Rousseau in Paris and Leschetizky in Vienna. The result of such training is apparent, and it is no matter of surprise that he is now acknowledged one of the finest pianists in the West, while as a player of ensemble music there are very few musicians who can be compared with him. His playing is marked by a classic accuracy, perfection of technic and fine tone color not often the gift of a young artist.

Mr. Spry is distinctly an intellectual player; his interpretation of Beethoven and Schumann is noticeable for intelligence of a high order, and for a distinct finish and power. He is a thorough student and analytical musician, with exceptional knowledge of harmony. Mr. Spry has composed a number of piano pieces which are very meritorious and possess decided originality. The beginning of his career has been such as should encourage him to attain the very highest in the musical profession.

Mrs. O. L. Fox.

This prominent local Western teacher who for the past fifteen years has been an honor reflecting member of the Chicago Musical College, is a native of Boston. The study of music was begun at the early age of seven, and ten years later not merely was she a most successful choir singer, but she had also made for herself a high place as a solo artist at musical conventions in all parts of New England. Mrs. J. H. Long, the celebrated Boston teacher, with whom Mrs. Fox studied considerably, was asked in June, 1869, to select a soprano for the Second Presbyterian Church of Chicago and she recommended Mrs. Fox for the position. The following year the latter made her debut with the Chicago Orpheus Society in Haydn's "Creation." The appointment with the Second Presbyterian Church was held until the great fire of 1871, when she returned to Boston and for twelve months studied hard. At the end of that time an appointment was offered her at the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago, then in charge of Professor Swing.

It is, however, as a teacher that Mrs. Fox is best known, and a large number of the most prominent of the singers who graduated from the Chicago Musical College owe their training to her patient, earnest work and sterling abilities. In this regard she has received a very powerful indorsement from Delle Sedie, the eminent French master, commending the thoroughness of her instruction, and laying special stress on the accurate placement of the voices which came to him after they had passed under the care of Mrs. Fox.

The subject of this sketch is a woman of considerable literary ability, and was five years musical critic on the *Indicator*. She has also contributed largely on musical matters to other periodicals. The writing of words for songs is another accomplishment of Mrs. Fox, and Chicago musicians often avail themselves of the opportunity to obtain good verses. In this last achievement she has become widely known, as several of the songs for which Mrs. Fox has written the words have had remarkably successful sales in the West.

Clarence Dickinson.

Whether as concert organist or composer there is no one more worthily popular among the musical circles of Chicago than this talented young artist who was born in 1873 at Lafayette, in Indiana. Unlike the majority of those who have won musical distinction Clarence Dickinson evinced no musical fervor in his earlier years. He was about twelve years of age when he was given some piano instruction, but his real musical education began in 1889, when he went to Evanston to attend the Northwestern University. The study of the organ was commenced with William Cutler, and so marked was the ability he displayed that in less than twelve months afterward he was offered the position of organist in the South Presbyterian Church at Evanston, retaining the position until his sophomore year. During the latter he accepted a similar position in the Church of the Messiah in Chicago and there he remained for five years.

Before accepting the latter engagement he continued his study of the organ with Harrison Wild, taking up in addition harmony, composition and orchestration with Adolph Weidig. Mr. Dickinson is really a remarkable instance of the possibilities of a student in the West and the unnecessary of going abroad, or at least to the East to be taught, trained and finished.

Public attention was directed to him when he played a program entirely from memory. His course aroused considerable discussion and some criticism, the most prominent organists here, Clarence Eddy, Wilhelm Middelschulte, Louis Falk and Harrison Wild, being invited to publish an opinion on its advisability. The ardor of the talented and enthusiastic young organist was not quelled and he continued on the road he had set himself, giving concerts frequently in Chicago and neighboring cities. The works of Bach, Beethoven, Brahms, Tchaikowsky and other great masters were played and he demonstrated himself no slave to technic, his reading being always clear, intelligent and eminently musicianly. As a result he quickly obtained recognition as a true artist from whom a great future was to be expected. Mr. Dickinson is at the present time organist of St. James Episcopal Church, the Kehilath Anshe Mayriv Synagogue, the Mendelssohn Club and the Evanston Musical Society. He was one of the organizers of the American Guild of Organists and of the Chicago Manuscript Society, and is also one of the directors of the American Conservatory organ department.

Clarence Dickinson is a composer of ability. He was just twenty-one when his first composition, an opera with an Indian theme, "Medicine Man" was produced in Evanston. It was very favorably received. He is also well known as a song writer and has set to music poems of Robert Browning, Robert Herrick, Jean Ingelow, and also published recently a book of songs, all the words for which were written by his cousin Emily Dickinson.

Henry B. Roney.

It is a little over ten years since Mr. Roney came from Michigan to Chicago to assume the honorable and responsible position of organist and choirmaster of Grace Episcopal Church. The work done by him during that time is such as would be a source of pride and gratification to any musician to chronicle, for the choir over which he took charge was, it is not an exaggeration to say, unsurpassed by any west of New York.

His work with Grace Episcopal Church is necessarily the connection in which he has made himself best known and that which afforded him an opportunity to display the sterling musical gifts of which he is the possessor. An active worker, so firm was his determination to obtain the best possible results that he set out to enlarge the choir from thirty-five to seventy-five voices, maintaining it at the latter figure. Composed of forty sopranos, ten altos, ten tenors and fifteen basses, it was almost a volunteer choir, only a few soloists and leading voices receiving financial remuneration, but its membership list was at all times full and numbers patiently waiting for a vacancy. The reasons for this were obvious. Mr. Roney, while a rigid disciplinarian, thorough in all his undertakings and business-like in his relations, yet succeeds in winning and holding the respect and, more, the positive affection of the men and boys singing under his direction. He seems, indeed, to possess the power of infusing into others his own snap and vim.

The position attained by Henry B. Roney as a choir-master and the reputation borne in the community at large were well evidenced in the third annual choir festival at the Auditorium, of which the leading journals spoke in highest commendation.

The social standing of Mr. Roney is as high as his considerable merits and his honorable position deserve and he finds a welcome in the homes of Chicago's most prominent citizens. He has traveled much and is an interesting and well informed companion. Enthusiastically fond of hunting, fishing and bicycling, he has a spacious log cabin on Gogebic Lake, in Upper Michigan, which is one of the chief attractions of that section of the country. Some time ago, with the purpose of combining business and pleasure, by giving concerts at the various summer resorts, he organized the "Roney's Boys Quartet," an absolute novelty which proved an electric success. Mr. Roney severed his connection with Grace Church last May and for a few months took an entire rest and change of scene, but upon his return to Chicago he was immediately requested to accept the appointment of organist and choirmaster at Plymouth Church, at which the Rev. F. Gunsalus officiates. In addition to his church labors Mr. Roney divides his time between teaching, composing, concert giving, literary work and the publication of "Roney's Processionals," which are largely in use in Episcopal churches. Of versatile talents, earnest in purpose, careful in his training and always thorough in what he undertakes, there few men in this city more deservedly popular either in musical or social circles than H. B. Roney.

Johanna Hess-Burr.

It is not generally known that Mme. Hess-Burr was originally trained for a vocalist, and with this end in view obtained some of the finest instruction in Europe. To this early training she no doubt owes the knowledge which enables her to make so many successful singers as are now appearing in the West. Johanna Hess-Burr came

to Chicago and sang in church, also at the Sunday concerts in the Columbia Theatre, but after a time relinquished the vocal art for the work of accompanying of the latter. She had made a deep study, with the result that all the noted singers who came West were accompanied by Mme. Hess-Burr.

Melba said during one of her visits to Chicago, "I'm going to sing with an accompanist to-night—the best in the world—Mme. Johanna Hess-Burr." Emil Sauret, Lillian Blauvelt, Eames, Desvignes, Del Puente, César Thomson, Plunket Greene, Brema, Leo Stern, and other noted artists have all spoken as to her supremacy. It is known to have occurred recently upon the occasion of a celebrated artist visiting Chicago to fulfill private engagements that he refused to play unless Mme. Hess-Burr accompanied him. But her accomplishment in this particular is widely known. It is conceded by everyone that she is one of the finest accompanists in America, and the writer has personal knowledge of the difficulties from which Johanna Hess-Burr has extricated singers when memory failed.

But to speak of her especial talent as a vocal teacher is now necessary, and this talent is testified to by the number of singers who have coached with her and who all speak of the fine musical and artistic finish which she is enabled to give. Mrs. Genevieve Clark-Wilson, one of the most cultured of sopranos, speaks of Mme. Hess-Burr with admiration and affection, as does Miss Jenny Osborn, who gives considerable credit to her for the immense success she has made in a very short period, while George Ellsworth Holmes, the Western baritone, says that Mme. Hess-Burr is an invaluable help to an artist with her splendid accompaniment and sound advice.

At present she has several pupils with fine voices, whom she has taught from the very commencement, as she is able to cultivate a voice from the foundation to the finish. Her work now is divided between Milwaukee and Chicago, as she teaches at the Pfister House in the first named city Wednesday and Thursday, and at her delightful studios at 3504 Ellis avenue, Chicago, the other four days of the week. An indefatigable worker, but thoughtful, considerate and unselfish, she is an accomplished hostess and delightful conversationalist and one of the kindest of women.

In the musical profession, not only of Chicago, but generally of America, and with foreign artists, Johanna Hess-Burr is respected, esteemed and admired for her admirable qualities.

Max Bendix.

In the history of music in Chicago, which is the distinguishing feature of the present issue, mention is made of an artist who at the time of the World's Exposition, when heavy storms had forced the retirement of the director Theodore Thomas, ably and satisfactorily took up his arduous duties, gaining for that never-to-be-forgotten occasion all the musical laurels it was able to obtain.

But Max Bendix needed no such introduction to the people of the United States; already his reputation as a musician, violinist and concertmaster had been powerfully established. In either one of these capacities he had appeared in every city of importance in the Union, and his career has established him before the public as not only an able but a remarkably brilliant addition to the ranks of musical notables.

It was in New York in 1885 that Mr. Bendix first came to prominence as concertmaster of Van der Stucken's orchestra; later he was offered and accepted a similar position with the German opera. The character of his work while occupying the last mentioned was brought before Mr. Theodore Thomas (Max Bendix was then twenty years old), but his exceptional abilities and really remarkable talents as an orchestral violinist and soloist had attracted the attention of the leading orchestral musicians of the United States. For the Thomas Orchestra a concertmaster was needed, and Mr. Thomas, after giving Bendix an opportunity of playing for him, at once offered him the responsible and exalted appointment as concertmaster of the Theodore Thomas Orchestra, as the Chicago orchestra was then known. This appointment Mr. Bendix held from 1886 to 1896, during the last five years of which he also served as assistant conductor.

A series of concerts was organized during the summer of 1892, the conductorship of which was given to Mr. Bendix. They continued for six weeks, with successful results of a most artistic and gratifying character.

In the Exposition orchestra of the World's Fair, during the following year, Mr. Thomas retained Mr. Bendix as assistant conductor of the orchestra of one hundred and fourteen artists, being selected from the leading orchestral players of the world. As has been mentioned before, the resignation of Theodore Thomas in August found Mr. Bendix chosen unanimously as sole conductor.

He continued with the orchestra for two years longer, and in 1896 decided to devote his talents to teaching, and since his severance with the Chicago organization Mr. Bendix has given his time exclusively to his work as a

soloist and as a teacher. In the latter he has won an enviable reputation for remarkable results, while as a soloist musicians everywhere acknowledge him to stand at the front of our American violinists.

It is of course as a violinist that Max Bendix has made his name most chiefly known, and in this regard wherever music in its truest and highest sense is appreciated his name is held in the greatest honor and esteem. His repertory is unusually large, and covers all the standard compositions to be found in violin literature.

Mr. Bendix added to his orchestral work by organizing and directing the fine string quartet which bore his name, and which appeared with the greatest possible success in every city of any consequence in the West.

The following is a partial list of compositions played by Mr. Bendix with the Thomas orchestra:

Moligne, Concerto in A minor—Brooklyn Philharmonic.
Schumann, Sautasse in A minor (1888)—Chickering Hall, New York.
Brahms, Concerto in E minor (1889)—Chicago, Ill., Orange, N. J., Rochester, N. Y.
Beethoven, Concerto in D (1890)—Philadelphia, Pa., Chicago (2).
Moszkowski, Concerto in C (1891)—Lenox Lyceum, New York, (1891), Philadelphia, Pa.
Lalo, Spanish Symphonies—Lenox Lyceum, New York, Philadelphia, Pa., Chicago, Ill.
Paganini, Variations; "I Palpiti," (1891)—Lenox Lyceum New York.
Dvorak, Concerto A minor, (1891)—Chicago.
Wieniawski, Variations, Op. 15, (1891)—Chicago, St. Louis.
Saint-Saëns, Rondo Capriccioso—Cincinnati, Milwaukee, (1891) Louisville, Pittsburg.
Godard, Concerto No. 2, (1892)—Chicago.
Vieuxtemps, Concerto E major, (1893)—Chicago.
Saint-Saëns, Concerto No. 3 (1894)—Chicago.
Brahms, Concerto, op. 77 (1895)—New York, Philadelphia.
MacKenzie, Pibroch, (1895).
Saint-Saëns, Havanaise.
Wieniawski, Faust—Toledo, Cleveland, Ohio.

Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young.

When from the ranks of the talented young musicians of Salt Lake City Bicknell Young was led by ambitious hopes of better opportunities to settle in Chicago the more Western city lost a notable voice and Chicago gained eventually a splendid musician.

When quite young his talent for music was well defined, and well wishers urged him to seek the more thorough training afforded in the East. Subsequently he went on to London, and having entered the Royal Academy received there instruction from some of the greatest vocal masters in England. He was a hard worker and rapidly began to be known for his powerful voice and his sympathetic and scholarly method of using it.

It was in London that his talented wife became Mrs. Bicknell Young. She is a daughter of the celebrated Italian composer, Alberto Mazzucato, who wrote opera, orchestral works, &c., and died on the last day of 1877. Unquestionably Mrs. Young has inherited some of her father's musical gifts; she was trained in all its branches from her earliest years, and is now not only a very thorough musician, but an able teacher of singing and the composer of some highly considered works. She is an excellent pianist and accompanist, and both in recital and in lecture work has proved a true helpmate to her husband.

While in England Mr. Young had made a specialty of oratorio work, for which his fine voice, clear enunciation and dignified method would appear to have peculiarly well fitted him. His repertory was a complete one and by no means confined to oratorios, for it covered a large number of the best English, Italian, German and French songs. Having decided to make Chicago his home, Mr. Young quickly succeeded in obtaining a considerable number of pupils, and year after year the number and the success his pupils have attained has grown larger and more decided. Some time since he initiated his song lectures, illustrating with an excellent program and followed with a lecture recital on "Opera, Its Origin and Development, Vocally Illustrated," in both of which his wife gives him very material assistance.

These lectures have become extremely popular, for Mr. Young is not only a very finished vocalist; he is also a fascinating and ready speaker. Either in concert or recital the performances of this gifted husband and wife are characterized by educational finish, good musicianship and a thoroughness of detail not frequently attained. Mr. and Mrs. Bicknell Young have a very charming studio in Kimball Hall, which, when not devoted to budding aspirants for vocal honors, is the rendezvous of many of the city's favorite musicians, who are always ready to enjoy the courtesy of these kindly and always generous artists.

Ragna Linné.

When Madame Linné decided to go West she was at once recognized as a dramatic soprano of unusual gifts. She not only ranks as one of the finest and most popular vocalists in the country, but as the representative dramatic soprano of Chicago. She is also famed as the teacher in

the West, to whom Marchesi recommends pupils returning to America to study.

Ragna Linné is a native of Christiania, Norway. She was there grounded most thoroughly in music, received excellent voice training and an exceptional general education, which proved of value when she went to study with Marchesi. Madame Linné showed herself so apt in every way and so talented that Marchesi took especial interest in her and had her study operatic roles with the object of making an immediate appearance.

Fate, however, willed otherwise, and brought her to America, where she married, and to an extent gave up the idea of an operatic career. Entering on a life of concert and oratorio work and the giving of instruction, Madame Linné has been recognized in Chicago and other big cities where she has sung as an artist whose music was an educational treat. Her voice is of a rich dramatic quality with remarkable carrying power, and she has been in demand where only the best would be tolerated. Her personality is singularly happy. She has a charming frankness and unaffectedness of manner which are not often found in the successful. Her singing appeals mostly to the musically cultured; it is finished, refined and musicianly and her enunciation is peculiarly clear, whether in French, English, German or Italian, as Madame Linné is a versatile artist who has studied in all the different schools.

She is tall and stately, a type of her Northern race, and is generally acknowledged to be a most gifted woman, a valuable artist, and one of the finest singers Norway has produced. Music with her is innate, and the rich sympathetic voice and the ability to interest an audience accounts for the favor which has been hers wherever heard. Madame Linné was soloist with the Thomas Orchestra at the Minneapolis, Indianapolis and St. Paul festivals, also with several symphony orchestras, and is constantly singing in miscellaneous concerts.

As a teacher she has been uniformly successful. Among her pupils will be found some of the best voices in the city.

Frederick Carberry, Tenor.

Sometimes it happens that readers care little whether a singer was born in New York or Boston, in Chicago or Dubuque; how many and what teachers he studied with; the wonderful precocity of his babyhood and rapidity of his musical growth and artistic progress; the trials, hardships and discouragements which he met, fought and conquered.

We shall simply say, and the musical world may be interested in the news, that within two years a young singer by the name of Frederick Carberry has so successfully made his way into public favor that to-day he bids fair to become one of the most popular tenors in this land of popular tenors.

This is the only logical conclusion to be drawn from the careful reading and study of a number of press notices and private letters, through all of which can be seen a striking concordance of opinion as to the particular qualities of voice and talent in Frederick Carberry that capture the hearts and command the admiration of his humblest or most cultivated audiences.

The press in different parts of the country has expressed the strongest admiration for Mr. Carberry. Criticisms have been condensed to the following:

Mr. Carberry possesses a sympathetic, velvety tenor voice of marvelous sweetness and magnetic charm, smooth and even through its large compass, rich and effective on the upper register, a healthy, resonant voice which at once fills the hearer with a comfortable confidence in its natural resources of reach and power. And the truth is that Mr. Carberry sings as summer songsters do because it is second nature with him, because he must sing.

Besides an excellent voice, which Schumann considered the greatest of all gifts, Mr. Carberry displays in his singing a manly idea, a fervor and energy that would hardly be expected from his slight and slender physique. Thrilling in tender passages, his voice is broad and his style authoritative in compositions of a forcible character. One wonders at the perception of fitness and fine feeling of truth which can draw from that apparently delicate organization the powerful accents of intense power.

The wonder ceases, however, when it is known that, besides voice and talent, Mr. Carberry has the advantages of a serious and well cultivated intellect, and scholarly habits of research and observation. All the critics are struck with the admirable intelligence that characterizes his interpretations. The rendering of his selections, they say, is always tempered with heart and brain. Every word, every phrase, is full of meaning, because he means all that he sings.

To no one that we know of more justly than to Mr. Carberry can be applied the much abused expression of "artistic temperament"—a perfect proportion between the various gifts in a singer that go to make the complete artist and harmonious *modus vivendi* in the use of those gifts. This explains why Mr. Carberry is always re-engaged wherever he has once sung; why he shares equally the honors with his more famous seniors, particularly in large works demanding the exercise of the highest artistic faculties; why it can be safely predicted that, with his youth and ambition, he is on the threshold of a most brilliant lyric career.

To Mr. Carberry's credit it should be stated, as a lady was heard to say of him, that he has a "normal head."

Sensible, unassuming, unspoiled by praise, he offers to psychologists and physiologists the phenomenal instance of a modest tenor. This should certainly be reckoned as the most significant earnest of his future career.

Harriet Dement Packard.

Mrs. Harriett Dement Packard is a native of Illinois, and obtained the most of her musical education in Chicago until the season of 1895-96, when she went to Italy and spent a year enlarging her repertory and coaching with the old masters there. Mrs. Packard comes of a literary family and is a versatile woman, who early recognized the advantage of a foundation of the basic breadth that comes from an education not alone along the lines of voice culture, which in her own characteristic way she says "merely makes one the instrument ready to sing but when the singer becomes an artist he or she must be the performer and instrument as well." And this artist is certainly proving the truth of her theory, for she is making rapid advance to the highest degree of artistic achievement, and her beautiful voice and work show quite as much the personality of Harriet Dement Packard as her school of art. In Italy they claim her, and accorded her the highest honors at all her appearances there. Here we are proud of her, for she is an American in every sense of the word.

Following are a few of her many clippings from the Chicago newspapers:

Mrs. Harriet Dement Packard, of this city, is still winning laurels in Italy. She was selected by the Com. Bazzini, director of the Royal Conservatory of Milan, and by the critic Nappi, who had been requested to name the soprano for the occasion of the opening of the holiday musical festival at Brescia, December 2nd—(a marked honor when it is further considered that the "Società Dei Concerti" of Brescia is of the most exclusive, as it is one of the most critical, musical bodies of Italy. The selection was an entire surprise both to Mrs. Packard and her immediate friends—it came wholly unsought—a testimonial of the appreciation of the renowned director and great critic, who had heard her in the Royal Conservatory. Mrs. Packard gave four numbers and was warmly applauded after each, the recall after her first number being followed by a magnificent floral tribute. She has since been presented with a medal by the Society.—Chicago Chronicle.

Harriet Dement Packard is one of the representative American vocalists who, by nature gifted with a remarkably beautiful voice, has studied seriously and continuously to bring to the greatest perfection in her art this dot of mother Nature. She possesses with this to an equal degree, dramatic instinct and what is known among musicians as temperament, and taken together all go to make a personality even the most casual observer must notice, and which commands her hearers wherever she appears and adds the peculiar charm to her singing that many call style. Mrs. Packard sang last Sunday evening at Steinway Hall before a very select and critical audience, and won enthusiastic applause by her finished work. Her voice is of that quality often read of but seldom heard in these days of "impressionist art," both in singing and painting. From the low rich tones that remind one of the cello, to ringing clear birdlike voice of the upper notes, it is of pure clear resonance and sweetness. Warm with the pulse of an artistic temperament, which guides it, it thrills with that dramatic intensity peculiar to this artist, and we predict for this popular singer a career replete with the laurels of success.

Harriet Dement Packard carried off the honors at the last of the Steinway Hall concerts, her singing being especially brilliant. She is a remarkably fine soprano, who will reach the highest limits if her recent performance is any indication.—Musical Courier.

Mrs. Packard's voice is a pure soprano of that birdlike quality we read so much about, but so seldom hear; as rich in low tones as it is limpid and sweet in the upper registers.—Inter-Ocean.

This studious and fortunate singer exhibited the crystal notes, the birdlike trills, the mastery of the art of singing, the perfect Italian pronunciation, all indeed that makes the Italian school celebrated.—Saturday Evening Herald.

Mrs. Packard is the exponent of herself and the Italian school. It is perhaps not too much to say that it is quite as much of herself as her school of art, which makes her the great and beautiful artist that she is. Her voice is liquid, fervent, persuasive and powerful; her presence radiant and her repertory the whole range of the feelings of the human heart. "La Farfalla" was sung with such spirit, such go gaily and with such gladness abandon as to carry the audience away, while the encore, "The Last Rose of Summer," was given with such thrilling pathos that tears sprang to the eyes, and the slender figure in the empire gown was but a dim outline against the blue wall.—Evening Telegraph, Sandusky, Ohio.

The transition from the gleeful abandon of "La Farfalla," emphasized emphatically the great range of the singer, while the encore, "The Last Rose of Summer," was rendered with such thrilling intensity as to prove Mrs. Packard an artist who sings under the dictates of both heart and brain.—Sandusky Register.

William Middelschulte.

In mentioning the prominent musicians of America the name of Wilhelm Middelschulte must always come among the first. Mr. Middelschulte entered the Royal Academy of Church Music of Berlin when very young, and of this famous school was for three years an enthusiastic student of August Haupt for organ and theory, of Albert Loes-

chorn for piano, and of Dr. Julius Alsleben for conducting. These eminent masters, together with Franz Cammer, took great interest in their pupil, and Haupt honored Middleschulte by appointing him his assistant organist at the Royal Academy.

In a testimonial given Mr. Middleschulte by his professors they said of him: "Greatly gifted with musical talent, he has always distinguished himself in every subject by extraordinary application, so that now, at the end of his studies, we can most heartily give him a place of the highest distinction; stating at the same time that he is perfectly capable of teaching successfully any branch of music."

In 1888 Mr. Middleschulte was appointed organist and choir director of St. Lucas' Church of Berlin, a post of great honor in that city. He remained at St. Lucas' Church until 1891, when he came to Chicago to accept the position of musical director and organist of the Holy Name Cathedral.

Before leaving Berlin Mr. Middleschulte played by invitation at the memorial service for Emperor Frederick III. at the church in Bornstedt, near Potsdam, where the Emperor often worshipped. The day before Mr. Middleschulte departed for America occurred the funeral of his revered master, August Haupt. At the request of the family he played on Haupt's organ the C minor Fantaisie by Bach, a favorite composition of the deceased organist. Joachim and many other distinguished musicians were present.

Upon his arrival in America he at once took a prominent place among musicians. By special invitation he gave three recitals at the World's Fair. The following season he played the solo part of Alex. Guilman's first concerto with the Chicago Orchestra at the Auditorium, and was at once appointed organist of the orchestra, a position which he is still filling with great credit to himself. He is announced to appear again as soloist this season. In his concert tours Mr. Middleschulte has appeared in the principal cities from the East to the West.

His extraordinary memory enables him to play all of his programs without the music, which is quite unusual in organ playing. He is equally at home in the classic or modern school. It is a pleasure to find a musician who avoids the ordinary routine and follows his own high ideals. As a composer much may be expected from his gifted pen. Bernhard Ziehn, the great authority, says of Middleschulte's "Passacaglia": "Since the 'Passacaglia' of Bach no work of that kind has come to light which deserves comparison with Middleschulte's 'Passacaglia.'"

Mr. Middleschulte is a most excellent piano teacher and a modest and unassuming gentleman. His studio in Steinway Hall is one of the handsomest in the city.

A proof of the high esteem in which he is held by Clarence Eddy is shown by the fact that when the latter went to Europe he entrusted all his pupils to Mr. Middleschulte's careful guidance. At present he is organist and director of the new University Church, where he plays one of the finest Farrand & Votey organs.

Clara Murray.

A beautiful woman, it has been said, never looks more beautiful than when playing that most graceful of musical instruments, the harp. It would be difficult, indeed, to find a better exemplification of this statement than in Clara Murray, whose evident ambition it is to become to the harp what Madame Marchesi has long been to the voice—one of the best known of the woman instructors.

It was as a child of seven that this accomplished woman, Clara Murray, began the study of the piano, and two years later the harp was taken up also. Both instruments were continued until she graduated. At this time vocal music was also added, and she received instruction from a number of leading teachers, among whom may be mentioned Sig. Barili, a half-brother of Patti.

Mrs. Murray was twenty years of age when she placed herself under the skillful instruction of John Cheshire, the distinguished English harpist, intending to embrace the profession of harpist, and for concert and teaching purposes. Though supposedly by this time thoroughly equipped for the profession, Mrs. Murray was anxious to make herself still better fitted, and consequently made a close study of the teaching methods used by other masters.

Her success as a teacher was immediate and most pronounced, and a very large number of her pupils are attracting notice on the concert platform. Not less great has been her career as a soloist, in which capacity all the principal cities in America have been visited at different times when Mrs. Murray was on tour with Mme. Geneva Johnstone-Bishop, Miss Maud Powell, Marie Decca, Mrs. Scott Siddons, and latterly with Mme. Clementine De Vere. At all times Mrs. Murray's appearance has been the occasion of an ovation, and the press of several cities has unhesitatingly declared her to be the greatest woman harpist ever heard.

The exceptional advantages of her musical education are certainly well manifested. Her command of the instrument is perfect and the smoothness of her pedaling is most noticeable. Passages of the greatest difficulty Mrs.

Murray accomplishes with ease, and artists delighted with her work have said that her tone production is perfect, her technic extraordinarily clean and her phrasing finished. She always tunes her instrument before she goes on the stage, and this, though possibly a small matter, has obtained great praise for her.

Clara Murray's hobby is work and her chief desire to play well—always well. Her diligent application has won its due reward. She stands to-day probably unrivaled as a woman harpist.

The harp is a very difficult instrument, but that fact would appear to be lost sight of by the majority of its pupils who no sooner know a few bars than they immediately pose as harpists. This possibly is the reason that of late years it has been so seldom heard, but the ability of such an exponent as Clara Murray is doing much to bring it once more into strong favor.

William H. Sherwood.

There is a growing appreciation of the pianists' art in America. For many years the public of this country was taught to believe that no native of our land could by any possibility be anything but a weak copy of some foreign artist. Thanks to the untiring patience of a few American artists that idea no longer prevails, and we have reached a point in our artistic development as a people where we are able to determine for ourselves the merit of any aspirant for fame and public favor, whether he come from the old art centres of Europe or the wilds of Africa. The question no longer is, "Where did you study?" but "What can you do?" It needs something more to-day in this country to gain the support of the public than clever advertising on the part of managers. If the artist has merit it is instantly recognized, and if he has not we will have none of him.

To this gratifying condition no one has contributed more than William H. Sherwood. His whole artistic career has been imbued with the earnest purpose to show his countrymen that there is true art among us and that we can produce artists who are the peers of any. Mr. Sherwood is a member of a family among whom have been satesmen, soldiers and scholars. He inherits from a long line of ancestry traits which would assure him success in any sphere of activity. By constant energy and perseverance he has risen to a position among the world's greatest pianists, and his many concert tours through the cities of the land have been the means of educating a large number of our people in true musical appreciation.

In addition to perfecting himself as a concert player Mr. Sherwood has been a deep student. He has thought deeply upon all the problems presented to the searcher for the true and the beautiful. The results of his researches are seen not only in the breadth of his own development, but are evident on every hand in the many who have learned of him. He has devised and applied many new methods for the production of tone color; he has made many advances in the application of the principles of technic; he has gone deeply into the study of the different joints and muscles used in piano playing and their relations to each other, and has developed a new and effective application of them.

In all the larger cities of the land are to be found his followers, who have been his pupils and who teach his methods. His influence is being strongly felt in all directions, and there is rapidly coming into prominence an American school of piano playing which is sure to be a power in the musical world, and this result is due in a great measure to the efforts of this great artist. As a teacher he is, at least, second to none, and his pupils compare favorably with, and are often superior to, those of European masters.

As a man Mr. Sherwood is kind and generous. He is ever ready to say a word of encouragement and to give substantial assistance to young artists. He is quick to see merit in others and prompt to recognize it, and is the first to aid in securing for a deserving musician opportunities for advancement.

Mr. Sherwood has been a resident of Chicago for eight or nine years. His home is here and he owns property in this city. His standing as a citizen is high and he is always to be found among those who seek the good of the community. In his home life, Mr. Sherwood is happy. A lovely wife and two beautiful daughters are his delight, and the charm of his family circle impresses all who are fortunate enough to be admitted to it. He is genial and unaffected to those he meets, a pleasant companion and a faithful friend.

Mr. Sherwood's influence on musical art in Chicago has been of the greatest benefit. His playing has proven a stimulus to renewed application and energy on the part of students, and his work as a teacher has been productive of results that cannot be overestimated. One of the most successful of the younger musical organizations of Chicago is the Sherwood Club. This society is composed of his pupils and numbers nearly 100 members. Its meetings are held every two or three weeks, and there is al-

ways a fine musical program, in which the master himself usually takes part.

Feeling hampered by conflicting interests, Mr. Sherwood resigned his position as director of the piano department of one of our musical institutions, a position which he had ably filled for a number of years, and early this season established the Sherwood Piano School. The success which this new institution has so soon achieved is sufficient proof of the wisdom of the undertaking. Mr. Sherwood is here enabled to have his methods of instruction thoroughly followed, and the results already gained by them are increased in every direction. In this school the utmost harmony prevails. Mr. Sherwood has associated with him in the management of this institution Mr. Walton Perkins. The assistant teachers in the piano department, Messrs. Strong, Kober, Johnson, Angell and Ball, are all pupils of Mr. Sherwood and thoroughly familiar with his methods. The vocal department is in charge of Mrs. Gertrude Grosscup Perkins and Mrs. A. J. Goodrich is in charge of the department of theory and harmony.

The number of pupils already enrolled is large and the constant applications for instruction from students throughout the country is proof positive that the school will be such a power in the musical world as its founders intended it to be.

Mr. Sherwood's services in concerts and recitals throughout the country are in constant demand. He is everywhere recognized as the foremost American pianist. His playing in Europe, where he made a visit a year or so ago, made a fine impression, and he is now considering offers from some of the leading managers of London and Paris for a concert tour of Europe.

Thus in constantly broadening circles his work goes on, and as he is now in the full maturity of his powers, with the prospect of many years of increasing usefulness before him, his influence in the future will far exceed even its greatness in the past.

George Ellsworth Holmes.

George Ellsworth Holmes, Chicago's foremost baritone singer, may well be proud of the international fame which his fine voice has attained. Fresh from recent London, England, successes, he is still the same modest, unassuming gentleman whose manner completed the conquests his good work had won and made all who met him his friends.

Mr. Holmes was born in the Empire State in 1863, but as a mere infant was taken to Minnesota by his parents, and there he remained until he was sixteen, when he returned to New York. It was while attending the Military School at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., that the discovery was made that he possessed an exceptional voice, and, having determined to cultivate it, he studied singing during his last two years at that school. His teacher, a lady, possessed a beautiful voice and was talented as a teacher, and, moreover, she possessed the tact to allow his voice to grow naturally and without any forcing. To her good judgment and sound advice he freely acknowledges his indebtedness and ascribes a goodly portion of his success.

His mind made up to become a singer, Mr. Holmes was sent to Boston and his studies continued for the following five years under John L. Hodsdon, Charles R. Adams and George J. Parker. Then for twelve months he sang at the Harvard Street Church, but in 1889 removed to Chicago, and in addition to teaching singing until 1895 also accepted a position as soloist at the Central Church.

During the summer of 1891 his professional ambition led him to visit London, where he studied with Georg Henschel. Once more, in 1895, he went to London, and this time his stay was more extended. During the following season he sang with the London Symphony Orchestra, meeting with such distinguished success that engagements were filled with a number of the leading institutions of Great Britain, including the Hallé Orchestra, the Scottish Orchestra, the Crystal Palace Orchestra, Cardiff Festival Choral Society, the Royal Opera, Covent Garden, &c.

Throughout the United States, East and West, he is known as having sung at the Worcester and Cincinnati Festivals, several times at the World's Fair, in more than forty concerts with the Chicago Orchestra, and also with many other leading societies. This great and popular artist makes his present headquarters in the Auditorium Building, Chicago.

Frank T. Baird.

Frank T. Baird is one of the most prominent as well as the most popular teachers in the United States, having gained a reputation both in England and America.

He was born at Worcester, Mass., but the greater portion of his boyhood was passed at Bellows Falls, Vt. It was in his native city that he studied with Benjamin D. Allen, that he first took up the organ, and he was only seventeen when he came to Chicago, where he obtained his first engagement at St. John's Episcopal Church. A short time afterward he accepted a position as organist at the Third Presbyterian Church. Here he

remained for twenty-three years, twenty-two of which years he was director. During much of this time he studied the organ and harmony with Clarence Eddy and Dudley Buck and the piano with Emil Liebling.

Mr. Baird's abilities brought him into notice, and he was soon able to supplement his duties as organist with considerable accompanying work. His appointment with the Apollo Club gave him an opportunity which his energetic disposition quickly embraced. He made the acquaintance of America's great contralto, Annie Louise Cary. He became her favorite accompanist and with her made a number of tours. It was owing to her advice also which induced him to study the art of singing with a view of becoming a teacher.

He placed himself under the direction of Sbriglia, in Paris; Shakespere and Henschel, in London, and Lamperti, in Dresden. The result of such training became quickly apparent. As a teacher his success was immediate, and a number of his pupils who had acquired instruction from him gained considerable public favor. Among these may be mentioned Miss Helen Buckley, who studied with Mr. Baird five years; George Hamlin, who studied four years with him and was two years tenor in Mr. Baird's choir; S. Fisher Miller, with the same choir for five years, and who is now occupying a high-salaried position in a church in New York.

Mr. Baird made tours with Miss Cary, Clara Louise Kellogg, Emma Thursby, Myron Whitney, Anna Drisdil and a number of others at the time prominent before the public. He freely acknowledges the benefits received from the association with such artists, and also more particularly from his playing under the direction of Mr. Tomlins with the Apollo Club.

That he might keep himself in touch with the great European teachers Mr. Baird's trips abroad during his summer vacations have been frequent. He numbers among his close and intimate friends many prominent artists, among whom are Ben Davies and David Bispham.

Honored and respected he enjoys the esteem of his musical associates as well as all with whom he is brought into contact. Mr. Baird's studio is one of the finest in the city and his teaching hours are always full. At the present time he has under his charge a number of excellent voices from whom he expects great results.

Clarence Eddy.

To be among the most distinguished organ virtuosi of the day and foremost among Americans is a proud distinction for any musician to achieve, and certainly extraordinary as a record when it is recalled that Mr. Eddy is yet comparatively a young man.

He was born at Greenfield, Mass., June 23, 1851, and at the age of sixteen so great was the talent he had exhibited that already his reputation was more than local, and after study with the distinguished master, Dudley Buck, young Eddy went off for study with the German master, August Haupt, in Berlin, and with Loeschhorn, the celebrated composer and piano teacher. Mr. Eddy was an indefatigable student, and played through not alone the entire classical repertory of the organ, but also a large number of modern compositions, many of which were written expressly for him. Clarence Eddy's studies with Haupt completed, he projected a concert tour, and received from that highest of masters the following powerful indorsement:

"In organ playing the performances of Mr. Eddy are worthy to be designated as eminent, and he is undoubtedly the peer of the greatest living organist."

The promise he had given was in all ways justified, and the most distinguished success followed his tour. Recitals were given in Germany, Switzerland, Holland and Austria, and personal acquaintance formed with the greatest organists and composers of organ music, which now form so pleasant an experience of his artistic life.

Returning to the United States, Mr. Eddy was offered the position of organist at the First Congregational Church, Chicago, where a series of twenty-five organ recitals was played and all that is best and grandest in the repertory of the organ heard.

Some time later, in the Hershey Music Hall, Chicago, upon his own organ, a series of 100 recitals was given, and, extraordinary to relate, not a single repetition of any work in the whole list was given. A large attendance of organists and musicians generally resulted, and the brilliancy of his execution and his absolute command of his instrument greatly enhanced Mr. Eddy's rapidly growing reputation. As a result calls for his services at the opening of organs, recitals and concerts poured in upon him, and, it having been discovered how strong were his drawing powers with the public, churches and committees, his services were in constant demand. The financial successes were as great as the artistic, and it is probable that there is no organist in America so capable of filling whatever building he may decide to use as Clarence Eddy.

Having become general director of the Hershey School of Musical Art, then newly established by Mrs. Sarah Hershey, who afterward became Mrs. Eddy, the subject of this sketch for a long time devoted himself to teaching,

although in 1876 he made several appearances at the Centennial Exposition as official organist. He also played at the Vienna Exposition in 1889 and the World's Columbian Exposition in 1893. As a prominent member of the musical committee in the latter he took a most important part in the music of the World's Fair, his work resulting in the erection of the great organ there and the procurement of a visit from the French organist, Alex. Guilmant, to assist in the illustration of modern art upon the organ. Mr. Eddy was for a long time organist of the Apollo Club.

The standing which he enjoys among the greatest of organ virtuosi and composers, as well as the recognition of his wonderful power of interpretation, is expressed in no uncertain manner by the large number of most advanced organ compositions which have not only been dedicated to him, but in a number of instances composed expressly with a view to his playing them.

Recently Mr. Eddy gave a series of recitals in the chief musical centres of Europe—Paris, Berlin, Rome, Milan and London, his playing everywhere exciting marked attention and praise from both press and public.

Emil Liebling.

Ask the successful man how he achieved fame and he will answer you with a *bon mot* or a laugh. It comes either over night or after a long struggle. In Mr. Liebling's case it rounds up a career replete with work and well-earned results. Perhaps a certain versatility has assisted in making him a unique figure in American musical life, for he has succeeded equally well as concert pianist, teacher, litterateur, lecturer, composer and musical editor. In the first capacity a practically unlimited repertory, coupled with that authority of readings which is only the privilege of highest intellectuality, has been presented by him throughout the country. As litterateur his contributions to current musical journalism have enjoyed the widest popularity, and his compositions represent the best class of salon music, with just enough counterpoint thrown in to indicate what he might do if he chose.

His activity as a teacher has perhaps been the distinguishing feature of his long and honorable life, and in this regard he has left the most lasting impression. When a man has fitted hundreds of men and women successfully for professional life and enabled them to make a living by his instruction, he may well be proud of his record, and in this specialty he has no peer. Mr. Liebling's clientèle embraces the entire country. He has been called "the teachers' teacher." His instruction is given in that broader sense which preserves and develops individuality. An extended experience with and intuitive insight into varying personalities enables him to develop each type to best individual advantage. Being equally in sympathy with the works of the old masters as well as the latest developments of the art, his students enjoy the most extensive acquaintance with current literature.

Mr. Liebling is the unswerving foe of all impostors, fads and false prophets, and has time and time again in public and private fought the battle of knowledge against fakedom, and his valiant work in defense of American art against foreign assumption, without degenerating into unhealthy nativism, is a matter of record. Shams do not prosper when he is present.

He possesses that combination of qualities which has made him a centre, a powerful force, and, while keeping his old friends, makes new ones. His motto is "live and let live," and for that very reason he enjoys the admiration and respect of his confrères. He attends to his own business and disdains to trouble himself about that of others. Mr. Liebling is a loyal friend, but when necessary a hard fighter.

He is commonly known as "of Kimball Hall, Chicago," and honors are about evenly divided as to the value of the trade mark. A few years ago he carried the first full-sized Kimball concert grand piano into what the late Mr. Bryan called "the enemy's country," and returned full of honors for himself and the instrument, with which his name has been so intimately and pleasantly connected, so much so, in fact, that any extended notice of his public career would be incomplete without mentioning the agencies which assisted him in reaching his distinguished position.

Emil Liebling has left his imprint on the musical affairs of the country at large. He has been in Chicago many years, and the warm attachment which binds him to the city of his choice is fully reciprocated by her citizens.

Mason & Hamlin Hall and the J. A. Norris Company's Piano House.

When John A. Norris decided to give his share of help to local talent, and for that purpose opened the Mason & Hamlin Hall last year, every one congratulated him upon the success of his enterprise. A most pleasant and convenient hall, situated just in the right locality, charmingly decorated, with perfect acoustic arrangements and the comfort of every member of the audience considered, was found at 250 and 252 Wabash avenue. The opening was

celebrated, in which the artists, George Ellsworth Holmes, Helen Buckley, Mary Wood Chase and the brilliant young organist, Wilhelm Mueller, whose future promised so brightly, participated.

Since that time, unfortunately, death has removed young Mueller, who was a general favorite, and his untimely calling away lost to Chicago a musician who bade fair to take a foremost place.

Mr. Norris, when he dedicated the Mason & Hamlin Hall, resolved to keep it exclusively for the highest class entertainments, which he should control, and to which only musical appreciative audiences would be invited. Therefore the hall is not rented to anybody and everybody, but reserved for the best class of artists, who from time to time make appearances here. The Mason & Hamlin Hall is heated as perfectly as modern science and the great improvements of recent years render possible, and the ventilation is all that can be desired.

Nothing is wanting to complete this pretty hall, where the manager and his assistants render every courtesy. This, indeed, is only to be expected from the John A. Norris Company, whose representation of the Mason & Hamlin pianos has been attended with so many good results.

At present the John A. Norris Company is contemplating extensive alterations, and before many weeks have elapsed the lower floor of the premises 250, 252 and 254 Wabash avenue will be transformed into one immense display wareroom. It will be beautifully decorated and lighted, and will be one of the handsomest piano houses in the city.

Serena Swabacker.

Piquante, bright, of strong musical temperament and the most thorough training, with an excellent voice and rare capacity for work, Serena Swabacker, who has just returned from Paris and Marchesi, is a charming addition to the musical ranks of Chicago, and a decided acquisition to the vocal artistic strength. Her early musical training was good, but the development of a voice equal to any demands gave such promise of future attainment that the best teaching it was possible to secure it was determined should be had.

Considerable time was spent in Paris, and reveling in its atmosphere of culture and musical advancement, the high talents she possessed became rapidly developed and for the result a brilliant concert singer is now with us. Mrs. Swabacker is settled permanently in Chicago, and will follow out the profession she has chosen. Her recognition as a vocalist of powers far beyond the ordinary was immediate, and the few months since her home-coming have brought her considerable notice.

She has been heard in concert, in recital and musical clubs and at social gatherings, pronounced praise following her every appearance. As a singer of French songs her superior is not to be found in the West, while she is equally at home in lyric opera, such as the arias from "Mignon," "Philemon and Baucis," "Dinorah," &c. Mrs. Swabacker's charming and entirely unaffected manner has contributed in no small way to make her a social as well as an artistic favorite.

Her forte is essentially in the concert room, where she is at all times a powerful attraction.

Madame Rounseville.

For more than a decade this highly esteemed Chicago musician and teacher has been permanently located in this city and has held a worthy place in the ranks of the musical profession. A native of Christiania, Norway, she was a member of a literary and musical family and while young displayed very marked talent. The first of her important teachers was Halidan Kjerulf, the famous composer and song writer, after which she was with Lindblom and later with Haberbier.

When her musical education was completed she came to this country and was among the first of the classically educated pianists to perform in public concerts. Her reputation grew larger and numerous applications were made to her to impart her knowledge to pupils. Her talents in this direction were quickly recognized, as was also the fact that the lines she worked on were in a number of ways dissimilar to the methods employed by others. Step by step, never any haste made, yet no lagging permitted, Madame Rounseville was able to produce in her pupils piano playing remarkable for its solidity, its steadiness and reliability. Flexible finger action, a light wrist and musical quality of tone are among the details of her success.

Writing of Madame Rounseville, a few years ago, W. S. B. Mathews said: "She was one of the first to bring out pupils in difficult solos independent of notes, exactly in the style of a concert performance. This principle, universally recognized as valid by first-class teachers at the present time, she carries still further than the others, applying it to the study of concerted pieces for two, three or four performers, when it is just as advantageous as when applied to solos, since it leaves the player free

to listen to the sound of the other players and to concert his own expression with others according to the demand of the composition. In this way she has brought out such works as the Bach quartet and triple concertos, several duo concertos and a variety of pieces for four and eight hands."

The recitals and musicales which Madame Rounseville gave were spoken of by press and public as among the most artistic and classical then given in Chicago and her influence toward the highest development of musical art has given her a place among the most justly honored musicians of Chicago. Her work as a teacher has been eminently successful and she is known as one of the leading authorities in piano playing in the West. Her pupils have been gathered from the most intelligent and most prominent of Chicago's citizens, with whom Madame Rounseville has social relations, testifying to the high consideration, personal as well as musical, in which her abilities, high character and great personal worth are held.

Frederick W. Root.

The most worthy son of one of America's most honored musical representatives has already in a large measure taken his father's place in the esteem of the musical world and the musical thinkers of the world.

The late Dr. George Root came of sturdy Puritan stock, and possessed many of the characteristics of his race—gifts which have certainly been transmitted to the son. Frederick W. Root is an author with the ability to express in clear language the result of his deep and earnest researches in the musical art, which to him has been life as well as religion. As a lecturer the same power has been very strongly evidenced. His compositions bear the impress of the cultivated musical taste to which his life has been devoted, while as a teacher, precept and example, persistent, powerful endeavor hold the secret of the exalted position he has won. Unquestionably he is one of the ablest vocal teachers of the day.

To private pupils the whole of his time has not been devoted. Class work has always held forth a peculiar fascination, and he has done much toward carrying out the high demands set by William L. Tomlins by demonstrating to the school teachers the manner in which children might be taught musical expression. In this way it has been Mr. Root's province to lead in a great work, and hundreds of singers who have never had a private lesson will willingly acknowledge their indebtedness to his work. Among his pupils have been a great many successful church singers, as well as a number who have won considerable success on the stage. Mr. Root is a true-hearted gentleman, of high design, strong endeavor and ever noble purpose.

Clayton F. Summy.

An account of music in Chicago would be incomplete without a notice of the work done by Clayton F. Summy for the advancement of music.

It is just twenty years since Mr. Summy came to Chicago, and he immediately entered the Sarah Hershey School, where he had as his confrères Frederic Grant Gleason, Clarence Eddy, and other at that time well-known people.

With the Hershey School Mr. Summy remained two years and then went to Lyon & Healy's. After a period of eight years he opened a sheet music business and music publishing house for himself, and in this business he has continued since. It has always been Mr. Summy's aim to assist musical artists in Chicago to the greatest extent in his power, and there are many artists to-day indebted for much of their success to Mr. Summy's sound advice and superior judgment. He was the first to recognize the possibility of chamber music in Chicago, and for that purpose engaged the Bendix, Listemann and Spiering quartets to give concerts in Central Music Hall, thinking it would be a good plan to unite chamber music interests and create an incentive to work and at the same time arouse a love for classic music in Chicago. He also instituted a series of recitals in Summy's recital hall, where young pianists of merit could make a public appearance. It was his intention to create a sort of school of criticism which would have beneficial effect upon the different pianists and also upon pupils, as doubtless it would stimulate ambition and lead to higher results if there was more public playing done by the worthy pianists of the younger generation. It is a great advantage for practically unknown pianists, but who possibly are talented, to have such an opportunity and one which should be eagerly embraced. Everything is provided gratis: hall, programs, advertising, and not only local pianists but those from a distance have often availed themselves of Mr. Summy's liberality.

In 1894 Mr. Summy, in addition to his rapidly growing publishing business, opened a piano house, he taking the exclusive management of the Chickering piano. From that time the increase of sales has been most marled, owing to the high principled methods which distinguish

all his transactions. As a business man there is no one who stands higher in the trade or in the musical profession than Clayton F. Summy.

He has always aimed to handle only the highest class of publications; he is the Western representative of Novello, Ewer & Co., of London, and also represents exclusively some of the Eastern publishing houses. So far as the publishing department is concerned, it can be positively stated that those works accepted by Clayton F. Summy are meritorious, are musically and worthy a place in modern musical literature.

Adler & Hornsteiner.

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In the year 1764 there was born in the little town of Mittenwald in Bavaria a man who has exercised no insignificant influence upon the manufacture of violins. His name was Mathias Hornsteiner, and he founded the firm of Neuner & Hornsteiner, which still exists and maintains a great reputation as manufacturers and repairers of violins. The Hornsteiner family has, during all the intervening years, been prominent in Germany among this class of artisans. Mathias left a son named Martin, who was born in 1794, and whose work attracted the attention of musicians throughout the Continent. In 1825 his son Joseph was born, and during the life of the latter he showed even



MAX ADLER.

greater talent in the line of work for which the family had become famous than any of his progenitors. At his death he left three sons, who adopted the calling of their illustrious parent, and are at present engaged in the manufacture and repair of violins—Joseph in Berlin, Martin in Mittenwald and Johann in Chicago.

Of these three brothers, who have worthily upheld the great reputation of their talented ancestors, Johann, who was born in 1862, has long been acknowledged as the superior. As violin makers are born and not the result of education, it is easy to imagine how the earliest thoughts and aspirations of Johann Hornsteiner should have been centered upon that instrument and its construction, and from being allowed by his father to do the most delicate work, he soon received from several of the greatest living artists commissions to construct violins for their use, which he accomplished to their entire satisfaction. He was also entrusted with the important work of repairing many instruments of almost incalculable value. When one remembers that hardly a hair's breadth variation in the thickness of some portion of an instrument may largely increase or diminish its value, the skill as well as knowledge required in the work may well appal the uninitiated. While certain general rules guide all violin workers, and the Hornsteiners possess many secrets which have remained in the family for generations and are closely guarded, much of Johann's success is due to a wonderful intuition, which accomplishes results thoroughly unattainable by any system or calculation. To this is largely due his success in improving even the finest instruments.

Associated with Mr. Hornsteiner is Max Adler, born in this country of German parents, who spent many years in Leipzig and Berlin under the tuition of some of the leading violinists of the world, and was afterward violinist of the famous Mendelssohn Quintet Club, of Boston, for several years. During his residence abroad he developed an interest in old and valuable violins, and during his connection with the quintet went abroad every sum-

mer and scoured the Continent for instruments of especial value.

Since they have been established in Chicago their place of business has been visited by nearly every prominent performer who has been in the city, and wealthy amateurs, connoisseurs and collectors have found their stock wonderfully interesting. Mr. Hornsteiner is acknowledged to be one of the very best connoisseurs in the world, and it is natural to suppose that in the collection of his firm will be found only violins of extreme excellence of their various grades, the cheaper ones being selected with as much care as those of higher price.

Old violins, if judiciously purchased, present one of the best investments of the age, the number of available instruments being constantly growing less, while the demand is steadily on the increase, and it is quite probable that a Stradivarius, which can to-day be purchased for \$10,000, will, a few years hence, command five times that price.

Persons residing at a distance may safely order of Adler & Hornsteiner by mail. Correspondents will be answered promptly and fully, and when some idea of the quality of tone desired and the use for which the instrument is intended is given, they can usually suit their customers exactly, but instruments will be sent for approval if a satisfactory guarantee is given.

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I am very gratefully yours,
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MESSRS. ADLER & HORNSTEINER—Accept many thanks for the fine tones you have given to my Stradivarius, and for your kind attention during my visit to Chicago.

Your very devoted friend,
EMILE SAURET.

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MY DEAR MR. ADLER—Before I leave Chicago I feel it my duty to thank you again for the kind attention of Mr. Hornsteiner and yourself. Not since I left Paris have my Stradivarius and Amati been in better condition, for which I must give you credit. With a thousand thanks, I am,

Yours very devotedly,
M. P. MARSICK.

January 17, 1896.

John J. Hattstaedt.

John J. Hattstaedt, director of the American Conservatory, came to Chicago in 1875 to fill an engagement at the Chicago Musical College as teacher of the piano and lecturer on musical history. In 1886 he founded the American Conservatory of Music, which proved a pronounced success at the very beginning, enjoyed a healthy and steady growth and is at the present time one of the largest schools of music in the United States. Mr. Hattstaedt possesses to an eminent degree the requisites to preside over a musical institution, being an excellent musician, a man of culture, great administrative abilities, safe business principles and high moral character.

To Mr. Hattstaedt's musicianly gifts and to his thoroughness in all matters of detail much of the success of the American Conservatory is due. Every ramification of the institution bears the impress of his strong personality. But there is another special talent possessed by him that has played an important element in building up the institution. We refer to his perspicuity in selecting his staff of instructors. He has surrounded himself with a faculty which would build up any institution to proportions of strength and symmetry. Himself a native American, he boldly cast aside the traditional notion that foreign teachers only are essential to the success of a music school in this country, and he engaged almost exclusively native artists, who had enjoyed the best instruction, both in this country and abroad.

Ability as a teacher and well rounded musicianship have always guided him in making selections for his faculty. Among the well-known names of the many instructors might be mentioned Noyes B. Miner, Karleton Hackett, Ragna Linné, singing; J. J. Hattstaedt, Victor Garwood, Allen H. Spencer, Gertrude Murdough, Emma Wilkins-Gutman, Florence Hackett, Jeanette Durno, piano; Clarence Dickinson, organ; Josef Vilim, Adolf Weidig, Harry Dimond, violin; Frank Robertshaw, public school music; Adolf Weidig, Hubbard W. Harris, Victor Everham, theory; Clara Murray, harp; Emma Lunny, W. W. Carnes, dramatic art, and many others.

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WALTON PERKINS, Secretary and Manager.

MR. SHERWOOD created a furore by his wonderful playing at the meeting of the M. T. N. A. in New York City last June. His playing in other large cities this season has aroused the utmost enthusiasm. He has been acknowledged by critics, the public and musicians to be the greatest American pianist. Mr. Sherwood can be engaged for recitals and concerts. He is receiving many requests from musical clubs. For particulars address, MAX ADLER, Manager,
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aims to offer to its pupils a musical education, founded on broad and comprehensive lines, thoroughly fitting them for professional work, and thereby creating a genuine musical atmosphere within its walls.

The Conservatory is located in the Kimball Building, 243 to 253 Wabash avenue, where it occupies elegant and commodious quarters. Its many teaching rooms are furnished with fine W. W. Kimball grand and upright pianos; it also contains a handsome reception parlor, office and cloak rooms, a fine recital hall and an organ room fitted with a W. W. Kimball pipe organ, a musical library and many other facilities.

Mrs. Nellie Bangs Skelton.

Both as a pianist and as a teacher Mrs. Skelton stands high in the estimation of musicians and the public. Her talent is most versatile; so much so that it would be extremely difficult to say in which she shines the more—the light and popular or the severely classical.

Since first she appeared in public her success has been of a very pronounced character, and she has certainly been sufficiently to the fore to find adverse criticism had such

been deserved. For two years Mrs. Skelton was solo pianist with the Litta Concert Company, and afterward, for a year, was at the head of her own company, besides, and in additions to which engagements have been filled in a number of the large cities throughout this country and in Canada. A few extracts from numerous flattering press opinions speak clearly as to her ability:

Mrs. Skelton is one of the leading pianists of the day. Her delicacy of touch and perfect rendition of masterpieces have placed her in the first rank.—Peoria (Ill.) Transcript.

The pianist is an artist of great taste, and her selections were very finely played. She has a remarkable touch, and proved herself an efficient accompanist, as well as a soloist.—Toronto Mail.

She has a fine, delicate touch, and displays much study and intelligence in her phrasing and expression.—Chicago Daily News.

Mrs. Skelton, the pianist, brought out vociferous encores. Her execution is marvelous, her touch sympathetic, and every tone produced is burdened with peculiar

beauty under her magic fingers.—Pantagraph, Bloomington, Ill.

Mrs. Skelton has been none the less successful as a teacher, and the progress made by her pupils well justifies her reputation. She is evidently the possessor of that rare combination—remarkable industry, complete sympathy, thorough ability and never flagging patience.

During the past two years Nellie Bangs Skelton has made a specialty of coaching singers, and several artists now before the public are doing most excellent work with her.

August Hyllestad.

Among the many pianists I have had the opportunity to hear I find only a few that are really talented artists; but among these few is particularly the Scandinavian pianist August Hyllestad.—FRANZ LISZT, in letter to the Royal Danish Assessor at Copenhagen.

August Hyllestad, one of the foremost artists of America, was born in Stockholm, Sweden, of Danish parents. Showing in his earliest youth a strong inclination for music, he commenced to study the piano at the age of five

years and soon afterward appeared in concerts in his native city.

Two years later his parents moved to Denmark, where he was placed under a very competent teacher and made so rapid progress that he, at the age of eleven, traveled through Scandinavia as a prodigy. After a year's traveling he again resumed his studies under Edmund Neupert, director of the piano department of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Copenhagen. At the age of sixteen a second concert tour through Scandinavia was made as solo pianist and assistant conductor of the orchestra with Ferdinand Strakosch's Italian Opera Company, achieving enormous success wherever he appeared.

After his second tour Mr. Hyllested stayed for about two years in Copenhagen, studying piano under Neupert, violin under Valdemar Tofte, solo violinist Royal Opera House, Copenhagen; counterpoint and orchestration under T. P. E. Hartmann and Niels W. Gade. He was then appointed organist at the Cathedral at Nykjöbing and director of the Society of Music in that place. Here he remained for almost four years, after which period broader culture was continued in Berlin under Theodore Kullak and Friederick Kiel, and the total result was offered to the crucial test of criticism by Franz Liszt at Weimar. The critique of this severe censor was summed

up in the words above quoted, taken from a private letter. A succession of triumphs followed his London appearance at the Crystal Palace and continued throughout Great Britain. A sketch of the attention paid the great talents of this pianist by royalty and nobility in the British Isles has already appeared in THE MUSICAL COURIER.

His tournee in America is well remembered, the series of concerts in Steinway Hall with Ovide Musin and the triumphal journey through the States and Canada.

Mr. Hyllested is still a young man, and remains strong in his enthusiasm and in pursuit of the fame which belongs by right to every great artist. His playing is characterized by a great sensibility and refinement and by the insistence of melody in right hand or in left, in heavy as in light passages.

Mr. Hyllested left America in 1894 and has been concertizing for three years in Europe, where he met with remarkable success, both as pianist and composer.

Mr. Hyllested as a pianist has been specially favored by courts and royal personages who are genuine music lovers. It is a well-known fact that the Princess of Wales attends his concerts in London. In this gracious act there is quite as much real love of his playing as there is of courtesy to a gifted countryman. He has also been invited to Marlborough House, and has received charm-

ing souvenirs from host and hostess. He has visited for weeks at Itzehoe, the home of the Princess Louise, who is a sister of the King of Denmark, and played several times at Holyrood House, the home of Lord and Lady Aberdeen when Lord High Commissioner of Scotland.

Last year in the course of a concert tour King Christian of Denmark called him to the Castle of Amalienborg. Prince Hans is one of his admirers, testifying sincere admiration when the pianist played at the Prime Minister of Denmark's.

Last year Hyllested was invited by the dowager Empress Frederick, who is a daughter of Queen Victoria and mother of Emperor William, to play his compositions at her palace in Berlin, and she graciously gave him presentation to various personages in England. He has also visited the dowager Empress Dagmar of Russia, who is the mother of the Czar, at the Castle Bernstorff. He was known by King Oscar of Sweden as a child prodigy. He has been decorated by the Italian Government, receiving the gold medal of the order of Per Merito Artistico Musical, also diploma of the order of Cavaliers of Honor, for his compositions. During his recent stay in England he was invited to appear before Her Majesty; Her Imperial Majesty, Empress Frederick; H. R. H. Princess Christian. He is royal court pianist to the Princess Louise.

A RESUME.

PLEASANT indeed has it been for one who lives among the musical profession to make public, however briefly and imperfectly, a few records regarding the lives of some of its more prominent members in this great metropolis of the West.

Patient and energetic workers, generous and at all times kindly natured, these are the lives that dignify any profession. Not for one moment can it be claimed that all the worthy are herein represented. There are many others in Chicago who, had space permitted, would have received extended notice, and in the attempt to disabuse the minds of all such of any intentional injustice, the following brief mention has been compiled:

In the higher circles of musical culture no name is better known than that of Mrs. Regina Watson, and no one certainly has done more during the last twenty years to advance the musical interests of Chicago. Practically and theoretically she is a master of her subject, whether as exponent of a famous piano method as lecturer on topics of musical education, or as a true and profound critic, whose opinion is always formed on a thorough consideration of every detail regarding the matter she is judging. Mrs. Watson's school "for higher development of piano playing" has long been noted, many of the leading amateur pianists owing their success to her careful instruction, her remarkable method and absolutely finished training.

Among the other old timers whose names are familiar to the musical people of Chicago are Eliodoro de Campi, the noted Italian singing master; L. A. Phelps, the popular vocal teacher; A. E. Ruff, another teacher of singing whose work has been marked by success; Elena Varesi, a one-time famous opera singer, now teaching in Chicago; Henry Schoenfeld, one of the most famous of Western composers; Adolph Rosenbecker and William Lewis, the veteran violinists, and Harrison M. Wild, the well-known concert organist, pianist, composer, teacher and conductor, who, it is no exaggeration to say, takes a high place in every branch of the profession he has undertaken.

Of the newer comers that are prominent must be mentioned that sterling artist and fine vocal master Clement Tetedoux, a French gentleman of the old school, whose pupils, especially tenors, have invariably been remarked for their excellent method of interpretation, and have every evidence of being most carefully trained.

D. A. Clippinger, too, has only entered the field as a teacher in the last few years, and has proved himself worthy of high regard for his training and the success attending his pupils. Mr. Clippinger is also a conductor of unusual ability, and directs two very prominent organizations.

Quite a new acquisition to Chicago's musical ranks is Thomas Taylor Drill, who in noticeably short time had one of the best classes in the city, and who obtained against the keenest opposition the position formerly occupied by the two best baritones in the city; that of Central Church, where he has been heard every Sunday during the past year.

Among the women vocal teachers may be named Mrs. Helen Lester Jordan, Mrs. S. Duff, Mrs. Magnus, Miss Eva Emmet Wycoff and Miss Marie Levandowska, the last named being the only representative of the Giraudet method in Chicago.

A 'Cello Travels in State.

Not often, even in these fin de siècle days, does a 'cello travel in such luxurious fashion as did that of Leo Stern a few weeks ago. Called suddenly to play in Chicago, Mr. Stern attempted to take his 'cello with him in the sleeping car. The hard-hearted railway officials objected; they did not value a 'cello as a passenger.

Mr. Stern, however, was equal to the situation. He immediately took a stateroom and placed his companion in the upper berth. Both master and instrument arrived safely and delighted the Chicagoans with excellent music. But M. Stern thinks if he travels much in this way he will soon have the dearest 'cello in the world.

Baroness de Packh—Maurice Gould.

The joint studio of these artists is a beautiful large apartment, with a grand piano, an organ, and everything in excellent taste. It is believed that the combination of a first-class vocal teacher and a well-known musical conductor promises well for the pupils. They refer with pride to the following well-known citizens of New York:

Anton Siedl, William Delamater, Dr. Friedrich Mechtold, Mme. Auguste Seidl-Kraus, Charles F. Tretbar, Dr. T. W. Gleitsman, Mme. Lilli Lehmann, Mme. Emma Juch.

Herman Hans Wetzler.

Orchestra concert, Tuesday evening, January 18. This promises to be a unique affair. It occurs in Mendelssohn Hall, with a first-class orchestra and a highly attractive program. Mr. Bispham will sing. A scene from Gluck's "Alceste" will be presented, with Mesdames Corinne Moore-Lawson, soprano, and Marguerite Hall, contralto, and several other noted artists. Further information will be found in these columns next week.

Lewis Williams in Denver with Nordica.

The following notices have just been received from Denver, where the well-known baritone Lewis Williams has been meeting with marked success in the concerts given there by the Nordica Company:

Mr. Lewis Williams sang the Prologue from "Pagliacci" very well indeed. He has a clearly defined baritone voice of wide range, but the applause and enthusi-

asm were not as great as the singer deserved, owing to the general impatience for the Diva's appearance. One of the most delightful parts of the program was the trio from "Faust," rendered magnificently by Mme. Nordica and Messrs. McKinley and Williams.—Denver Republican, December 7, 1897.

Mr. Lewis Williams, the baritone, is a first-class artist. His voice has a wide range, and was thoroughly satisfactory. He generously responded to encores for both his numbers.—Denver Times, December 7, 1897.

Leontine Gaertner.

The charming 'cellist Miss Leontine Gaertner played in Toledo on Tuesday, December 28, and she plays in Toronto, Canada, on January 1.

Massenet's "Eve."

Massenet's "Eve" was produced at the Astoria on Tuesday evening, December 21. Orchestra, the Paterson Choral Society, under Mortimer Wiske; Mrs. Anna Burch, soprano; Max Heinrich, baritone, and Ellison Van Hoose, tenor, comprised the ensemble.

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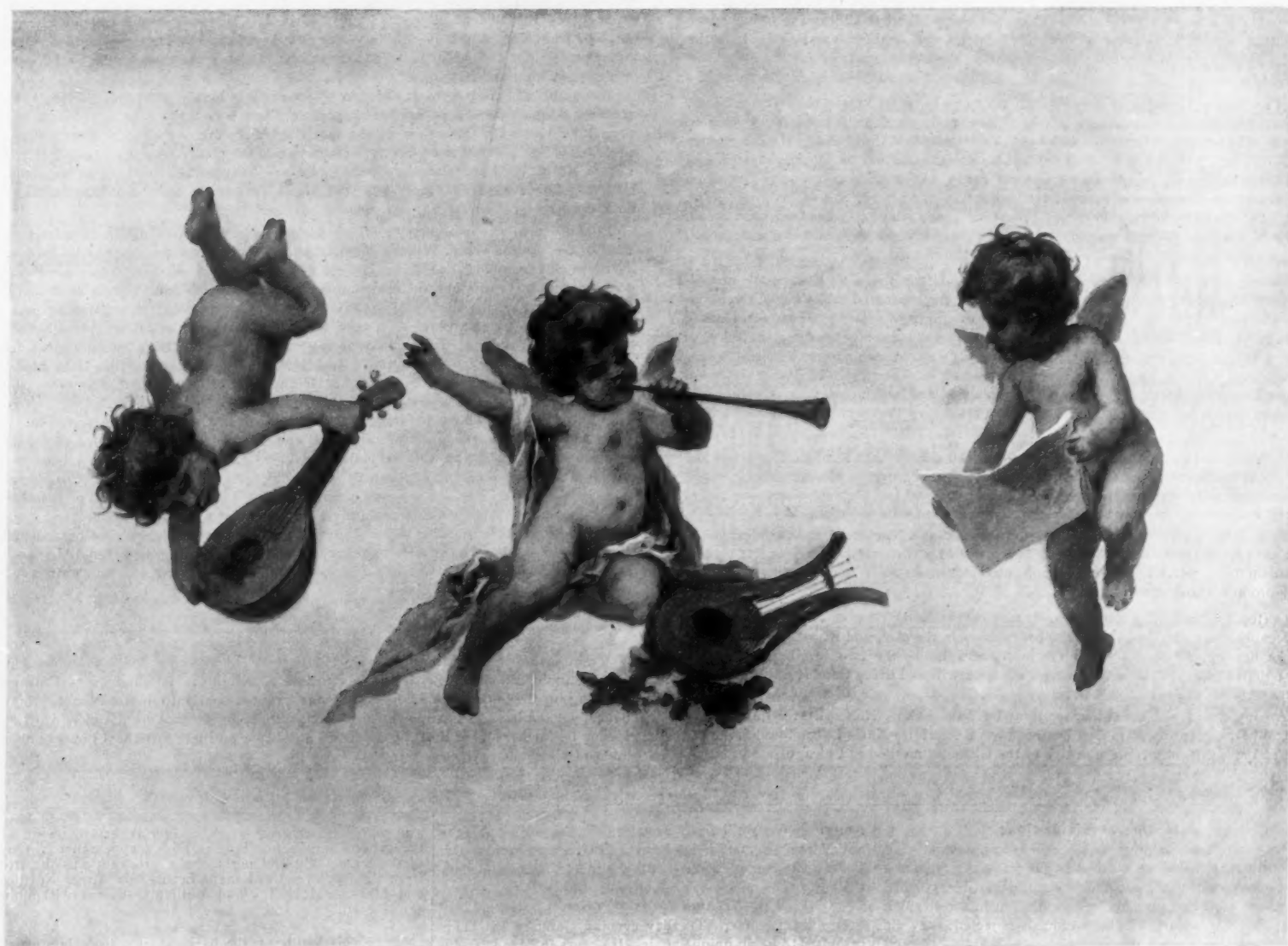


THIS paper presents two pianos decorated by Steinway & Sons, in widely different styles: one, a grand in upright form, now in the Royal Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria; the other, an enameled grand, decorated by Tojetti with cartoons of cupids.

The body of the Tojetti piano is enameled in cream color, the moulding being gilded to emphasize the architectural lines of the instrument. The legs and lyre are simple Greek columns, engraved at the top and bottom. The

The piano by Tojetti, of which we offer five illustrations, is altogether original, gracious and delightful. It is not merely an application of good decorative material to a piano which is embellished thereby. It expresses an artistic idea, choice and charming in itself, worked out with fancy and spirit on the surfaces of a piano, which it thereby transforms into an art creation; which is unique as a work of art, but also consistent with its original use and purpose.

Not such an art work as to the painting as Salvator Rosa accomplished when, being reproached with the worthlessness of his harpsichord, he said: "I'll make it worth 3,000 écus when you see it again,"



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TRIO OF CUPIDS—DECORATION ON STEINWAY PIANO BY TOJETTI.

music rack is slightly carved to admit of the very spirited group of cupids, reading from a manuscript, which adorns it. The body and lid of the piano are embellished with six cartoons, including the exquisitely dainty little pair of cupids kissing each other in the seclusion of the under side of the lid, and the round of dancing Amors (taken from the top of the lid) that form the basis of the design of the initial letter, which introduces this article.

and he painted a picture on the lid. The piano by Tojetti is a creation which is not tricked out by the addition of something foreign to its own nature; it is an art work perfected by the expression of an artistic idea in harmony with its nature and use. This is the highest because the most creative principle of decoration.

The sides of the piano are occupied with oblong cartoons of children singing and dancing. These panels are presented in this article, and also



PANEL OF CUPID ORCHESTRA—DECORATION OF A
STEINWAY PIANO BY TOJETTI.

ized by that straightforward simplicity and dignity which made his great countryman Correggio so very great. His fancy may be gayer and his composition more sportive than that of the old Italian masters, from whom he is descended; but he never passes into the whimsicality of Boucher's French humor, or falls into the chunky stolidity of this artist's imitators. And he has no fellowship with the intention of the works of the epoch of His Majesty Louis XV., winged or otherwise.

The art of the truly beautiful piano under consideration is as sincere as its application is legitimate. In creating it Steinway & Sons have added one more lovely object to the world's too small possession of beauty, and in so doing have showed the way to an enlargement of this especial department of artistic possibility.

The piano in the Astoria, which is one of fourteen decorated Steinway pianos recently purchased for this princely establishment, is finished in hand carved Flemish oak, and plays no ignoble part among the valuable pieces of antique and modern carving which furnish the oak drawing room.

No better demonstration could be afforded of the wisdom of making the piano, the appearance of which is so habitually altogether out of keep-



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TWO AMORS—DECORATION OF A STEINWAY PIANO BY TOJETTI.

the graceful trio from the front of the forelid. There is also a group of three figures in repose on the end of the piano, a pair of flying cupids supporting the cartouche on the name board, and a listening cupid on either side on the sliding table containing the music rack.

The effect of the groups is at once delicate, graceful, and naïve. No photograph can adequately reproduce the fresh beauty of these little people. Tojetti is essentially a colorist, *i. e.*, an artist depending for his modeling on the soft play of his color. In consequence his flesh has the soft texture and his limbs the gracious roundness of life—a charm which utterly defies photography. Tojetti's color is also extremely delicate and fresh. His cupids are airy figures, frolicking in ether and reposing on clouds—not composed of that "too solid flesh that will not melt"—an excellence also distinctly non-photographic.

The children which Tojetti loves to depict, and upon which his reputation as an artist has been made, are very high bred and charming types. Their little bodies are graceful, rounded, and well knit, of an age when they have escaped the boneless, fatty creases which many painters suppose to represent baby anatomy. They are one and two year old babies, such as American mothers thank God for when they put them to bed at night, for their type is American, and this adds to their charm. Tojetti has taken a period and aspect of life especially touching and normal, has idealized it, and expressed it in terms of beauty. His work is character-



PANEL OF DANCING CUPIDS—DECORATION OF A
STEINWAY PIANO BY TOJETTI.

ing with that of every other object in the room in which it stands, an artistic part of it than that offered by the total effect of the antique oak drawing room of the Royal Suite of the Waldorf-Astoria. Here the piano takes its rightful place as the most dignified and most important object in the room, without obtruding its presence by dissonance of form, color or design, with the character of the woodwork or the furniture. It is, in fact, the most reposeful object to the eye in the interior, because of the quietness of its principal lines, and the very judiciously managed low relief of its carving. Whereas the elaborately carved mantelpiece, while very striking, is not at all restful, and in fact the combined effect of the various pieces of carved furniture is sumptuous and magnificent rather than reposeful.

In assembling the various pieces in the drawing room, the property of rich and harmonious color common to all is the principle which has

The color of this noble instrument is a warm, deep brown, the only play of light and shade being obtained from its soft oil finish. The decorations in character belonging to the Italian Renaissance are rich and striking, without obtrusiveness. The dolphins, which form the legs, are especially characteristic, redolent of the Venice that bred these decorative monsters to such perfection.

The middle panel contains a trophy of musical instruments; those on either side consist of medallions of conventional ornament. The top is supported by busts of caryatides, beautifully modeled. The sides of the instrument are embellished with medallion heads of Beethoven and Mozart, surrounded by conventional frames of myrtle.

No attempt at novelty of design or treatment has been made in preparing this very successful work. Legitimate ornament has been effectively applied and executed with refinement and skill. The



THE STEINWAY PIANO IN THE ROYAL SUITE
OF THE WALDORF-ASTORIA.

been relied upon to bind together and unify the whole. No attempt has been made to adhere to any specific period of decorative art. Thus an oak chest carved in high relief, which has every appearance of several centuries of age, stands next to an exquisite escritoire of a much late date, of another artistic period and very different school. The escritoire is a delightful piece of art. The lines of decoration are well considered and richly worked out, and the little groups of figures are executed in low relief, well composed and full of spirit. It is much the daintiest and most elaborate piece of furniture in the apartment, all the furniture of which is elaborately carved and upholstered.

As the eye makes the tour of the drawing room and finally settles on the piano in the corner, it at once receives an impression of repose. The general lines of decoration are simple, the only play of fancy being found in the dolphins which support the keyboard; the workmanship and finish are exquisite, the carving delicate and artistic.

result is an object which adds very materially to a very magnificent salon, which would have been thrown into confusion and discord by the intrusion of an bonized piano case, and utterly spoiled by the advent of mahogany, satine wood or walnut, in stiff modern lines and high polish.

The artistic salon, decorated and furnished in one general style and expressing a decided note of artistic feeling, is made or marred irreparably by the piano which enters it. So large an object cannot be suppressed or ignored. The bookcases may be draped and the tables covered. The piano case defies the decorative genius of the housekeeper.

The architect has long neglected the piano to the infinite damage of his ensemble.

He will never be perfectly successful with his interiors till he includes it in his plans and designs, and works side by side with the piano maker in its production.

America's Greatest Contralto.

Mary Louise Clary sang for the third time within a year in Parkersburg, W. Va., on December 14, and was once more greeted as America's greatest contralto, a title which is accorded to her with justice, as appears from the following criticisms:

Miss Mary Louise Clary scored another song triumph in the concert at the City Hall Auditorium last evening, which may well have caused a thrill of genuine pleasure to one who is rightly called "America's greatest contralto."

We have more than once expressed our profound admiration of Miss Clary's wonderful voice and superb technique, and it would be superfluous to reassert it. Her work last night was the best she has yet done before a Parkersburg audience. There was noticeable in her singing the improvement to be expected of the hard-working, conscientious artist that she is, who takes her art seriously and is unspoiled by the possession of such unusual natural gifts as are her own. She has her voice under better control, knows its possibilities more certainly—has herself more thoroughly in hand. Her sustained notes are more even; her tonal efforts are made with more ease and confidence, while she has gained an additional sweetness and strength of expression well worthy of the wonderful voice that is its medium. It is no derogation to her artistic

dignity to say this—if she had not been so good before the improvement would have been less noteworthy.

It is hard to say in what number she was best; all were interpreted with a wealth of soul, which is one of Miss Clary's richest gifts. "The Messiah" numbers were among the most successful on the program. Miss Clary sang them as if she loved them, and the veriest clown, though he had never heard of Handel, had he heard her sing them must have loved them, too.—Parkersburg Daily State Journal, December 15, 1897.

Miss Mary Louise Clary, who twice before has charmed splendid audiences in this city by her remarkable abilities as a singer, was never heard to better advantage than last night. Her wonderful voice, combining rare natural ability with unusually fine training, truly entitles her to the distinctive title of "America's greatest contralto."—Parkersburg Sentinel, December 15, 1897.

Hans Kronold.

Hans Kronold, 'cellist, played on Sunday last, the 26th, at Rockville, Conn. At one of the Thiers song recitals in Brooklyn last week Mr. Kronold played for the first time in public a fantasia by Servais on airs from the "Daughter of the Regiment," a composition which he will repeat with orchestra at the symphonic concerts

under Chapman during his forthcoming tour in Maine. January 5 Mr. Kronold plays with the Rubinstein Club at the Astoria and will be heard in concerts out of town and recitals in New York the latter part of the same month. In February he plays in Philadelphia, and just now is engaged in rehearsal with a new string quartet, which will not, however, make a public debut before next season.

Chickering Orchestral Concerts.

At the next concert, Tuesday, January 4, at 3 o'clock, the soloist will be Xaver Scharwenka. The complete program is:

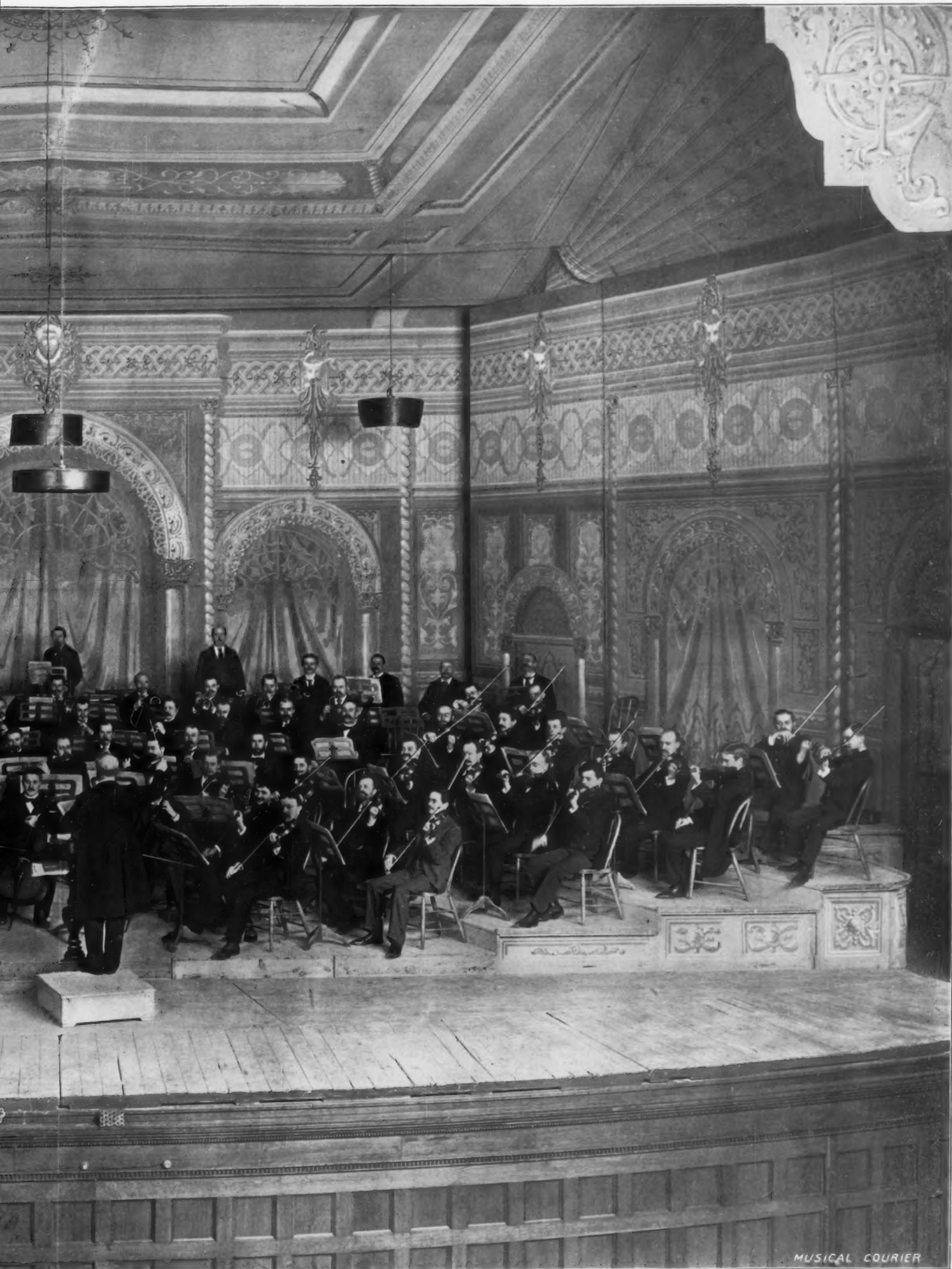
Overture, In der Natur.....Dvorák
Concerto, for piano and orchestra, op. 32 (B flat minor).....Scharwenka
For stringed orchestra:
Air.....Bach
Minuet from Don Juan.....Mozart
Nocturne from L'Arlesienne.....Bizet
Slow waltz from Serenade.....Volkmann
Piano solo, Ricordanza.....Liszt
Xaver Scharwenka.
From Die Meistersinger.....Wagner
(Prelude to the third act, choral, dance of the apprentices, procession of the masters. Finale.)

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CHICAGO ORCHESTRA, THEODORE

CHICAGO AUDITORIUM, DECEMBER



THEODORE THOMAS, CONDUCTOR.

CONCERT HALL, DECEMBER, 1897.



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BRITISH OFFICES THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVERSHAM SQUARE,
LONDON, W., December 10, 1897.

GRIEG and his accomplished wife appeared before the Queen at Windsor. Among other pieces of his own composition he played "Humoresque," "Berceuse" and the "Bridal Procession." Johannes Wolff took part in the performance of "Intermezzo" (op. 56), "Romance" from the sonata in C minor and "Alla Menuetto" (op. 8). Madame Grieg sang in Norwegian five of her husband's songs, including "Ich liebe Dich." At the close of the recital Grieg was presented with the Jubilee medal, while Madame Grieg received a brooch as a souvenir of Her Majesty.

The "Children of the King," which was very indifferently put on at the Court Theatre some time ago, has been revived there and is supplemented by some new songs for the Goose Girl and the Innkeeper. Miss Cissie Loftus was in her original part and the performance was successful.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha is said to be engaged in the composition of a sacred cantata, which he hopes to finish in time for the private performance on Christmas day.

The students of the Royal Normal College and Academy for the Blind, ably presided over by Dr. Campbell, gave on December 6, in Exeter Hall, an interesting concert and gymnastic display.

Chevalier Ernest de Munk has dedicated a new polonaise for the cello and piano to Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, Marchioness of Lorne.

There seems to be some doubt about the revival of the Cardiff Triennial Festival. It is, perhaps, the opinion of the committee that nothing can be done but wait for an improvement in the public taste of the district. It is a noticeable fact that not many Welsh people supported the last festival and that the guarantors had to pay over half their guarantee, which makes them doubly careful a second time.

Madame Friedheim, whom some of my readers will remember in America, gave a concert the 30th ult. in Steinway Hall, when she sang several airs in exquisite style and displayed to advantage a flexible soprano voice. Mr. Friedheim accompanied some of the numbers and a pupil of his—an American, by the way—H. Levey, played one or two piano solos with not very great success.

The Victoria Madrigal Society introduced to London for the first time Massenet's "Narcissus," or "Antique Idyll," last Thursday.

Tertius Noble has been chosen to succeed the late Dr. Naylor as organist of York Minster. This post, which I believe has a salary attached of £300, or \$1,500, per annum, was sought by a large number of organists. The committee gave a preliminary examination some ten days

ago, and the other day arrived at a final decision. The terms of Mr. Noble's appointment have been for the last month or so causing a great deal of commotion in the musical world, owing to what was alleged to be at attempt on the part of the dean and chapter of York Cathedral to make of the new organist a mere hireling, his engagement to be terminable at three months' notice, instead of according him his proper place on the capitular body.

Mr. Noble was born at Bath in 1867, and received his musical training at the Royal College of Music, principally under Prof. Villiers Stanford and Sir Walter Parratt. He has held various appointments, including that of organist of Trinity College, Cambridge, and for the last three years organist of Ely Cathedral. He has done some good work as a composer, having written a communion service which has been in use for some time at St. Paul's Cathedral, and more recently the music to "The Wasps" of Aristophanes, which was performed with great success at Cambridge a few weeks ago.

Mr. Adlington announces that he has arranged to have Sousa and his band come over for a series of concerts, to be given in Albert Hall, and possibly for some provincial engagements next April and May.

Mr. Van der Straeten took advantage of the presence of Herr Humperdinck in London to give an informal musical evening at his house Friday night. Among those present were the composer, David Popper, Mr. and Mrs. Sauret, Mr. St. George, Mr. Volkerk (of Messrs. Schott & Co.) and others, who enjoyed the opportunity of meeting socially this gifted and eminent musician.

Henry J. Wood, the popular conductor of the Queen's Hall Orchestra, has a quaint way of treating the members of his band like obstreperous schoolboys, says the *Rival*. "If I hear any more of that shuffling you will have to stay in till 2 o'clock!" he will exclaim at rehearsals, when 1 o'clock arrives and the orchestra begins to manifest signs of restlessness. When any individual member has incurred his displeasure he does not rebuke him in public, but goes home and writes a short note to the offender, couched in such brief language as, "Mr. So-and-So may consider himself an excellent violinist, but he would do well to give an occasional glance at the conductor"; or, "If Mr. Blank were to take his place at 10 o'clock instead of five minutes past, the arrangement would be more satisfactory for everybody concerned." Mr. Wood will often dispatch twenty of these missives at one sitting.

Mr. and Mrs. Georg Liebling gave a small dinner party in the Louis XV. salon of the Hotel Cecil, last evening. It was one of the most enjoyable social occasions I have attended for a long time, and Mr. and Mrs. Liebling proved ideal host and hostess. After the dinner, which was given in honor of Mr. Vert, Mr. Liebling charmed those present by his masterly playing of several of his own compositions, a minuet, polonaise, and a most delicate conception which he calls "The Death of a Flower," all of which, no doubt, my readers will hear Mr. Liebling play in America next year. Mr. Liebling gives his fourth recital Monday afternoon, after which he leaves for a series of recitals in Algiers. He returns to London for some orchestral engagements, when his concerto will be played the last of January. Commencing on February 2, he will give another series of four piano recitals. He is taking the example of Rubinstein, and giving at his first the works of Beethoven, at the second, Schumann, the third Chopin and the fourth partly his own compositions and partly those of Liszt, his master.

Miss Belle Brewster, who is a member of the Columbian Quartet, sails for America next week, and will visit her old home, Bay City, Mich. Miss Brewster has made herself a great favorite here socially and also among mu-

sicians. She is one of the most charming American girls that have come to London. Besides her winning personality, she has decided musical talent and a fine voice. She has studied with Mr. Henschel, and in a letter to her he very highly commended her musical talent in her manner of interpreting German songs. She gave a concert the last part of November, at Mrs. Pearson's, St. John's Wood Park, when she was assisted by Charles Clark. There was a large audience present, who were greatly appreciative of her delivery of two groups of German songs.

EDVARD GRIEG.

Once more Dr. Edvard Grieg has paid a visit to foggy London and made himself the hero of our autumn musical season. The London climate in November is not exactly to be recommended for those in delicate health, and as Grieg is none of the strongest, an attack of bronchitis welcomed him immediately on his arrival. A short stay at St. Leonards, however, has done wonders, and the Norwegian composer has been able to keep his engagements, excepting the first one.

Of all living composers, Grieg is undoubtedly not only the most popular, but also the most original and poetic. His own personality is artistically delightful and he is not to be compared to any other musician. Bülow has called him the Chopin of the North, and indeed the melancholy of his melodies, their noble grace, their bizarre fantastic character, now dreamy, now piquant, the capricious rubato, &c., give his style some resemblance to that of the great Polish master.

But this resemblance is only partial, for Chopin's soul is mourning for the tragic fate of his country, while Grieg sings of the beautiful romantic scenery of Norway and gives us fresh and varied impressions of a free mountain life. Chopin's music is redolent of the perfume of salons, Grieg's music brings the fresh odor of pine woods—he translates, so to speak, the nature of Norway into music. The magic spell of the Aurora and the midnight sun, the majestic sea, the fjords, the roaring cataracts and silent mountain lakes, the lonely heights and grandeur of the Northland scenery, are to be found in his music. He looks deeply into the heart of his country and listens to her secrets. Her fairy tales and "sagas," her heroes, her old melodies, folk songs and dances afford him an inexhaustible treasure house, and with a master hand he gives us works of such rare delicacy and striking originality as irresistibly captivate the hearer.

Grieg possesses the gift of characterizing by the simplest means and of painting a perfect musical genre picture within the narrowest frame. This musical miniature created by Schumann is his favorite style, and, like the great German composer, he often indicates by a title the poetic idea on which his lyric compositions are based. He thereby confesses himself an advocate of program music, as he stands altogether on modern ground. The wealth of his harmony, his sense of the picturesque, the coloring of his instrumentation, the frequent instrumental recitatives and unisons, show clearly the musician poet. In the connection of national elements with individual genius and modern artistic accomplishments lie the specialty and creative power of Grieg's work.

As a man, he is as amiable as his compositions, his kindness, modesty and habitual good humor making him a true friend and delightful companion. While being an ardent admirer of Schumann, he never fails to recognize the merits of other composers, both past and present. He enjoys a good joke beyond measure and has made many a good one himself. Grieg is now fifty-four years of age and spends most of his time in Trouldhaugen, near Bergen (Norway), devoted to his art. His beautiful house is situated on a mountain overlooking a fjord. Being a



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great lover of nature, he only feels inclined to compose when removed from noisy town life.

LIGHT OPERA.

The "Grand Duchess," revived at the Savoy on Saturday last, contrasts strongly the music that leapt into popularity in the later sixties with that to which we are accustomed from the pens of more modern writers. In adapting the libretto, Adrian Ross in the lyrics and Charles Brookfield have been fairly successful, but I might point to several places in which the spirit of the original songs has been lost—for instance, the substitution of the "broadsword" for "sabre de mon père." They have been so anxious to remove everything that might cause offense that they have erred on the other side and have eliminated from the piece some of its inherent fun, thus losing a large amount of the spontaneity and charm of the action. The music of Offenbach has been retained, but Ernest Ford has amplified the orchestration with very good effect. Those who saw the original creation of Hortense Schneider, who delighted thousands of English amateurs in the autumn of 1867 with her vivacious impersonation of Her Grace of Gerolstein, will agree that Miss Florence St. John has failed to reproduce the subtlety and charm of the Frenchwoman. Her reading of the title role was much too refined and confined to please those who have seen it in the original. Making allowances for her not being in good voice, she might, besides impressing the audience with her fine appearance, have been more youthful, more vivacious, more sparkling in her reading of this part—one that gives abundant opportunity for interesting the audience. There was nothing very inspiring in her love-making and there was certainly nothing in the character of Fritz, as presented by Charles Kenningham, to lure her on to amorous demonstrations. Mr. Kenningham made the part that of a man, too ignorant to be even cunning. The Wanda of Miss Florence Perry gave a consistent and delightful picture of a sweetheart. A welcome contrast to the serious side was given by Henry A. Lytton as Prince Paul, William Elton as Baron Puck and Walter Passmore as General Boom. These three gentlemen contributed much fun and afforded the audience plenty of merriment. Charles Brookfield was sufficiently non-committal as the diplomatist, Baron Grog. The other members of the cast worked conscientiously to secure an all around excellent performance, the ensemble being exceptionally good. From the British standpoint, the opera goes with plenty of dash and the large audience was unsparring in its demonstrations of appreciation. In keeping with the reputation of the Savoy, nothing has been spared in making the scenery and costumes all that one could wish; the former is a beautiful setting, and the latter a rich adornment to the opera.

The "Scarlet Feather," an adaptation of Lecocq's "Petite Mariée," at the Shaftsbury, gives us music of an even lighter vein. Lionel Monckton has done what he could to reinforce it in places, but still it is very light, and lacks impressiveness even in its most serious parts. Much has been done for the piece by Mr. Greenbank's adaptation, and the thing has been so admirably stage-managed, the costumes are so quaint and beautiful, and the acting so bright, that it forms altogether an enjoyable entertainment. Mr. Hedmond has a wonderful vein of humour, and as the Prince of Monaco was admirable. There are very few artists who could give so fine an interpretation of Tannhäuser, and then assume this totally different character with such complete success. Mr. Joseph Tapley was a most agreeable representative of the lover. Mr. Seabrooke, as the Doctor, is one of the best American comedians I have ever heard, and Mr. Snazelle represented the part of the Marquis. Miss Decima Moore took the part of the heroine to perfection, and Miss Nellie Stewart was the prettiest and most lithesome of pages. The other parts were well acted, and with this combination of talent "The Scarlet Feather" should hold its own for some time to come.

Walter Slaught, the musician, and Basil Hood, the lyricist, have been peculiarly happy in their selection of "Dandy Dan" for treatment in their latest musical comedy, which was seen for the first time in London at the

Lyric Theatre, on Saturday night. The play has had a run in the provinces, and this presentation went with smoothness conducive to the fullest measure of success. "Dandy Dan" has evidently been written around Arthur Roberts, who, with his unlimited fund of humor, makes

CONCERTS.

the most of abundant opportunities, his mimicry, facial expression, and general acting investing the role of the British soldier with interest from first to last. W. H. Denny filled the part of the love-lorn and verse-making policeman with due gravity, and scored in his song, "Cupid is a Crackman." Miss Isa Bowman infused into her part plenty of humour, and sang and danced effectively, her song to the sleeping baby in the perambulator being particularly good. The part of Lady Catherine Wheeler was enacted with becoming grace by Miss Phyllis Broughton. Frank Barclay as Rudolph Ptarmigan, and Miss Kate Erskine as his cousin, Lady Ptarmigan, were the serious lovers. The first scene, in Hyde Park, illustrating the Serpentine, its boats, swans, and life-guardsmen flirting with the nurse-maids, was particularly effective.

The fourth of the admirable orchestral concerts directed by Charles Lamoureux presented, with one exception, compositions by French composers, and was, therefore, on the whole, not as interesting as some which preceded it. The strength of the French school lies in its dramatic rather than its concert room compositions. French poets have produced no epic poem (except, perhaps, the old "Chanson de Roland") worthy to rank with the splendid accomplishments of their dramatists, Corneille, Racine and Molière. Even the mighty and many sided Victor Hugo left no epic behind him. Voltaire, it is true, tried his hand at an epic, "La Henriade," in 1723, but three years later he wrote, in his "Essai sur la poésie épique": "De toutes les nations polies la notre est la moins poétique. Les ouvrages en vers qui sont plus à la mode en France, sont les pièces de théâtre." Recognizing the fact, then, that the French are less poetic than dramatic, we must not judge too harshly of their orchestral compositions in the concert room, any more than we estimate Handel by his operas, Beethoven by his organ works or Bach by his comic songs.

The most important work on Wednesday's program was Boëllmann's symphony in F, which received its first English performance on this occasion. On the whole this work must be voted dull, in spite of many passages of great beauty and of numerous points of clever writing. There is a mixture of styles in the score which will forever debar it from ranking as a masterpiece. The principal theme is first cousin to the "Wahn, Wahn," motive of Wagner's "Meistersingers." The treatment of the "Intermède" recalls irresistibly the theme and variations of Bizet's "L'Arlésienne" suite. The unison at the beginning is not only like Bizet's treatment, but more still after the manner of the prelude to the fifth act of Meyerbeer's "L'Africaine," which set all Paris agog three decades ago. It is full of interest, however, to which a skillful canon in the octave contributes not a little. The last movement has its beauties, but the lack of anything elevated is seriously felt.

Chabrier's prelude to "Gwendoline" was no more interesting on this occasion than when Herr Mottl gave it some two years ago or so, despite the fact that it was rendered with more delicacy and better understanding by the French conductor. Saint-Saëns' "Marche Héroïque" lacks power, breadth, grandeur; in fact, it is not "héroïque" in any sense. But it does show the eminent composer in the best light as far as technical perfection in construction is concerned, although there is little warmth of feeling displayed. Massenet's dainty and plaintive "La Troyenne regrettant sa patrie" had to be repeated in compliance with a prolonged demand for an encore. The concert began with a spirited performance of Berlioz's "Carnaval Romain" overture and ended with the ever popular "Tannhäuser" overture.

On Tuesday evening Herr Richard Strauss conducted the Wagner concert in Queen's Hall, two of his own symphonic poems figuring on the program. Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner were all censured, each one in his

day, for composing music that did not conform to the standard of criticism of the age, and every new and original master has this difficulty to confront. He must first mold the minds of his critics before he can be judged by them. Richard Strauss will be condemned by some of the older critics, and unduly lauded by those who are younger and more enthusiastic writers. The younger judges will admire what they call his "advanced" ideas, while the old wisacres will classify him as an erratic comet because he obeys not the established laws of the sober planets of their solar system.

One must not attempt to measure Richard Strauss by the same theodolite that was used to mark the boundaries of Bach, Mozart, Beethoven, or Brahms. He is not of their school. Compare him rather with Berlioz, or the Liszt of the symphonic poems. He belongs to the school in which we should have classed Wagner had the "Ride of the Valkyries" been written as a concert and not as a theatre piece. In other words, Strauss tries to make music, without words or scenery, tell what Wagner used music, words and scenery to present.

He follows Berlioz, who is usually considered by the musical world a failure, in that he did not succeed in carrying out what he attempted. Whether Strauss will fail in the same manner it is yet too soon to say, but if this should be the case, his symphonic poems will prove quite as rich an heirloom as were the works of Berlioz. His harmonies are far more varied and elaborate than those of his French predecessor; the general coloring of his orchestration has more of the dark-hued and rich Wagnerian quality than of the scintillating and transparent Berlioz tint. Richard Strauss is only thirty-three years of age, and is therefore a very young man to have accomplished such great things. Even his opponents must recognize his power and brilliant gifts. But to the classicists he must seem a youthful Hercules, who, unlike the Hercules of Grecian mythology, has chosen the path of pleasure rather than that of virtue.

In the London MUSICAL COURIER of December 2, Ashton Ellis gave a masterly analysis of the tone-poem, "Tod und Verklärung." This was taken advantage of by the critics and probably no work introduced in London for years has excited so much discussion and interest. "Till Eulenspiegel's Lustige Streiche" has frequently been heard in our concert-rooms, but the composer took it at a somewhat faster tempo than we have usually heard it. For the sake of contrast, I presume, Herr Strauss began the concert with a Serenade by Mozart, for strings only. The composer himself called it "Eine Kleine Nachtmusik," and truly it is one of those child-like things in art which, now that we are become men, we have put away.

The second part of the concert consisted of the usual Wagner excerpts from "Tannhäuser," "Tristan," "Meistersinger" and "Parsifal." Suffice it to say that they were all given in a masterly manner by the young conductor, who is thoroughly in sympathy with the Bayreuth master. As a conductor Herr Strauss is unquestionably one of the best who has ever visited our shores. His beat is simple, clear, and precise, and while his movements are the reverse of graceful, he has the magnetic grip on the orchestra of a born conductor. Yes, Richard Strauss is a great man, and I can only repeat the words of Schumann: "Hats off, gentlemen; a genius!"

In Queen's Hall last Saturday afternoon Mr. Wood offered an excellent program of well-known compositions, of which Beethoven's C minor Symphony was the most important. THE COURIER has so often spoken of Mr. Wood's masterly reading of this work, that nothing more can now be added. Gluck's noble and stern "Iphigenia" overture opened the program, and Weber's perennially poetic overture to "Oberon" ended it. The overture and Venusberg music from "Tannhäuser," the masterly and inimitable overture to the "Magic Flute," by Mozart; Liszt's Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody; Massenet's "Meditation" from "Thais," and the Prelude and Liebestod from Wagner's "Tristan" completed the lengthy but varied scheme of the concert. Concerning this last mentioned number, I must again express my wonder that it is ever sung in concert, as the orchestral version of it is infinitely more

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beautiful. At the theatre it is another matter, but on the concert stage this Liebestod is invariably unsatisfactory when sung, and invariably overwhelming in its potency when played. Miss Isabel MacDougall sang in an artistic and pleasing manner two songs, one of which, "La Captive," of Berlioz, is devoid of all interest.

The Philharmonic Society reverted to their old-time generosity at their concert by giving a program of tremendous length. A very large audience filled Queen's Hall, drawn, probably, by the presence of Humperdinck, who made his first appearance as a conductor in England, and brought a new work as an additional attraction. He was given a very warm reception as he stepped forward to conduct the Introduction to Act III. of "Die Königs-kinder," which was listened to with rapt attention, but it was at once evident that the great composer is not a great conductor. He seemed overcome with nervousness, his beat was uncertain, and neither orchestra nor audience were at ease. The new overture to "Die Königs-kinder" is a fine example of Humperdinck's best style in characteristic polyphonic treatment, the various motives from the opera, prominent among them the "Royal" theme, being interwoven. It is exceedingly elaborate and complex, and requires more than one performance to enable the hearers to grasp it. The composer was several times recalled. Two of the songs, "Sonntagsruhe" and "Das Männlein im Walde," were very well sung by Madame Marchesi, the last selection calling forth an encore, in which the accompaniment was decidedly more satisfactory.

Haydn's fresh and always attractive symphony of the "Salomon" set in D, No. 2, served to open the program, and was followed by Robert Volkmann's not very interesting Violoncello Concerto in A minor, op. 33, played artistically, though not very impressively, by David Popper, who also, to the accompaniment of Henry Bird on the piano, gave Schumann's "Träumerei" and a minuet from his own pen. Frederic Lamond overcame the difficulties of Tschäikowsky's Piano Concerto in B flat minor, op. 23, in a masterly manner. A fine reading of Sir Alexander Mackenzie's overture to the "Little Minister," a work which cannot be fully appreciated in the theatre, was given under the composer's direction. Madame Marchesi was far less pleasing in the air "Où suis-je," from Gounod's "Sapho," which lies too high for her voice.

Chamber music, if it is first rate, has this valuable property—it preserves its freshness longer than any other kind of music. One can become tired of a Wagner opera, a Tschäikowsky symphony or a Mendelssohn oratorio, but I cannot conceive the possibility of a good string quartet ever becoming hackneyed. Probably the reason is that for chamber music a combination of the finest strength with the finest delicacy is needed, and an almost miraculous sense of proportion in design and detail, so that the masterpieces in this branch of art have the same quality of beauty which we admire in a Greek frieze or statue. I think one could no more become weary of hearing a quartet by Beethoven or Mozart or Brahms than one could of looking at the Elgin Marbles.

Hence it is that the popular concerts, where novelties are rare and the same works are heard over and over again, seldom fail to give a considerable amount of pleasure. But, in spite of this, it is a red letter day when a work is heard which is both beautiful and seldom performed. I was accordingly grateful to Mr. Gompertz for presenting at his last concert Professor Stanford's quartet in D minor, a work full of interest and distinguished by

the best kind of attractiveness. I do not know it well enough to offer a detailed criticism; indeed, the rhapsodical slow movement was rather hard to follow at first hearing. Still I must say that the whole is marked by rare freshness and individuality. The subjects have distinction and their treatment seemed more than merely clever. Stanford is here no dry scholar, no writer "to order." His music at once convinces the hearer that he could not help writing it, for the genuine spontaneity of its flow is unmistakable. I have sometimes found him dull, but last Wednesday every bar enchained attention and won sympathy.

Passing over the performance of Dittersdorf's quartet in E flat, I must make special mention of Miss Agnes Witting's delightfully artistic singing of two of Brahms' songs with viola accompaniment. Admirably seconded by Mr. Kreuz and Frederic Sewell, she sang these difficult songs with complete success.

The playing of Brahms' A minor quartet was a little disappointing. It was given, if I may use the expression, with too much fluency, as if the artists knew it too well, and treated it with the freedom that would be legitimate for Dittersdorf or Fesca. It may be allowable for Macaulay or Mr. Froude to read Plato and Æschylus with their feet on the fender, but Brahms—who is as great in music as they were in philosophy and poetry—must not be approached by Mr. Gompertz's quartet otherwise than reverentially.

If it was with the intention of instituting a direct comparison with the leading English Quartet party that the Cologne Quartet played the same Brahms in A minor on the succeeding night in the same hall, it must be admitted that the challengers had little to fear. Their superiority in individual quality, as well as a combined balance of tone, in finish, precision, and seriousness, was manifest. Willy Hess has on many occasions, in England and Scotland, shown what an admirable artist he is. Now he has brought three companions, who are of like spirit with himself. Their rendering of Beethoven and Schumann was as satisfactory as that of Brahms. They may not truly be described as the Joachim Quartet in miniature.

I did not attend the Saturday Popular Concert, which was devoted to Grieg, but the entrées of Lady Hallé and Mlle. Clotilde Kleeberg took me to St. James' Hall on Monday. Lady Hallé, who received a very warm greeting from a larger audience than usual (the stalls, indeed, being quite full), led Beethoven's first Rasoumowsky Quartet, and played the Romance from Joachim's Hungarian Concerto. Mlle. Kleeberg chose Beethoven's early Sonata in D major, and joined Mr. Ludwig in Saint-Saëns' Sonata for 'cello and piano, op. 32. Her playing was, as usual, conspicuous for its artistic qualities. Mr. Plunket Greene, in better voice than he has been of late, gave some Schubert songs in a way to make one wish the composer could have heard him sing them, and the striking Scotch version, called "The Two Sisters of Binnorie," of the "Berkshire Tragedy," which might have been written especially for him.

If Frederic Lamond wishes to make himself a Beethoven specialist he has a noble ambition, and I wish him all success. This seems to be his aim, otherwise he would hardly have followed the example of Rubinstein and Bülow in undertaking to play consecutively the four finest Beethoven sonatas, as well as the longest and most difficult. And this is what he did, to the satisfaction of a large audience, at his recital on Friday, December 3. I do not think that the Sonata, op. 106, received any new elucidation at the hands of Mr. Lamond, its charms still appearing as through a mist of vagueness, and its difficulties sounding as if they had been written only for the sake of their difficulty. But Mr. Lamond played the C minor Sonata very finely indeed. In spite of a roughness in certain passages, the first movement was full of life and dignity, the aria had exactly the right amount of warmth, and its feeling was sustained through all the intricacies of the variations. At a recent Popular Concert Mr. Lamond played the Sonata in A flat, op. 110, and I had to say that his reading of it was cold and expressionless. On Friday this was all changed, and he played it well, with tenderness and charm and true poetical appreciation. The "Waldstein" and the "Appassionata" completed the program, and what I cannot describe as other than a senseless portion of the audience called for an extra piece. This after five stupendous sonatas of Beethoven!

Herr Buchmayer, of Dresden, who is not only a pianist of considerable attainments, but a learned student of early forms in music, gave the first of two historical recitals on Friday last in Queen's (small) Hall. He presented several unpublished pieces, taken from the famous MSS. "Book of Andreas Bach," including a ballet by Reinken, a prelude and fugue by Böhm and a polonaise and bourrée by Telemann, all well worthy of reproduction, not only for their archaic interest, but for their intrinsic beauty. Two specimens of the "Program Sonata"—of which the "Battle of Prague" is perhaps the only instance that has survived into our days—were given, namely, one of Kuhnau's Biblical scenes and J. S. Bach's "Capriccio sopra la Contanza del suo fratello." The first, depicting the rivalry of David and Goliath, is amusing in its realism; the second has genuine feeling and beauty. It ends with the well-known "Post Horn Fugue." Herr Buchmayer provided his audience with admirable notes on the various composers illustrated.

Among other piano recitals I might mention the fourth and fifth of Signor Busoni, which were not less interesting than his earlier ones. His playing leads me to think more and more that he ranks among the first pianists. Miss Mabel Hudson, a rising young English pianist, was successful in a program that presented moderate difficulties at her recital in Queen's Hall Friday. Miss Maude Rihll, who has studied with Leschetizky, gave a concert in St. James' Hall, the 7th inst., when this young lady's playing showed musical talent of a high order. Her work gave evidence, however, of the necessity for further study before her intelligence is sufficiently developed for the satisfactory interpretation of Beethoven. Neither was her style imaginative nor forceful enough for the ballade in G minor of Chopin. Her rendering of four pieces by Schutt was more her metier, and very brilliantly played was Leschetizky's Valse Caprice, in which the master's influence was advantageously prominent.

Madame Kirsch-Schorr, who has taken up the Virgil Practice Clavier method, gave a concert in St. James' Hall last week, but owing to extreme nervousness and the cold was unable to infuse the right spirit into the interpretation of her difficult program. Madame Patti was, as usual, welcomed by an enormous audience in Albert Hall last Saturday, who insisted on en-coring her in the old way for her various selections, the first being "Bel Raggio," with "Voi che sapete" for an encore. "Kathleen Mavourneen" was followed by "Home, Sweet Home." She was assisted by Miss Clara

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Butt, George Fergusson, Andrew Black, W. Henley, a Birmingham violinist, and Madame Burmeister-Petersen, the last playing Liszt's Twelfth Rhapsody and "Marche Militaire" (Schubert-Tausig).

At Miss Macdougall's second vocal recital in Queen's (small) Hall, December 2, she illustrated her curious felicity of choice in her programs by selecting four songs from her last recital, representing old and modern Italian, old German and modern French, each song being a perfect example of its class: Caccini's "Amarilli," Sgambati's "Visione," Saint-Saëns' "Desir l'Orient," and "Es steht ein Baum." Next came Brahms, whose "Feldensamkeit" is better suited to a baritone, and whose "Verzagen," requiring as it does the highest perfection in the accompaniment, might properly be called a "Duet for Voice and Piano." The performance of this exquisite piece was a miracle of dexterity and beauty. The six "Weihnachtslieder" of Cornelius have the simplicity of feeling which is in keeping with their subject, and are indeed of surprising tenderness and charm. The last group of songs began with Rousseau's "Le Rosier," arranged with all the skill and character that would be expected from so accomplished a student of last-century song as Mr. Fuller-Maitland. Later on came what was perhaps most beautifully sung of all the program, "This Is No' My Plaid," a particularly fine specimen of modern Scotch music. Miss Macdougall was assisted by Miss Katie Goodson as pianist, and Mr. Henry Bird accompanied.

Mme. Bertha Moore, whose fascinating manner of singing and acting is well known, offered the public an enjoyable evening entertainment in Steinway Hall the 6th inst. She deserves special praise for having brought to a first hearing Miss Liza Lehmann's charming setting of "Good Night, Babette," from Austin Dobson's "Proverbs in Porcelain." One looks forward to originality imbued with grace in Miss Lehmann's writing, and this musical idyll, so well interpreted by Madame Moore and Charles Copeland, justified the expectation. With a leaning toward the folklore, Babette's song, lulling the old gentleman to sleep, is pathetic, and the refrain, with its quaint minor phrase, enhances the effect. Kennerly Rumford also sang a very pretty song by the same composer, "To Dianeme," and Charles Copeland and Maurice Farkoa contributed their share.

If Lawrence Kellie would not pander to the uncultured taste of the ballad lover, but use his pretty taste as a song writer for better things, he would not only sell his works equally fast, but would take a higher and more lasting position among his contemporaries. Matter which deals chiefly with "lagoon, moon and soon," and the tonic, dominant and relative minor, is not exactly stimulating to the mind.

Harold Charles, one of Mrs. Blehnke's most promising pupils, gave a successful concert at Queen's (small) Hall last week, when he exemplified by his fine tone and phrasing her most excellent method.

An interesting concert—especially to Americans—was given yesterday by the little sisters Ethel and Alice Dovey, who come from Nebraska, and of whom I have spoken frequently before in my letters. They have been studying under the famous teacher Madame Cellini. The concert was given under the immediate patronage of the wife of our American Ambassador, Mrs. John Hay, who takes a personal interest in these very promising young girls. They seem to be favorites with the American colony here, for, I understand, nearly every seat in the house was sold, mostly to their compatriots. I think they are fourteen and sixteen respectively. They sang Blumenthal's "Venetian Boat Song" very prettily indeed and gave evidence of possessing much musical feeling. The elder, Miss Alice Dovey, sang Goring Thomas' "Le Baiser," in which she showed wonderful sustaining powers and breadth of phrasing for a child of her age.

They have been carefully trained and expect to study for some years yet under their present excellent teacher, and will no doubt develop into fine artists. Madame Cellini accompanied them upon the piano most sympathetically. There was a long program, including "Star of Eve," from "Tannhäuser," beautifully sung by Joseph Claus, and violin solos by Miss Henrietta Murkens; also vocal and piano solos and recitations by others. I might mention the singing of Miss Edith Gray, who sang in opera in Chicago. In Max Stange's "Damon" she exhibited a splendid style and a well trained soprano voice, which she used very effectively. She also is a pupil of Madame Cellini. Miss Bowen-Cooke, another pupil, sang also, but I was unable to stay to hear her. An interesting feature of the program was the recitation by Mrs. Colbrooke of John Hay's "Enchanted Shirt." F. V. ATWATER.

A Little Less Music.

By HERM. RITTER.

IN our day, when every town of medium size has its various magazines, an exhibition of everything worth seeing in the field of industry and the world of art, exhibitions are quite superfluous. Equally superfluous, too, are the music festivals, places where human nerves are murdered en masse.

One might allow these monster affairs to pass, here and there, as an expression of the high water mark of the collective industrial and artistic movements. But as the expression of a period overproductive in its over-haste and over-excitability they are simply unendurable, because corrupting.

The managers of such music festivals seem often to have no notion what a nervous strain it is for a musician to fiddle through or blow through such a modern music festival for modest pay.

But the honor is worth something!

Dear colleague in music, even if you can scramble with your fiddle in all twelve positions with a speed of a scorching cyclist, backward and forward; if you are, moreover, an educated man, all that is no use; the manager reaps the real reward, not you. Therefore "put money in thy purse," become a so-called councillor of some kind—councillors of commission do it already—be more or less a musician, hang art up upon a peg, become a talker, urge the necessity of a music festival in some little provincial capital, and learn how—time teaches everything—to utter a good soul saving hurrah at the appearance of the great man of the place, and success is yours.

In spite of all this I maintain that the music festival is as much out of keeping in our times as costume festivals or annual fairs.

Undoubtedly these words sound comical in the mouth of a musician, in the mouth of a man who regards music as the finest flower of human culture, as a language which sounds deep in our bosom, which dragged to daylight drifts away and only touches him who lovingly understands it.

Music, however, can act injuriously, like poison or stimulants, as these things do when taken in excess.

As morphine in severe painful sickness benefits the patient, so it can in another case be his murderer.

Music can be the heaven, and can be, too, the hell of mankind. What Schiller said of the might of fire can be said of this art.

Our period seems to look on music as means of sustenance or to long to intoxicate itself with music. To such an extent does this art flood all our culture and become such a nuisance that one involuntarily cherishes the wish: "A little less music."

We are again come to the point where the world has been once already 200 years ago, when the periwig and baroque style flourished, when love for paradoxes such as

the world of romance presented, and when the so-called high flights of fancy, strange audacities of thought, unnatural because preternatural feelings, distortion of being, in brief, untrue conceptions, fictitious inner emotions, were the order of the day, and made man into a genuine Tom Fool.

To-day the demand is truth in head and heart, the battle of truth against the delusive magic world of the overwrought fancy is already to be felt in modern life. Healthy sensitiveness in opposition to the morbid suppression of the impulses of sense is the demand of modern man. Man in old times lived in complete misunderstanding of the human being, the separation of body and spirit let him swing from one extreme to the other, hence soon a quite transcendental, a quite material, view of the world. As it is with the great so it is with the small.

Out of what a hodge podge of impression is that which we call feeling often composed!

Subtle understanding, blasé over-culture, a grimacing, imbecile, operetta-like existence, ascetic and inartistic, prudish concealment of human form, glaring nakedness, childhood full of manner, simple harmlessness, want of culture in the people and in the citizen, an unspiritual Gemüthlichkeit. Here pictures of truth devoid of poetry, there a pathetic, padded out, unnatural speech, a fantastic nature, Meyerbeer opera, Wagner's high-flying poems, and then here fairy tales and sagas, there children's pieces and veristic operas with music in the Tristan style, here farce, there tragedy, much *raffine* obscenity, rarely innocent joy, and betwixt all these mankind swings to and fro, often in one and the same day.

How often is one not robbed of innocent joy by much that is thrust upon one and which one would absolutely avoid!

This is the case first of all with the finest and at the same time the most importunate art. It might be tolerable if everything that is said in music were true, that is, if it arose from a real necessary conviction. But in music, among the so-called composers, there is a lot of liars. They do not say what they have to say, but that with which they can please or make an effect, or at least believe they can. They fall partly into stupidity and imbecility, and their art is lower than the common handiwork which makes something honest. This sort of men like, when they have no evident success, to play the part of the "misunderstood" to gain thereby at least some importance. If this dodge does not turn out favorably they grow malicious and spiteful. Most art works proceed from just this kind of men, from men who have learned everything in order to put forward what is merely outside. The forms are exemplary, the colors dazzling; only one thing is lacking, the quickening something, the soul in the body, which springs from genius which never can be learned. The body is there, arms and legs, mouth and eyes are there, but within is emptiness, the pulse stops, for the heart will not beat.

These people think, by scientific investigation, to gain the mastery of an art, which is indeed a matter of impossibility. Genius and talent must be born; not till then can theoretic study, pursued thoroughly and zealously, avail anything.

The number of young composers is to-day legion. The reason—because to-day one can learn it in every so-called conservatory, in a so-called academy, or, as commonly expressed, in a music school.

To have studied the laws of beauty as well as the science of composition is by no means a justification for writing music. Many study industriously and create "made" music, which in its turn satisfies those who by temperament have not a notion of the art. Moritz von Schwind says in a letter "One can only do as one's beak has grown. What the soul grasps of itself and by which it is grasped; that is the only right thing. In this involuntary state, of being



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grasped and becoming grasped, art consists. *Deus in nobis.*" I might add this remark, "What does not lie in a man's art capacity becomes a sorry story, and happy the man who in this respect is clear about the limits of his ability."

As though men had nothing else to do than to compose; not to say to poetize in tone!

The compositions of Epigoni really take form from the adaptation of musical endowment to the limited. We need only step out of the region of men of genius, filled with the impressions and sentiments of their work, back into the every-day sphere of honest industrious talent, to see that this statement is correct. We look on geniuses with quite other eyes, they seem to us exceptions; in their works everything is gigantic, colossal in breadth and depth, while in talent all seems poverty stricken. Genius is inexhaustible and incomparable, while talent exhausts itself and betrays similarity with many others. Here all is constraint and learning; there the living formative impulse displays itself, unhindered, in its clearest form. Therefore it is that the geniuses become our classics, and their works furnish the classic ground of real knowledge of music and its nature.

But most composers are smart fellows. They soon notice where Barty gets the cider. The royalties of Mascagni and Leoncavallo will not let them sleep. Away with absolute music and on to business, that is opera writing! Hence the epidemic of opera writing and opera competition. Very interesting it is to observe how everywhere all kinds of abilities exert themselves and the most varied capabilities show themselves. One man works with industry and perseverance, according to all the rules of art, without ever producing a work of art; another, again, goes to work in a spirit of frivolity, without making any scruples that everything he presents has been already said a hundred times better. We see to-day hundreds of musicians working and striving without being effective; they collect, they put together, arrange and improve till an opera score is ready; now with the hasty pen of a dance composer, now with the solidity of a professor of music, then in practical popularization, then in abstract meditation. Hence the phenomenon that we behold the most different qualifications, some more, some less qualified, and the latter must consequently be content to work in various spheres. How often have differences of opinion in the field of music led men into the most violent enmities! How great the conflict of opinion in their field is can be seen in the æsthetic cook books, in which æsthetic recipes are fixed up and puffed up till it makes one sick and sorry.

Æsthetic, in which the sole and only question is the Beautiful, is the childhood of the science of music that has been deduced from the works of Haydn, Mozart and the young Beethoven. The gay vivacity, the divine cheerfulness, the joy in beautiful melody, in well-ordered construction which sufficed of themselves, all gave way to melancholy resignation, which often sounds like a metaphysical speculation, and to the defiance and pride of the pessimist Beethoven at war with fate. Then, again, music exhibits spiritual contents; the value of a piece of music is placed in what is characteristic and reflective of some mood, just as we find it in the program music of Berlioz and Liszt. The æsthetic of music has nothing to do with the æsthetic of the other arts, because music is something else than a mere art. Only the skill which belongs to the performance of music is art, music itself is an expression of the soul.

By the constitution of the world, and with it, of all man-

kind, there must be different intelligences, great, medium and small. Each of these deserves esteem in so far as it does not overrate itself, and neglect to appreciate truly the means bestowed on it. Small in any case is the number of those who are endowed with great powers, with genius, and who therefore are called to work in wide centres. Personal vanity and a striving for originality give many composers no rest, and so we have the monstrous masses of the works of the Epigoni and the excrescences of the search for originality.

Rare are men with the fiery soul, with the primeval delight of the recklessness of genius, with the energetic will, whose words and tones fly over all the earth and echo in thousands of heads and hearts. Rare indeed are such men, and rare is it that they appear at the right time and walk in the path which nature had pointed out to them.

The world might have quite enough of these genuine musicians, but like a pack after its game once started, a crowd of young stragglers fling themselves on the novelty they began by mocking, in order as soon as possible to exhibit to the world the originality in it as newly acquired capacity.

And who must pay? The dear Public. Woe to it if it refuses and holds back!

But the public is as indulgent as paper, and has, according to Saphir, an æsthetic stomach which is as like the real ones as a stocking; it can be dilated and contracted, in fact become accustomed to anything. Saphir means that this stomach if it once is hungry when it cannot get pheasants puts up with mutton, and at last finds it to its taste.

What must not a poor musician listen to in a week? Etudes, scales, finger exercises, sonatas, concerts and operas of every kind of style. And how nonsensical, how unnatural is such an opera for the most part! What cares the composer for words and actions! He is resolved to make music. Hence most composers are very little bothered with words or action. Music takes up the words pick-a-back, and begins to curvet with them. Patch on patch, rag on rag are put together, and the harlequin dress of the composition, be it opera or music drama, is complete. Then begins the abuse of Berlioz, Liszt, Wagner, in spite of the fact that they have learned most from these Titans, and consideration with Tom, Dick and Harry is for a short time at least assured.

Verism in opera has become the fashion, for instance, although the ideal language of music opposes it. There is a contradiction between the figures of the petty provincial world and the pathos in which they express themselves. As there was a Beethoven epigone, so now we have a Wagner epigone. Until something peculiar again arises this must be first subdued.

Young musicians ought, before they proceed to the composition of an opera, be first examined by a physician, for such a design is in most instances morbid. Most of the operas written to-day suffer from the fact that they are not music dramas, but bad oratorios.

The dramatist often outweighs the musician, and then reproaches against the operas are badly chosen. The cause of the opera epidemic is for the most part a hope of big royalties.

How many young musicians are there whom the royalties of Mascagni and Leoncavallo would not let rest till they had put an opera score on paper? What then? One or two consecutive performances, then a crash and collapse in another theatre, and then disillusion. Nothing but disillusion.

Yes, if Richard Wagner had not lived there would have

been a golden age for opera composers. But no, for then the opera writers would not have been in existence.

Lucky Germany!

Thou art the land of music and societies. No village is so small that one or more societies have not been founded in it; in larger towns, more; in cities, still more. But one must have amusement, too; music, singing, flags, scenery, fireworks, eating and lots of drinking—these are the ingredients for the German society man.

Everything with music! Without music even the Upper Bavarian cannot brawl. With music the little newly arrived citizen of the world is saluted, and it never leaves him alone to his dying day!

What can be done with this overgrowth of the human sense of hearing?

Nothing!

We men differ in birth, age, health, strength, endowments, industry, energy, education, vocation, &c.

How can I then ask everybody to be of my views? What is true of the difference between men is that of men in reference to music. It is not all music that suits every man, and it is not every bit of music that suits all men.

The reasons for which men feel themselves attracted to music are fundamentally different.

What a plague in modern life is the incomprehensible fashion of musical instruction on any musical instrument! Usually it is the violin or piano which is learned to a certain degree in a purely practical way without the necessity of an education in artistic views being even considered. A kind of vanity of modern man, this purely practical execution of music on an instrument that entails much waste of time and money, and brings no advantage in return! For with a slight fragment of instrumental technic one receives no conception of real art and its nature.

The enormous sums spent for private lessons by parents in good faith that their children will become musical, sums which stands in a frightful proportion to the usual school fees, had better to-day be paid for material subsistence.

Look at the work of the young music-studying people and you will say that I am right!

Musical instruction is cheap enough. We live in the time of 50-cent bazars, tinsel everywhere in place of gold, show outside, nothing inside. In a word, "Very elegant and not dear" is the motto of our day in other things, as well as in music, and produces a terrible lot of mischief.

For the musician the well-known proverb, "Dem Glücklichen schlägt keine Stunde," must be altered into "Der Glückliche giebt keine Stunde."

But I hear the reader ask, Has music no ideal, educational value?

An ideal value, perhaps, but also an educational one?

As it is usually carried on among the laity, it is, in my opinion, of remarkably little educational importance.

Dear reader, have you ever given a so-called music lesson?

"No," I hear you answer. Then never wish to do so!

"But I thought you loved your art?"

"I do not love my art! Oh, a giver of lessons by the hour has nothing in common with an artist! The first is like a common quack to a real, sterling, well educated physician. True art is as thoroughly different from the so-called music lessons, teaching especially the millions of piano and violin lessons which are annually given to the human race, as an artificial rose is from a natural one."

"You exaggerate. Nobody listening to you would regard you as the ideal man for which you pass."

"About that, dear reader, you know nothing; it lies outside your judgment. But learn. Nothing is more re-

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markable than the capriciousness of artistic fortune. Prescribed by contemporary authorities, many a fiery spirit plods wearily through life, that is, sinks down to giving lessons. So it is frequently with the ideal vocation—music.

"Is it really so bad?"
"It is so bad!"

The man who in early days suggested the idea of angels singing and playing in heaven was assuredly no musician.

If he had been compelled to occupy himself with music every day for six or eight hours, often in the most humiliating style, he would have represented heaven as a place of repose and peace. The heaven of a musician who has been tormented on earth ought to be reposeful.

"And you openly say all this?"

Yes, sincerity and truth cannot flourish in confinement; absolute freedom is the soil in which they grow.

"Can you not comprehend, then, that we men dependent on the State, on Society and on—"

The Church you would say. Say it out openly.

"So you remain the same old *Duseler* (sleepy-head) of freedom that you always were!"

Not exactly a sleepy-head, but a champion, for I hate sleepy-heads.

If Germany had not for centuries been sleepy-headed, written poetry, played music to excess and lulled itself into dreams, it would be more ahead. With sorrow, I must say, that what it would like to have in the field of colonies other nations have possessed long ago.

Here, too, I say to the Germans, "A little less music."

"You speak out pretty freely."

Why should I not do so? We men are no longer like the oldest Greek statues of Apollo, attached to the wall, but stand out free, one side presented to the world, the other turned away; that is, we have two tendencies:

1. To be alone by ourselves.
2. To associate with men.

Come, dear reader, let us sit down by the fireplace!

"A stove and a fireplace in one room is new to me."

I love such an open fireplace, even if it does not warm the room thoroughly, yet it accords with one's mood, especially now in the twilight. The stove warms the room, the grate fire lightens up the gloom of the twilight, in which one often has beautiful thoughts and works. Productiveness seems everywhere, when we observe it, to love the mysterious darkness.

"Therefore, I suppose much of your writings remains dark."

That may be so, dear reader, but I am not the man I was twenty years ago. I have changed because I have educated myself further by meditation on the World and Man.

The impulse toward truth and an insight into the immutability of the natural course of events, seem to me to be the soul of the modern man. Nevertheless, there are reactionaries who, with desperate exertions, seek to reconquer at least a part of the old. They are and were the Ortrude of all ages.

Very funny people are these aesthetes and art scholars who prescribe to the artist laws and rules about how he has to produce his work, and who expatiate thereon in thick folios. As if such things were ever decided by scholars! That would be a tyranny over free art. Such people who owe their so-called knowledge of art chiefly to the back of their heads, that is, to their ceaseless industry, have, without being born of artistic disposition, often painted correct pictures, written correct verses, have even composed music correct to rule. But they understood better how to write and talk about art and artists. Especially at the present time when men are thirsting after so-called "culture lectures" of all kinds are such articles in demand.

"Certainly. Yet it is not always easy to find a fitting

theme, and it is always hard to work it out in an imposing and pleasing manner."

Bah! Let me give you the following advice. By this recipe it is easy to deliver a lecture. You are surrounded by a circle of persons thirsting for knowledge, who in silence will digest, or not, whatever they hear. You have chosen a theme; it is a good plan to pick out some famous man, and then maintain the direct opposite of what he is aiming at, or has already achieved. That makes the blind crowd respect you. Take for example "Bismarck and His Century." You paint Bismarck's work as quite useless. Call him an old swashbuckler and indicate how you would have done it. Or another theme, "Darwin and the Apes." In this lecture you can show that men do not descend from apes, but apes from men. This creates astonishment. If you illustrate this in your person so much the better. Or you can take a favorite theme in this music-flooded age, "Richard Wagner and His Art." You demonstrate that he based his art work on false conclusions. Before all things you will always remain "objective," and hold the Horatian doctrine, *Nil Admirari*. Do not betray that you have never set foot in Bayreuth and that you have but just seen some of Wagner's creations. Prove conclusively that it is impossible to weld the arts of music, poetry and dance as Wagner does, and proclaim that such a union takes place only at the cost of the effect of each separate art. You sketch the forced marriage into which Wagner compelled the various arts, and say that such messalliances in art can be tolerated under no circumstances.

It will be pertinent to set Brahms against Wagner, or even the so-called classics—especially Mozart, who, you will remark, ruined Wagner by his principle of beauty. Lay on Mozart the whole blame for your not understanding Wagner, and then you are out of a tight place. Wagner's hatred of the Jews, his doctrine of vegetarianism, his sermons against vivisection, and his employment of noisy brass instruments will aid you to depreciate him. Then you come out with warm praises for the classics, and the victory is yours.

"You are still the old grumbler and mocker. Do you know that this is the reason why you are not regarded favorably by the people whom you least suspect?"

Do you fancy I have so little knowledge of mankind? I possess a pretty good ear, my nose does not yet bear spectacles, although it would be fitted for them, but my eyes need none. I know quite well that people hate me because I venture to see beyond my long nose.

"Well, you are worse tempered than you used to be."

Just tell me, dear reader, can the poetic ability of a man be commanded? Just as little as a religion can be embraced by command.

"You are always calling me 'Dear Reader,' which I really am not. I am doctor and professor and a philologist."

That is quite a matter of indifference in the case of this conversation. Old rusty remarks about art and artists, especially about music, I have heard enough of from connoisseurs of every kind. Most of them think that, by the so-called "humanist" culture which they praise so highly and often, they can become judges of the works of the geniuses of musical art, although the chief thing—the soul of the artist—is lacking. The ideal course of study of an artist is quite impossible for such laymen as only graze it in order to get some practical comprehension of it. Only the man who by nature has grown up in artistic views, and himself shared in them, assuming always that he possesses a normal culture of spirit and heart, has the right to speak about the matter. Those folk are seldom in a condition to give themselves up regardlessly and enjoy the impression which a work of art makes. They must talk about it, often before they have felt it.

Hence I prefer that dilettantism which serves art by a

ready understanding; it promotes art more than scholars, with their analytic sense and one-sided culture, that is, more than only technically educated professionals ever do.

"But ought not finally the true philosopher get to the bottom of the art of music by counting and conceptions? By definitions and numbers everything can be demonstrated."

In music, just as in religion, there is no use beginning with counting, nor even with conceptions, for as soon as we touch these factors we lose the enjoyment. Man, however, is as curious as a little child that will not rest till it has spoiled its toys, and then lost its temper.

Such a learned gentleman proceeds like Elsa in "Lohengrin," or like a tax-gatherer, when he asks a statement of accounts from music, or from artists and works of art a proof of capacity.

It is just as when Elsa, at Ortrud's suggestion, asks Lohengrin: "Hapless beloved one, listen, what I must ask. Tell me thy name, whence thy journey? What creature art thou?"

To which Lohengrin answers, "Alas! now all our happiness is over."

In the well-known recital of the Grail Lohengrin speaks words which are applicable to art and to those who wish to know the Absolute, what it really is, and how it looks in its inmost being. "In a distant land, unapproachable by your steps, lies a castle named Monsalvat." And again at the conclusion, "Of such an exalted nature is the blessing of the Grail that unveiled it escapes the eyes of the layman, of the Knight therefore you must cherish no doubt; if you recognize him then must he leave you."

Wolfgang the Great is in this respect my surety. In "Faust" he says:

WAGNER—The human heart and spirit,

Would fain know all!

FAUST—Yes, what all men know!

MARGARETTE—Thou dost not, then, believe?

FAUST—Who dares * * *

* * * confess?

Feeling is all.

"Who, then, according to your views feels music purely and serenely?"

The genuine, true man, to whom religion, art and science are only points of transition to true humanity.

But there are too many different and one-sidedly educated men, Philistines and poets, mystics and rationalists, bourgeois and gentle—each of these different classes finds his class of music. For example, the rationalists wish to comprehend music with the understanding, to measure it if possible, to see rather than to hear it. They prize Bach especially very highly, and the composers whose music they can reckon up and think over they claim for themselves.

Now for such people there is a peculiar style of music which one can name academic. Academic music and Hegel's philosophic style seem always to me somewhat akin. Both stalk about in old style school clothes, with a fillet round the head to keep their hair from straggling, and provided with a corset of logic.

So as to what one demands from music and how one regards it, I merely quote Goethe's words, "If you do not feel it you cannot win it."

Too often I notice that scientists who, as such, were learned, but one-sided men of understanding, think to get at the art works of the newer great composers, especially of Richard Wagner only with the understanding. These people do not care for enjoyment, they forget, or never imagine, that an art work of that kind cannot be enjoyed by conceptions of the understanding—that is, cannot be measured, but must be felt in the heart.

The man who has not this faculty always goes astray concerning the enjoyment of a musical work.

Christianity demands of its professors faith in love. So does music in her genuine grand manifestations, which

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seldom or never can be measured by current æsthetic conceptions. Especially is this the case with the last creations of Beethoven, and the works of the newer masters, Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner.

Music cannot be weighed with conceptions. There philosophy is at an end, and the man who lacks the feeling for music lacks a great deal.

To be able to rightly enjoy the musical works it is requisite to know what is to be demanded of music, and what it expresses.

What cannot be said in words, but at the same time cannot be left in silence—that is what music expresses. No year-long thrashing of finger exercises and practicing of the most inferior musical literature, on the piano or on the violin, leads to the enjoyment of the great masterpieces of music, but an ear trained in a good school of singing or choral singing in connection with love and devotion for music in general.

Here, too, I repeat "A little less music."

How seldom do the hundreds of thousands of children attain to any understanding and enjoyment of music by the current one-sided instruction in music!

Instead of the joyful rapture over the delights of this art bitter repentance over the time uselessly frittered away and the injury to body and soul as the consequence!

Why do most people take to music? To divert and entertain themselves.

Is music mere playing? I say, where it implies an ethical force, as in Beethoven, no! There music ceases to be playing, for playing has no other end but its own end.

Playing is a business to occupy oneself with. To thousands on thousands music is mere playing, to ask for anything further never comes into their views. Pleasure in kling-klang, love for sing-song, to pass the time with a certain pleasurable, and joy in dexterity of playing, are the reasons for the playing impulse in many so-called musicians.

In this sense I am no friend of music, and declare the many noisy pieces of handiwork on various instruments is just idle earflaying, and here again I say "A little less music."

These men had better go occasionally for a little money to a regular concert of artists, and leave the production of music to those whom nature has destined thereto. Most music-loving people ought to be trained to enjoy music, but not to make music themselves.

The playing public has already everything in music. Go

to the window of any music publisher's store and see!

For every degree of difficulty, for trained and untrained hands, for every age, for every temperament, for every character, the speculative music dealers have music prepared.

Music for every part of the body, for the head, for the heart, for the legs, for the rest.

The vanity of many music-playing laymen brings nothingnesses to high repute.

When such nothingnesses, who stand in no connection whatever with art, rush into music, then one ought to cry energetically, "A little less music."

There are two kinds of music. One growing out of mankind's impulse to play, the other, which is purely the expression of the deepest feeling. I hold with the latter, and think, if art is only subservient to nervous gushing, to amusement, its lowest standpoint is characterized in these words.

Now I leave to the honorable gentlemen who do not agree with me their noisy playing pleasure and the heaven which they believe they have won after death by a God-pleasing existence. At all events, singing and playing angels see to it that the art which they practiced on earth remains eternal, for of music there is no end there! Only for us musicians this heaven is hell, for we must go where there is quiet.

Or do we belong to hell?

Who knows?

How is the cause to be found for this present overproduction in the musical field which proceeds from nervous overhaste and over-excitement?

Very simply.

Time has rendered it possible to learn the technic of musical composition, as well as the technic on a musical instrument.

In this facility of learning lies the cause of overproduction.

Under the notion that one can learn the language of music because one can feel it, just as the child can learn its once-one-is-one, or the carpenter to make a table, or the tailor a coat, so thousands betake themselves to music and afterward often terribly repent.

In perpetual struggles, under continual disappointments, and by a blind impulse, they go on producing, without asking themselves whether what is offered responds to the demand, without caring whether everything which one has to

say has not been said a thousand times better already, without reflecting that it is only the external "making" of art that has been learned.

Perhaps the works of these men please, but it is with a borrowed, reflected light.

These men by their own strength cannot rise above the crowd of rivals.

Well for them that their receptive faculty for works of the great geniuses existed in large measure, without whom they would never have attained to production, which is really not their own! It is lucky for such composers that they experienced momentary success, by which the spectre of disillusion is for a time changed into sweet illusion! But this was only a momentary satisfaction, for already another surpasses considerably the work from which a success for life and beyond life is hoped for.

The business now is to find out something which shall beat everything else, and make everybody stare.

Now the work begins, thinking day and night, sneering at the great men whose good fortune came in their sleep. By the aid of some protector such piece obtains "mit Ach und Krach" a few performances. But again in vain, for hundreds of others have done the like.

"Onward, onward!" cries an inner voice—"you must attain, for the flame which burns in you is really existing; it is real light, is your light! Why should not this light shine as well as that of others?"

Then from unstilled longing comes more composing, even though the nerves are already knocked out. Those composers are to be called lucky who never trace their nerves, who have such strong nerves that they can compose when they will, by day or night, in bad weather or fine, or when they please.

Then again it is repeated, "At any price, in any case be original."

The impulse to compose, which has already become a bit of vanity and a struggle, soon matures the most peculiar, most abstruse musical perversities, to which all that is blasé, over-excited and unnatural stand godfathers.

The composition now swells with quite "new effects," and the wight of a composer fancies that, because his aunt and some ignorant members of his clique admire, he is really an original.

Then the hunt goes on, and association with such a musician, who is living almost a sub-tenant of some great man, is one of the most intolerable and depressing things; because he speaks only of himself and his creations; in

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brief, because he always makes himself the centre of the conversation.

After an opus number, three times larger than Beethoven's has been reached, death after long neuralgic sufferings frees the hopeful musician from all troubles, and a funeral with music is the only thing which he perhaps prefers to most mortals.

Then he who struggled and toiled is released from the torturing pressure of the necessity of producing, and the so often desired peace is his reward. Quietly as he rests in the grave, so quietly lie his creations in shelves and libraries without ever again awaking to life.

Such, most often, is the lot of many composers of today, in whom there must be a monstrous stock of Geist to attain to any degree of importance, which for the most part is extinguished with their own decease. It is lucky for such people that they at least believe in themselves. In view of such facts, young people must be warned against the choice of the ideal profession of a musician, for in no field is the battle of life, when the question is of bread-winning, more hideous and repulsive than in that of the ideal life.

Unfortunately, one often meets many such men, who appear as the products of the present time, nervous, over-excitable, troubled, moreover, with cares of all kinds, bad tempered, and not strong enough to bear the truth. These men are accustomed to nothing else than to live in delusions, and in turn to delude others.

What has been said, in this respect, of composers is true also of executive musicians, whose pay to-day, as a result of extraordinarily strong competition, is but poor for what he has to perform. Disappointment, weak nerves, resignation, dullness are found in many whose fancy in youth had painted the future rosy and famous. I believe that in a hundred years musical execution will be a dilettante side business of various vocations—barbers, officials and the like.

Who is not reminded by this exaggerated hurry and chase after fame and gain that takes place to-day in the field of musical activity of the following proceeding, which we have every year an opportunity to observe:

Into a large, tall glass vessel, intended properly to hold fruit, the young scion of the house, out of an innate love for despotic power, has placed a hundred May bugs to amuse himself with their imprisonment and to satisfy in such fashion the feeling of dominion over others—even if they only are May bugs.

What a swarming, crawling, jostling, shoving, climbing; what a wrestling for liberty, for independence, for power to stand alone!

See how one May bug with red wings hovers, raises himself above the others, apparently in consciousness of his peculiarity!

Scarcely has he climbed up so high that he has but little trouble to pass over the edge of the glass, when ten others pull him down from the height he has reached into the crowd, from which by some kind of an accident a little inconspicuous May bug becomes free in his movements. Taking advantage of the moment, he spreads his wings and flies out of the glass.

All the others gaze with astonishment on this enviable fellow, who apparently has, with such little bustle, attained liberty and his goal.

Then all scramble again, spread their wings, move them as the lucky one has done, but alas! there is no flight upward.

Only one of a hundred attained its goal, all the others succumbed in a brief time to the exertions of their imprisonment.

The spiritual heaven is like the heaven that stretches above our heads. All lightning flashes do not kindle, nor do all productions of the spirit strike, although they owe their origin to the hope of striking and kindling. How many musical compositions appear every year, how few kindle! Statistics give astonishing figures on this point. It

would be a good way to dam up the deluge of music if, for reasons of state, every composer was compelled to be a publisher* for a year.

How many discouraged, ill-humored musicians have I already met in life who despised the world and mankind, as if they were to blame for the non-success of their compositions which had outlived themselves even in the author's lifetime!

How many vain men have I found among the composers I have met! They lusted for admiration, yet felt a necessity of being envied; if neither admiration fell to their lot nor envy excited by them, they felt themselves despised and became crushed, disagreeable and hateful. I saw but few who were fortunate and content; these knew that in no art is the fame of the artist so transient as in music. Connection between artist and hearer (unless it is continually renewed) vanishes when the last resonant undulation of air has spent itself. And here, too, lies a main source of the great overproduction in the field of musical composition.

Going to Europe.

"WHO am I? Only a girl in America with musical talent, and, oh! if I could only get to Europe, that Mecca of Music! If I could only get into that musical atmosphere, would not I show the world something wonderful? Yes, I'd accomplish wonders. Why, I'd be another person—something ethereal!"

This is the cry of so many of our American girls. They have such an abundance of imagination and genius, bless your heart, they are on the verge of insanity. Their common sense is gone.

Well, they say, "I can study in America, but what will I accomplish? Just learn a few simple things of everyday occurrence, such as beating time, singing or playing the scale and other uninteresting rubbish." This is just what they need. If they could really get to Europe to have their germ of genius expanded until it burst the very bones of their heads, they'd find the same dry, uninteresting routine to be gone through if they found a good teacher.

No matter where we are, in Klondike, Paris or Chicago, truth is truth, art is art, and there's no royal road to it, either.

What is art, by the way? Some say something beyond me—something up in the stars. They are mistaken. Its principles are embodied in simple, righteous, everyday life. These are found in America as strong and beautiful as in Europe.

Yes, you say, but look at all the big stars. They are not righteous—not even moral. No, I answer, they are tricky and know how to get there. They can fool people (and how folks like it!) so that they get the wildest applause. Recalled fourteen times are they.

Of course we owe everything to Europe. She is our very parent in everything, but the principles of art can exist when once brought over and flourish and grow here just as well as on the other side of the ocean. The Americans are more capable than Europeans in many ways. Why should not they be as teachers of the arts? The Europeans say that we are too bent on making money. I ask where would some Europeans be but for us? Indeed, I think the dollar rules these very European art teachers more than it does our American citizen.

I'll tell you what you do get if you go to Europe—a mere name, a hollow thing that does not do you any good as far as art is concerned, but it does financially. So, if you must have your credit based on a glaring humbug, go. But if you are going to make your success on merit, genuine and true, stay in America and study.

CHICAGO.

*The word publisher (verleger) ought long ago to have altered into rejecter (vertreiber).

Two Amiable Singers.

THE articles published in the Sunday Tribune about Thomas Gray and his nine manuscript volumes of music give the author opportunity to bring forward some curious and entertaining information about old time singers. Of men singers whose names are recorded in the volumes there is quite a long list:

Appianino, Amorevoli, Babbì, Bagnolesi, Barbieri, Bertolli, Caresini, Celestina, Cuzzoni, Farfallino, Farinelli, Faustina, Gizziello, Lorenzino, Manzuoli, Monticelli, Scalzi, Senesino, Strada, Tesi, Turcotti and Vicontina, of whom Farinelli was the chief.

Of Gray's women singers four deserve to be called great—Faustina, Cuzzoni, Tesi and Strada. The rivalry between the first two, says the Tribune writer, led to one of the most famous wars on record:

Cuzzoni was the first on the field in London, whither she came in 1723, engaged by Handel. She had a wonderfully sweet voice, and though neither pretty of face or figure she enchanted the subscribers to the opera. Already at her second performance the directors, who had engaged to pay her 2,000 guineas for the season (the story was told that she refused the equivalent of \$48,000 for a season in Italy), raised the price of tickets to four guineas. But the salary question was made to be her undoing. A few years later, at the very heyday of her popularity and height of her rivalry with Faustina, some of her supporters in the nobility persuaded her to make a vow that she would not take a penny less salary than Faustina received. She had worn out her popularity with the directors by this time, and they took advantage of her vow to rid themselves of her. When it came to a renewal of contracts they offered Faustina one guinea more than Cuzzoni, and the latter left London.

Had Cuzzoni's amiability been as great as her musical gifts she would probably have held out against the rivalry of Faustina better than she did. At first she had the town completely with her. For a whole year immediately before the arrival of Faustina in 1726 her costume in "Rodelinda" set the fashion for the ladies of London, who wore brown silk gowns, embroidered with silver. But she was capricious and ill-tempered. It was the devil in Cuzzoni that Handel threatened to cast out in the name of Beelzebub, the prince of devils, when he dragged her to an open window and threatened to hurl her out on the stone pavement below unless she sang one of his airs as he had written it. She came back to London in 1749, but never regained her old popularity, and her last days were pitiful in the extreme. She disappeared from public view, and is said to have supported herself in her old age in Bologna by working at the trade of button-making. Faustina had a nature which was as lovely as Cuzzoni's voice, and a voice which in a sense offered a parallel to Cuzzoni's nature. She was a noble Venetian, beautiful of features and form, with a mezzo-soprano voice reaching from B flat below (one air in the Gray books goes down to A natural) to G in alt, but which was rather hard and brilliant. She had a "fluent tongue," 'tis said, but was wise enough to use its fluency in singing rather than in gossip or controversy with opera directors.

In her warfare with Cuzzoni she had the men on her side and Cuzzoni the women. The most notable illustration of this division of sentiment was to be seen in the household of Sir Robert Walpole, when the noble lord fought under the banner of Faustina and his lady wore the colors of Cuzzoni. But the lady was the better diplomat of the two, and used to have both singers as her guests at the same time without disturbance of the peace, though eventually they did fall to it tooth and nail in the face of the public. The Countess of Pembroke led the Cuzzoni faction, which seems to have been the first to resort to such disgraceful methods as hissing on the entrance of the rival singer. Wherefore we have preserved for us an epigram to this effect:

Old poets sing that beasts did dance
Whenever Orpheus play'd;
So, to Faustina's charming voice,
Wise Pembroke's asses bray'd.

Faustina married the composer Hasse, who was ten years her junior; but he was the most popular composer of his time and director of the opera in Dresden—one of the leading establishments of Europe. She got a fifteen years' engagement at the Saxon capital, and then retired. Dr. Burney visited her when she was seventy-two years old and asked her to sing "Ah non posso!" She replied: "Ho perduto tutte le mie facultà" ("Alas, I cannot. I have lost all my faculties.").

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FACING the plaza directly inside the main entrance is the Fine Arts Building, in shape a parallelogram 246 feet long and 130 feet wide, the long axis parallel to the Grand Canal. It consists of two separate, symmetrical, domed buildings, connected by a peristylum or open court surrounded by colonnades. The building rests on a ballustrated terrace, and is approached from the plaza by flights of steps, and also from the avenue bordering the canal, between it and the building. One enters through the portico and vestibule to the dome, central for each building and lighted from the top, forming a suitable place for the effective exhibition of statuary.

Surrounding this central feature are the galleries, all lighted by the skylights, and so arranged as to afford the greatest degree of wall surface for the display of pictures and to allow for the proper circulation of visiting crowds. The two separate buildings offer a better opportunity for

and painters' art to soften the outline and bring out in greater contrast the severe forms of the architectural members. To this end the walls behind the columns of the porticos will receive a decorative color treatment, interesting in itself, and forcing into greater prominence their classic outlines. The sculptor is again called upon to crown the pediments and flanking buttresses with groups and figures representing the various arts, and holding out for those who win them the emblems of success. Eames & Young, architects, St. Louis.

The Mendelssohn Club of Rockford, Ill.

WOMEN'S music clubs are becoming an important factor in musical progress. Every one is an indication of growth. But though the new ones awaken interest, the old ones are still more worthy of attention. For these have been pioneers in music study and have been established through genuine love of music, not in answer to a popular demand.

The older clubs, like that in Rockford, for instance, create conditions and are not created by them. This ad-

ber 22, by Miss Jeannette Durno's benefit concert. The gifted young artist, who seems to be greeted with high favor whenever she appears, interpreted an exacting program with skill and refinement. Her selections were mostly from modern composers and displayed to advantage her many gifts as a pianist. So great interest attended her appearance that a number of Chicago people went to Rockford expressly to hear her.

Her program was as follows:

Faschingswank Wien—Carnival of Venice....Schumann
Gavotte, D minor.....Bach
Thème Varié, A major.....Paderewski
Capriccioso.....Schüett
Kuss Walzer.....Strauss-Schüett
Auden Frühling.....Grieg
Valse badinage.....Laidow
Etude, A minor.....Chopin
Barcarolle—Tarantelle.....Leschetizky

Another interesting concert was given recently before the club by Earl R. Drake, violinist, assisted by Mrs. Maude F. Bollman, soprano, and Mrs. Chandler Starr, accompanist. Both Mr. Drake and Mrs. Bollman re-



FINE ARTS BUILDING.

the classification of material and at the same time bring the scale of the architecture to its proper relation with the surroundings and in accord with the general scheme of the Exposition grounds. The colonnade connecting the two parts forms an effective architectural feature, conspicuous from the canal and opposite avenue, and affords a place for the instalment of architectural fragments and models, which cannot be so effectively arranged inside the walls. A touch of landscape art lends additional interest to the treatment of this court.

In the exterior design a somewhat free rendering of classic motif has been adopted, the usual severe simplicity of outline being modified sufficiently to bring it in accord with the purpose of the building. The basis of the design is the Corinthian order, which is applied in two dimensions, the larger emphasizing the entrance porticos and repeated on the gables fronting the canal and opposite side; the smaller is adjusted to the height of the flanking walls and connecting peristyle, and serves as a tie to bind the separate elements into one composition. As being quite in accord with the character and purposes of the building, it was determined to make a liberal use of the sculptors'

mirable organization has just given its two hundred and twenty-seventh concert. Its object was the establishment of an organization for the musical culture of its members and the uplifting of the standard of music in the city of Rockford. How well it has succeeded is shown by the facts that it has now a membership list of two hundred, has given during the season of 1896-97 a series of artists' recitals in addition to its twenty or more regular concerts, and has recently moved into a new hall placed at the club's disposal by Mr. George C. Briggs. The hall was recently built as a memorial to Mr. Briggs' wife, who was identified with the early work of the club, and is named Mendelssohn Hall.

One excellent point about the club management is the division of its members into active, passive and associate members; so that any active member who has for the time being good and sufficient reason for not taking part may pass into the ranks of the passive members by a two-thirds vote of active members at any regular meeting. Associate members take no part in musical work. There are also a few honorary members.

The new hall was dedicated Monday evening, Novem-

ber 22, by Miss Jeannette Durno's benefit concert. The program is appended:

Larghetto.....Nardini
Adagio.....Bach
Russian Airs.....Wieniawski
Earl R. Drake.

Dear, When I Gaze.....Rogers
Merry, Merry Lark.....Nevin
Dainty Little Love.....Newcomb
Mrs. Maude F. Bollman.

By the Sea.....Schubert-Alard
Romance.....Rubinstein-Wieniawski
Airs Hongrois.....Ernst
Delight.....Luckstone
Mrs. Maud F. Bollman.

Slumber Song.....E. R. Drake
Polish Dance.....E. R. Drake
Grand Concerto.....Paganini
Earl R. Drake.

Cadenza.....Besekirski

The programs of concerts given by the club members show a catholic and most excellent taste in music and that the members must have a good amount of technical skill.



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CHICAGO.

IN this present issue we furnish the readers of *THE MUSICAL COURIER* all over the world with an illustrated history of the important music centre of Chicago.

That Chicago is a centre of enormous musical importance, of influence already potent and destined to extend until it combines and works in touch with that of musical centres longer acknowledged *THE MUSICAL COURIER* undertakes to publish. Chicago has her schools, her colleges, her permanent orchestra, her choral societies, her artists, composers, teachers, critics, whose work and results are significant in the progressive annals of our country.

But the truth about this capital of the West has spread little beyond its own confines. It is doubtful whether Chicago's own musical people have fully grasped her resources or realize beyond a comparative degree the status which she has achieved. A local press, however faithful and prolific, will only enlighten its public by fractions, and the young giant does not stop to piece things together and note infallibly its lusty growth. In as far as the world at large is concerned local records are, of course, absolutely valueless. This huge outside world up to date has remained, where not either half or misinformed, in total ignorance of Chicago's claim to musical distinction. To bring before it musical Chicago as she is can only be accomplished by a comprehensive resumé such as *THE MUSICAL COURIER* has here collected and published and the enduring value and influence of which lie in the fact that *THE MUSICAL COURIER* is read in every musical corner of the globe.

Many of these corners will open their eyes as at a revelation. Business and Chicago have long been synonymous and until this paper informs them otherwise there are legions spelling the belief that art and commerce may not dwell together. As a fact, of which this issue furnishes in black and white the proof, art and commerce in this great city of the West are to-day running each other a wondrously close race.

In the huge effort made by this paper to collect and classify the rich masses of detail which Chicago provides there lies that mainspring of motive upon which *THE MUSICAL COURIER* has at all times concentrated its forces. This motive is the nationalization of music. Aside from the consideration of the American composer it is well that Chicago should have published the world over her rank in the field of music, but in the cause of the discouraged, overlooked composer of this country whose worthy creation is constantly made to go down before the puerile composition of some foreigner the consequences are designed to be far-reaching.

The move must be sustained which shall give every American musician ample but discriminate encouragement on his own soil. Just as America is growing to-day original musicians of superior quality and achievement, she is also producing composers whose work is still-born and calls for rapid burial. Such, however, soon find their level, and usually their obscure haunts. But, in a powerful centre like Chicago, where the atmosphere vibrates with clever, comparative musicianship, the composer who can live deserves a full and free chance to breathe outside.

In this issue *THE MUSICAL COURIER* introduces

to the public at home and abroad a group of musicians whose honorable labors have been framed on enduring lines.

THE whole Chicago musical world will recognize the great services bestowed upon the profession and the art of music in that city by Mrs. Florence French in her indefatigable efforts to crown with success this Chicago edition of *THE MUSICAL COURIER*. Mrs. French, who represents this publication in Chicago, has succeeded in crystallizing the musical work of the community in these columns, and her position has, in consequence, been made a necessity to the furtherance of the music of the future in Chicago.

HOW fares it with the foreign artists now? Is it possible that the campaign of education is already bearing fruit far beyond expectation? Are the people protesting practically against the high prices by averting their glances from the billboards and remaining sullenly at home? How is this? In former years all that the foreign artist had to do was to announce himself and secure the ducats, but such does not appear to be the case now. The education was rapid if all this be true.

THE following cable dispatch appeared in the *Sun* last Monday:

DRESDEN, December 26.

The composer Reinhold Becker recently discovered in the library of the Society of Music Lovers in Vienna a piece of music in Beethoven's writing.

It proved to be a setting of Goethe's "Erl Koenig," which was composed by Beethoven in 1810. The melody is beautiful. The music has just been published in Leipzig.

This news is of great interest to the musical world, and while there was never great sympathy between the two most wonderful men Germany has thus far produced, this setting of the "Erl King" may prove valuable; it will have to be wonderful to make us forget Schubert's immortal song. Give us a list, Mr. Hale, of the various musical settings of this poem of Goethe!

IN the rapid development of the Brooklyn Institute as a purveyor of musical entertainments in the great borough of that name Professor Hooper, the leading spirit, appears as the shining light. Although in touch with music a short time only and not a professional or even amateur in the art, Professor Hooper has absorbed the theory of the practical application of the same for the edification of the masses and has succeeded in banishing pedantry and individual interests to the advantage of the coffers of his Brooklyn Institute, for the musician is as such usually defective in those practical functions that seem to control all the movements of Professor Hooper in the field of musical entertainment. The guiding hand of Hooper can be seen in all affairs, from a recital to a symphony concert or an opera.

THE Sembrich tour will, in all probability, be suspended after the return of the soprano from Chicago, where she sings on Friday and Saturday with Theodore Thomas' orchestra. She will return to Europe and it is understood that arrangements will be made for her appearance here under proper auspices next season. Her management here has been short of criminal and we are surprised that Mr. Grau could have made the recommendation. There are some individuals in the musical management business in these United States who should actually be driven out of it—driven out is the only phrase that fits the case. Not only that they have no capital and no experience, but they are without knowledge of the profession. Their methods are unbusinesslike; they conduct their affairs without scruple or conscience and they treat artists like so much cattle. In addition to all this their schemes actually constitute a

swindle upon musicians, who are generally reluctant to demand restitution and who are inclined to remain silent for fear of incurring the hostility of these managers even after they have been mulcted by them.

If there is one subject that demands reform and purification in the musical line it is this present managerial condition, for there are certain forms of it that are beyond endurance and must sooner or later be thoroughly analyzed.

THE LIFE AND THE WORK.

HOWEVER much it may be argued that a man's life is modeled by his work, it is much more true that his work is modeled by his life. A man's work bears the unmistakable impress of his way of living and of the thoughts which are the outcome of that way of living. When the man, his life and work are all in harmony the civilized world has reason to be grateful. We of this decade are fortunate in seeing three examples of this harmony in Gladstone, Tennyson and Verdi, and seeing its final result in a serene and satisfying old age. The late impromptu speeches of Gladstone will stand among the annals of English statesmen as examples of logic, literary elegance, brilliancy and pathos. The late operas of Verdi are known to all musicians. The poems of Tennyson have appealed to many whom neither Gladstone nor Verdi have touched.

Concerning the relation between life and work we quote the following from the November *Atlantic's* article on Tennyson's biography. Mr. Mabie's words, considered abstractly, apply equally well to the musician and the statesman:

When all has been said about the beauty and significance of Tennyson's work, it may be seen that his finest contribution to civilization was, not his poetry, but his life. In his case there was no schism between the art and the artist; the work disclosed the man, and the man lives imperishable in the work. In these days of confused and conflicting ideals of the artist's place and function among men, this biography becomes something more than the record of an illustrious career; it is an authoritative revelation of the aims, the method and the development of a great creative spirit.

GOVERNMENT MUSICIANS VERSUS CIVILIAN.

Editor The Musical Courier:

Being a constant reader of your valuable paper, and knowing your interest in all things musical, I would like to ask if this state of things is legitimate? viz: There is stationed at the Norfolk Navy Yard a band supported by the United States Government. Said band is allowed to become competitors of the civilian musicians. It is well known that the members of this Government band receive salaries; such being the fact should they be allowed to so compete?

I should say that the Government should pay its band salaries sufficient to support them, or do away with them entirely. Hoping that you may deem this matter of sufficient importance to publish this, and call the attention of the Government to the same.

I remain very truly,
WILLIAM H. TURNER.

THIS is an old story in Washington, where the Marine Band in former years competed with local musicians until the Musical Union interfered with the practice. It must be remembered that the Government pays such extravagantly low figures—\$13 a month, with board and uniform—to the players that the poor fellows must earn a few extra dollars in order to be able to claim a half decent income. Our Government is not interested in any of the arts. The City of Washington, the seat of government, is an architectural abortion because public buildings are not erected by artists, but by political contractors and through party influence. So it is with decorations, with sculpture, with monuments and with music—the last and the least. This is not the fault of any administration or of any party or of any section, but of the people themselves, who are not interested in art or in music. The Norfolk Band is a blatant, coarse, cacophonous instrument, and cannot be anything else because good musicians would not join it, as they can make much more with their professional work than they could earn as Government musicians. All Government bands are about the same in calibre.

1897.

WHEN the final toot of the æsthetic horn of tin is given at midnight of December 31, 1897, a mediocre year of music will have ended in New York. "Mast-Hemmed Manhatta," as Walt Whitman hath it, has not during the past twelve months had its pulse jangled by anything startling as to musical composition. Harry Rowe Shelley's first symphony in E flat, a remarkably promising work for a young American, and Xaver Scharwenka's "Mataswintha," an opera that enjoyed one representation here, about sums up the novelties by Americans, assuming, of course, that the genial Scharwenka is acclimated if not naturalized. Yet it has not been a year for pessimists to assume the face funereal and dolefully gabble of degeneration. It has been an active, earnest season in the tonal vineyard, and if the vintage has not been extraordinary, at least there has been life, bustle and tonic criticism.

The most sweeping disaster was the death of Johannes Brahms, which occurred at Vienna, April 3, not that Brahms had failed to accomplish his herculean life task, but because of the big gap it leaves in the ranks of composers of genius—ranks that have become during the last five years terribly attenuated.

Rubinstein, Tchaikowsky, Gounod, Ambrose Thomas, the latter of not first-rate talent, yet delightful in his *genre*, and Brahms. Little wonder we are dismayed at rumors of Verdi's illness—Verdi, who has just lost his beloved wife—Verdi, the Grand Old Man of Italy. The passing of Brahms robbed us of one of the greatest personalities in music since Wagner. Curiously enough, because of his devotion to form in an epoch when the dregs of romanticism in the still-frothing cup of the legacy of 1832 caused color madness in latter-day composers, Brahms was at heart a romanticist, and if he kept Theophile Gautier's mad scarlet waistcoats out of his music it was not because of his hatred to the movement which produced Hugo, Berlioz, Delacroix, Schumann and Baudelaire. There are moments in Brahms, moments of lyric ecstasy—notably in his songs and chamber music, and in his piano music—that utterly deny his so-called classicism. Indeed, he is not a belated classicist at all, but one who used the older molds of masters, filling them with the romantic and modern spirit. Brahms is modern, as modern as Wagner, and he stands to-day for all that is noble and elevating in absolute music. His symphonies, his tremendous choral work, his quartets and quintets—in the latter form the one in F minor for piano and strings, and the clarinet quintet are notable examples of beautiful ideas beautifully treated; his piano concertos, the wonderful songs—indeed, in every department except the operatic, this man has left a sounding sign. He is often crabbed, gnarled and cryptic—a dull, even muddypated rascal—but at his best he sits high on the sunny Parnassian slope, and his hand touches the hem of the mighty mantle of Beethoven. The music of Brahms is the true music of the future!

The alarming paucity of great names in music, now that he is gone, is one of the chief reasons for our anxiety about Verdi. Wagner's death placed Verdi on the throne of dramatic music, a position he has held with ease, especially since that bacchic, bubbling comedy, "Falstaff," was produced. Probably his death only will give his last work, if work there really be. So now you may count on the fingers of one hand the names of Dvorák, Saint-Saëns, Grieg, Richard Strauss and Boito, or if you object to the last replace it by either Goldmark or Humperdinck. Certainly Mascagni has not fulfilled the high promise of his youthful "Cavalleria Rusticana," and his newest born was still-born in Rome, which shrugs its shoulders at "Zanetto."

We enjoyed the Russian Gregorowitsch's playing

on the violin—easy, finished, high-bred playing, but without the note of passion, while Joseffy, unique, dazzling Joseffy, revealed his versatility in Brahms and Liszt. There's catholicity for you!

Carreño, the Carmen of the keyboard, returned after seven years of absence, years stuffed with experience and study, and was as dashing, as brilliant, as irresistible as ever. Calvé sang Marguerite in "Faust," and gave us a thrill, for while she was neither Goethe's nor Gounod's ideal, yet her brutal magnetism compelled admiration.

The operatic novelties in addition to Scharwenka's very Wagnerian "Mataswintha" were Massenet's "Le Cid" and—heaven save the mark!—a revival of "L'Africaine," the latter to give Lassalle a chance. "Le Cid" was a failure here, as it was in Paris. Its skillfulness of construction could not save a weak, vamping book, and Massenet is at his worst. He always lacks dramatic blood and there are not half a dozen decent themes in this attempt at the heroic. The cavalier figure of Jean de Reszké and the earnest work of Felia Litvinne carried the work for several performances; but with all its pomp of *mise en scène* and magniloquence of orchestration "Le Cid" was doomed. Massenet in the idyllic, in the charming artificialities of the salon, is delightful. He has the Watteau manner, a manner hardly adapted for the delineation of the big, stirring passions of men and women. Bizet's lovely music to Daudet's "L'Arlesienne" was heard with the drama at the Broadway Theatre.

The Philharmonic Society, which would fall into a permanent after dinner nap were it not for Anton Seidl's wakeful baton, gave us a novelty in Borodine's B minor symphony, the first two movements of which are very striking. Still, bizarre instrumentation cannot quite conceal thematic deficiencies and the Russian's music is weak where it should be strong.

Walter Damrosch returned with his German opera, Wagner being the staple of his performances and Lehmann the lodestone. Nordica, not being on visiting terms with Mr. Grau, joined the Damrosch forces and in "Lohengrin" and with Lehmann did her nationality credit. Seidl, went to London, thence to Bayreuth, thence to glory. He amply demonstrated in both cities that New York knows a great conductor and holds on to one. Sieveking, of the iron hand, played the Tchaikowsky concerto in B flat and made an excellent impression. Rosenthal, the worker of miracles, appeared after an absence of eight or nine years and played Brahms and Chopin in the most phenomenal fashion; his sad illness checked a most successful season. Ella Russell, an American girl, who deserves credit for not succumbing to the craze of calling herself after the city in which she first saw the light, sang here, but hardly set us on fire, as she did the Thames and the dwellers on the banks thereof.

Abroad they have just had "Die Meistersinger" in Paris for the first time, and Paris likes it. At least there were no riots. Humperdinck's "Children of the King" did not compass the popularity of "Hänsel and Gretel." Two composers essayed to set Henri Mürger's "Vie en Bohème," Puccini and Leoncavallo, but the sacred fire seems to have fled from the elbows of young Italy. The only instrumental novelty of prominence played this year in New York was "Also Sprach Zarathustra," a symphonic expression by Richard Strauss of Nietzsche's gigantic rhapsody. We have already held our sides with amazement at the "goings on" of this young man, who has been called at once a demi-god and a degenerate. We have shuddered at his grim "Death and Apotheosis," stared aghast at the fantastic pranks of "Til Eulenspiegel," and wondered in what land his "Don Juan" was born and reared. This new excursion into metaphysics and across the borderland of absolute cacophony caused reverend gentlemen to cross themselves, while some anar-

chists were gleeful and cried aloud, "Strauss is our new evangel!"

We confess we have read Nietzsche with pleasure and profit, especially after Nordau's scarification of him and Nordau's bold pilfering of his leading ideals. Despite, however, our acquaintance with that gigantic rhapsody, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," despite the learned notes of worthy Dr. Riemann in the program, we could divine nothing of bacchantic philosophy, his hit-or-miss logic, his mad tilting against everything and everybody, in the complicated score of Strauss. And this is as it should be. Music expresses feelings, emotions, but you can't pin it down to definite ideas, or, worse still, ideas about ideas. So Strauss' poem must be estimated as absolute music, with its title serving as a faint clue. It is rhapsodic music, ugly music, mad music and wonderful music. The fellow has one of the greatest gifts for orchestral writing since Berlioz, a technic that enables him to indulge in the most extravagant flights, and gives him abundant scope to paint in bold, elemental tints and force his instruments to almost declaim the impossible. Indeed, his orchestration is abnormal in its shrill voicing, in its reckless tension and abuse of the natural possibilities of the orchestral family. But, all said, there is residuum of barbaric power, a swing and glitter that easily place the composer in the van of living musicians.

A cold summing up of Strauss' composition would class it as program music gone mad, yet it is not altogether that. There is power, color, fantasy and musicianship and, while we do not believe in objective beauty, Strauss might have made some concession to our desire for conventional melody. His themes, with a few exceptions, are ugly, but the infernal skill of the man holds you in a vice until he has had his say. After all, the fairest judgment of this flaming portent of the musical skies would be an earnest endeavor to get into the composer's skin, to scale his point of view and not be too ready with preconceived notions of what constitutes a musical thought. Form of course is banished to the dwellers of the rear world, as Nietzsche has it.

Strauss has written characteristic music and despite his direct descent from Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, especially Liszt, he has preserved the firm contour of his own individuality. Given such an individuality and the possession of a rare and enormous gift of expression, it will be seen that Strauss is a composer not to be lightly passed by.

He may be a degenerate, but he is terribly in earnest, a quality hardly to be despised.

Dvorák has promised to return and resume the directorship of the National Conservatory, which has just celebrated its twelfth birthday by the organization of an alumni. Ysaye is once more visiting us, and the lovers of superb fiddling are happy. With him is Raoul Pugno, a brilliant virtuoso. And, last and not least, the irrepressible Mathilde Marchesi has published her memoirs, in which she tells us what a wonderful woman she is, but the magic of distance and deft manipulation of the cables works wonders in this age of commercialism in art. Not remembering anything more just now and by no means believing in the impeccability of the above paragraphs we think it is well to let the dead of 1897 bury its dead, so Happy New Year and *auf wiedersehen!*

THERE is a rumor that Impresario Pollini committed suicide. This report is probably as valuable as the story of Weingartner's insanity. Pollini was smoking when he expired, but because a man is reckless enough to smoke a German cigar it by no means follows that he has attempted self-murder.

JUST as we go to press we learn that Madame Sembrich is ill at the Hotel Savoy, and may not be able to fill her Chicago engagements on Friday and Saturday with Theodore Thomas and his orchestra.

THEN AND NOW.

DOWN the ringing grooves of change the musical world of New York City goes spinning in excellent Tennysonian fashion. None can doubt it who glances backward. And now that the musical season is fairly under way it is not unprofitable to mark one important change.

Philip Hone, Mayor of New York in 1826, and a man of high culture, wrote in his diary under date of November 11, 1835, that he went that evening to the Chatham Street Chapel to hear the oratorio of "The Messiah" performed by the Sacred Music Society, and "was astonished at the magnificence of the scene; the audience, of whom a large proportion were ladies, must have amounted to between two and three thousand." And after speaking of the performers, Mr. and Mrs. Wood, Mrs. Franklin, Brough and Pierson, and the interest attaching to the *coup d'oeil* he comments thus: "How little do the people of such a city as New York know what is passing around them. These oratorios have been going on for a long time, and I have never heard them spoken of, while if I had attended such an exhibition in a foreign country it would have been the theme of a glowing and animated description, and very probably I should have lamented the want of such things in my own country."

The reason for Mr. Hone's ignorance is not far to seek. There was no important musical paper in those days to keep the people of his class in touch with matters musical. At that time music had not assumed the important place it now holds in the city's social life. The greatest artist was then viewed askance, however much his art might be admired. The fashions of the English largely ruled in the more exclusive circles; in London at this period it was the custom to separate artists from the guests at private musicales by a silken cord, and it was considered worthy of record that Sontag, who became the Countess Rossi, was spared such humiliation. The custom, so far as we know, did not reach America, but the influence of this and similar customs prevailed.

The records of musical matters at this time were incomplete and unsatisfactory; musical affairs were not discussed and commented upon, nor thought about as they are now. Nor could they well be when people were ignorant of musical news, or when the news that did circulate was not set forth intelligently and in an entertaining manner. There were literary journals, educational journals, political journals and ladies' journals in those days, but the complete musical journal had not arisen. It was yet to arise—a development of the needs of the city, and an answer to the needs of the world. When it did arise it followed the usual course of evolution. There was first an embryo, a central idea around which other ideas clustered, then many abortive attempts at development before one sprang into being that was destined to any, even temporary, success. There were experiments and changes, and more failures, until finally one journal was established upon an enduring foundation which no winds of fortune have been able to overthrow.

A great music newspaper has, like every periodical of merit, two values. It has the negative value of being developed through study of the musical wants of the time, and it has also the value of being a moving and directing force, an arousing, a stimulating force; and, in the case of THE MUSICAL COURIER, we hope we may say an inspiring force, awakening interest in the best music, the best artists and the best means of developing the musical interests of America.

The present Mayor of New York if writing in his diary of an oratorio of to-day would not be likely to lament how little New Yorkers know of musical events about them, though he might well complain that the progress in oratorio has not been commensurate with the city's progress in other directions.

But at least the musical news is now well presented. It appears in the daily papers, not in pages, as murders, suicides, football games and yacht races appear, but at least in a musical corner to itself, and what is not found there may be found in THE MUSICAL COURIER, which tries to give all the musical news to all classes, considering all and slighting none save for good and sufficient reasons.

TRAVELING LIBRARIES.

THE success which has attended the regent system of traveling libraries in New York State offers food for thought to musical people. Is there any particular reason why the ideas applied to the circulation of books should not be applied to the circulation of music?

The State reports show that there is a constantly increasing number of applications for these libraries and the privileges are earnestly appreciated, not only by the smaller and poorer libraries, but by isolated country villages where there are no libraries at all. From the West has come a quick recognition of the value of this system, and Michigan in 1895, after communicating with the library authorities of Albany, entirely reorganized her own State library and established the system of associate libraries, \$2,500 being set aside for traveling libraries under the direction of a committee which consists of Governor, State Librarian and a library committee of the two houses of legislature.

While the State may not at present be willing to include bound volumes of music in its traveling library system, we hope the time is not far distant when the question of musical education will receive the consideration it deserves. In the meantime a private library enterprise mentioned in the State reports offers a feasible plan on a small scale which might be successfully carried out from almost any musical centre.

The number of volumes bought is 1,000 at a cost of about \$1,000. The amount is divided among twenty borrowing towns, the cost to each town being \$50. The books are leather bound and shipped in an iron bound cabinet. Each fifty volumes of the library may include some ten or twenty books relating to some special course of study. Upon receipt of a new section report is made by the local librarian and sent to the central office, the report stating fully the condition of the outgoing and incoming sections. A small additional fee is paid each quarter to cover the cost of rebinding and replacing worn out books.

It is almost needless to enlarge to intelligent people on the advantage of a plan like this as applied to bound volumes of music, operas, oratorios, cantatas, chamber music, vocal and instrumental music of all kinds. Students limited in means who wish to study in some special direction could combine and for the expense of a single week's purchase of classical music could procure three months' access to a well selected course sent to them in the manner described. Choral societies would have stronger incentives to practice if their supply of music was constantly and sensibly varied. Amateur music clubs could have music selected for them which would be adapted to their capabilities. In every way in fact there would arise from a system of musical traveling libraries a greater interest in musical study, and thereby would be developed the musical atmosphere which Americans think they can only find abroad. Appreciation grows with knowledge. Scattered about throughout the country are innumerable talented men and women who are actually suffering, musically speaking, from inanition. Of the wealth of musical compositions in the world they have but slight theoretical musical knowledge. Why should they not have the advantage of practical knowledge?

Good music, published correctly, well bound and well circulated, is a need of the time. Who will be the first to inaugurate a system of traveling libra-

ries based upon the practical plan adopted at Albany or upon the private enterprise mentioned? Think of it, you who are interested in musical matters, and, what is better, do it. Lag not if the spirit moves you.

"TOO MUCH MUSIC."

HERMAN RITTER, is professor at the Royal School of Music, Würzburg, Germany. He is a thinker as well as a musician—the two are by no means inseparable—and has contributed articles on the philosophy, the æsthetics and the pedagogics of his art to various publications in his native country. He is a much clearer thinker than the irrepressible Heinrich Pudor and not as sensational, but he, too, is revolutionary and we call our readers' attention to a lengthy article entitled "A Little Less Music," which appears elsewhere in this issue. It is translated from Pamphlet XI. in the series called "Letters for the People for the Revolution of Thought." Some of Professor Ritter's statements are worthy of consideration.

A sort of musical Malthusian, the writer believes that there is an overproduction in music. He deprecates the value of monster music festivals, expatiates on their inartistic character and we heartily agree that such affairs do more harm than good to the cause of art. The inhabitants of Worcester and the adjacent country take their annual fill of music and remain in an anaconda like condition the rest of the year, gorged and musically apathetic. The practice originated, indeed still obtains, in the most unmusical of civilized races, the English.

Ritter is severe on the importunities of musicians without talent, who force their hodge-podges upon us whether we will or no. There is too much music in our life, too much music and it is enervating us, ruining our nerves, our tempers and our taste for other arts. Of course he speaks particularly of Germany; America has not yet suffered so much in this respect, although New York may be considered an exception. As a nation we read too many novels, bad novels, mediocre novels; witness the tremendous sales of Du Maurier, Hall Caine and Marie Corelli! In Germany music pursues a man from his cradle to his grave and it is not always good music. The great number of conservatories, the easy mastery of the mechanism of art, tempts persons with little talent to composition and so the market is flooded with tenth-rate imitations of Wagner, Verdi, Beethoven, Schumann, aye, and even Mascagni, himself an imitation.

Some weeks ago Prof. Harry Thurston Peck wrote an article for the *Times* called "Automatic Authorship." He might have modulated his theme, and his remarks would equally apply to music. There is too much automatic authorship in music and Germany by no means is the only country in which it flourishes. Ritter defines the limitations of talent and then goes for the operative composer. The royalties earned by Mascagni and others tempt a lot of hungry young fellows, so art is the sufferer and the market is sadly drugged. The dear public pays and pays dearly. How cleverly he analyzes the constituents of the music drama *à la mode* you may read.

Cheap, too, he finds the much vaunted musical culture of the Germans. Parents and guardians contemplating the shipping abroad of their children or charges might ponder profitably the remarks of Herr Ritter. "Elegant but not dear" is the motto, he says, of the German music master, the English equivalent of which is "Cheap and nasty."

A little less music is this Ritter's cry; fewer dilettante, fewer professionals, mere machine music makers, and, above all, less composing. With genuine humor he pictures the man without creative talent, the mere *epigone*, who at all costs composes and in his struggles to push his head above the mass of mediocrities to which he rightfully belongs,

he makes life a burden to all who come in contact with him. We have this sort here, the composer with the unappreciated operas and symphonies. We fear him as much as does Professor Ritter.

"After an opus number three times larger than Beethoven's has been reached, death, after long neuralgic sufferings, frees the hopeful musician from all troubles and a funeral with music is the only thing which he perhaps prefers to most mortals." There you have the history of such misguided ones in a paragraph! Many musicians live in an atmosphere of delusions and are doomed from the start to disappointment. The trouble begins in a misconception of one's powers. Industry and knowledge are by no means the only qualifications necessary for the successful career of a composer, we mean successful in an artistic sense. There must be genius, or at least individuality, talent, originality of some sort. Turning out respectable symphonies, symphonic poems or operas, all echoes of other men's work, is hardly a goal to strive for, yet the average man in music seems to think because he can blacken music paper that he has a claim on the suffrages of his generation. Listen to Ritter again:

"Most of the operas written to-day suffer from the fact that they are not music dramas, but bad oratorios." There is condensed critical wisdom for you! The fact is fools rush in where angels fear to tread and thus is the sacred territory of music invaded by a pack of rascals, imbeciles, who have pilfered the thunders of Liszt and Berlioz and Wagner, while honest men of talent who have not their assurance or their unblushing hardihood stand by and fail of their just deserts. But read Professor Ritter for yourself. His remarks are very invigorating.

WHERE HONOR IS DUE.

"WHO steals my purse steals trash." The context is too familiar for quotation. Everyone knows that it speaks of the stealing of the "good name" which enricheth not the thief, but impoverisheth the bereft man mightily. That is the "good name" which deals with a man's or woman's moral character.

But there is another good name; one coming specially within our province of consideration. It is the name for which an artist in the world of music has fought and striven. We allude especially to the teaching artist and in the most direct degree to the teacher of singing. The teacher of singing is selected as a representative type for the reason that vocal preserves offer the most popularly attractive ground for poaching.

The good name of a teacher is the light reflected from the successful work of their pupils. Every teacher of standing works might and main to evolve results which shall bring them honor. This honor is not an empty vessel; it is synonymous with their livelihood. A teacher of that reputation which can be obtained only through the good work of pupils is a teacher in the demand which spells prosperity.

There is, however, a practice nowadays, and unhappily a growing one, which filches openly the reputation worked for by many an artistic conscience and many a needy bidder for the material things of life. Pupils study with one teacher, learn all they know, perhaps all they need to know, in this one teacher's studio. They have reached a point where they are fitted to come forward and exhibit their talents in a condition of fair ripeness and promise. The teacher stands on the verge of his reward in the shape of that credit which is his due and which later shall mean more pupils and a larger income. At this fruitful juncture another teacher steps in. The new teacher on some flattering pretext induces the pupil to forsake the auspices of the old, to whom they owe everything, and to directly transfer the credit of

anything they may in future achieve to this latest sponsor, who dons his stolen honors as a garment and wears it publicly in the teeth of the defrauded.

This is a current history. It has numerous phases and gradations. Pupils are decoyed at every step of their career, and possibilities are often wrenched in the beginning from capable and honorable teachers who covet good material to develop and whereupon they may build a reputation. There is this variation in the modern instance as met in the musical life. He who stealeth the "good name" of his fellow-teacher at some time does not overlook the "trash." He gets the purse too.

Each successive concert in New York, be it an affair of the professional hall or the salon, makes it less and less a matter of encouragement for the honest teachers to throw themselves heart and soul into their work. To see the product of your studio boldly appropriated by another, your chances of honest, hard-earned recognition frustrated time after time, while there are no means established for your redress, is an utterly shameful case. The ungrateful, recreant pupil is sometimes at fault, but the teacher is generally the instigator, and even if he be not, he is found only too willing an accomplice so long as the pupil discloses a particular talent.

We find circulars of teacher after teacher quoting as pupils professional artists who are well known by their friends and others to have received their entire education elsewhere. The repetition of a song with an artist is sometimes enough to cause one of these plundering professors to include a successful singer's name in his printed list. Occasionally the singer permits this if they consider that for reasons faddish or otherwise the teacher's name has become better known—more fashionable, perhaps—than that of the teacher from whom they have imbibed every syllable of their art.

The instances of Signor this and Madame that bringing forward the results of other people's labor as their own multiply daily ad absurdum. It is nothing uncommon for a teacher straightforward in business methods to miss a gifted pupil for a few weeks from the class, and then, upon attending some other teacher's musicale to recognize the pet specimen of training step forward and make an initial bow as the pupil of whoever the giver of the musicale may be. This is not exaggeration. Where pupils have been taken almost to the close of their training the teacher who trades on the successful labors of his fellows often loses no time in the publication of his profitable practical lie.

"But what are we to do?" say the poor victims of robbery. "If the pupils permit the deception, although they may have taken no more than one lesson from the new teacher, the letter of the law is on the teacher's side. One lesson will make a pupil."

This is unhappily true. There is at present no form of redress which might not cost more in money, as well as unpleasantness, than it might repay. The teacher whose scruples will not prevent him from cheating his brother or sister of their reward will not wince under the accusation of his misdoing, and will not be made to swerve from his course by any mere hints, throughout artistic circles, of dishonor. Unlegalized methods will deter him none, and these, unfortunately, are the weapons left to the cheated side.

Ungrateful, recreant pupils cannot, of course, be brought to account, but there ought surely to be some method established by which the teachers who profit by pupils' unfaithfulness could be held up to justifiable exposure. So long as all teachers do not play the same game—by which means a vicious balance might be struck—so long must the situation remain one of hugely disproportioned profit and loss. The profit will be to the filcher and the loss to the teacher of integrity. No secure reward can await the teacher of competence and the stamp which should be laid on taxing and clever work

may go instead to send en route some daring effort in charlatanism. True it is as things stand that ability with honesty can be rifled at any time of its winnings, both in art and pocket.

A prominent singer whose complete education was received at the hands of one teacher, and whose successful career dated direct from that teacher's studio, was asked the other day why she had permitted her name to figure on the list of a new teacher of infinitely less prestige. "To help that teacher on," was the reply, "and I did take a lesson or two." This may of course be called the true spirit of charity and justice. The real teacher publishes no pupils' list. We need a market place wherein the ranks of the straight and the crooked might face each other and hold court. The sins of the guilty might find them out in the shape of a tattoo on the forehead, a letter outside the breast or any other unmistakable insignia of aloofness. There should be some brand forthcoming for the defrauder of others' rights, so that honesty may come into its own—that honor may be found where it is due.

"LYING reporters!" This is the term used lately by the Ministers' Association in Nebraska. It adds sparkle to their resolution excluding reporters from the meeting of the association and "lying reporters" from the regular services of the church. The august association, it seems, was "riled" because the reporters had innocently reported among other clerical misdemeanors an incident in a Methodist Church in which two of the board of trustees and the minister forgot the hymn of Dr. Watts and almost came to blows.

Perhaps the reporters did embroider the incident a trifle. The facts invited embroidery. As presented statistically they certainly lacked elegance, ease and ministerial polish. They were not facts suited to church history. Woven into a reportorial story they became the stepping stones to better things. Like Herodotus and Froude, even like Macaulay, the reporter often uses imagination to justify his facts, but should he be called "lying" if his facts are correct? Herodotus, indeed, the father of history, does not even bother about his facts. The newspaper is the history of the time. It is history on a tremendous scale. It will be read with careful scrutiny by coming generations for an insight into our manners and our morals. The reporter gathers the material of history. To exclude him from religious services where a lively scrimmage is going on is to cheat posterity of its dues.

IMPORTANT information has been received at this office from Brussels regarding the conduct of a musician now in this country toward native and American women, who, either as students or friends, have been thrown into his society. The information is of an exceedingly serious nature, and is, to a great extent, emphasized by his conduct in America during a former as well as his present tournée. We do not believe that the American people will endure a social leper and permit him to invade the sanctity of the home, and if foolish young girls persist in paying court to a dangerous man, whether he appears as a musician or actor or in any guise, it is the duty of parents and friends to protect them.

Ysaye on the Pacific.

M. Ysaye will open the season of his concerts in San Francisco on May 2, at the Baldwin Theatre.

New York Chamber Music Club.

The second concert will take place January 8 at the Hotel Savoy, Mrs. Josephine Jacoby being the soloist.

Henschel Farewell Recitals.

Mr. and Mrs. Henschel will give their farewell recitals in New York in Chickering Hall on the afternoons of January 14 and 19. On these occasions the programs will be composed principally of English ballads and songs. Mrs. Henschel will also be the soloist at the next Astoria concert with Anton Seidl, January 13.



TO THE BLESSED CHRIST.

O blessed Christ, that foundest death
When life was fire and tears,
Not drawing on a sluggish breath
Through apathetic years.

Still, still about thy forehead gleams
The light we know Thee by.
O blessed Christ, to die for dreams,
Nor know that dreams would die.

I. ZANGWILL, in the Independent.

BOOKS, BOOKS, BOOKS!

HAVING recovered from the Nietzsche-Strauss tonal debauch of last week I am in fairly good fighting trim to attack the monstrous package of books which are crawling over my table like lascivious and literary sand-pipers. I shall pin half dozen for your delectation.

I agree with Mr. Zangwill about women who write. When they know their craft—like Vernon Lee or Madame Darmesteter, or Georges Sand, or George Eliot or Jane Austen or Charlotte Brontë—they are delightful and refreshing, not because they create, but because they reveal the eternal feminine. I always read novels by women. It is the best way to become acquainted with the sex; moreover, you learn what to avoid. There is Mrs. Humphry Ward, for instance, and Marie Corelli, and Sarah Grand and the sex-traordinary Ouida—she has despite her execrable taste more native gifts than the crowd bunched together, not to mention the lady who calls herself George Egerton. George appears to be the signal of revolt among literary girls. When they hoist the black flag it bears blazoned on its well-laundersed expanse the defiant name of "George." It is to dames of the pen what Gautier's scarlet waistcoat was to the *jeunes* of 1832. It is at once a protest and a pseudonym.

* * *

From George Egerton the transition to Frank Danby—another rag and a bone and a hank of hair—is easy. And as Frank Danby is a recusant from the school of George Moore I am reminded of John Oliver Hobbes, and—let me see—yes, there is a book by John in my collection, and here it is, "The School for Saints." We may look at the volume.

John is another petticoat—a Mrs. Craigie and an American. She says she grew tired of seeing women signing George and elected John as a pen name. The whole unlovely name, John Oliver Hobbes, she assumed as a prophylactic against sentimentality. You know most women novelists are sentimental, and so are most male novelists. Mrs. Craigie knows George Meredith—this time it is a man—and so she wrote "Some Emotions and a Moral," "A Study in Temptations" and "The Herb Moon." Mrs. Craigie, after she worshipped at the shrine of Meredith and absorbed no little of his astringent paradoxical fancy, shifted her bookish affections on George Moore. What the results will be I can't even guess, but this new novel is far, far from Moore, and his hard, wonderful manner.

"The School for Saints" is a big but badly planned novel—no, not novel, but political and semi-historical romance. It is without the charm and cleverness of the writer's early works, and, it must also be confessed, without the objectionable "smart" and flippant style. Style in the true sense Mrs. Craigie has not. Her style is a *pastaccio*, the result of omnivorous reading not assimilated. She wears her learning uneasily, and she constantly confuses her genre. I confess when I heard the shrilly

modulated chorus of critical praise I expected something from the book. I am disappointed. I like my novel "neat," without history, or my history undefiled by fiction. "The School for Saints" is not quite a novel, neither is it history. The much talked about portraits of Disraeli and Prim are cut out of cardboard and pasted in. Disraeli is covered with his own epigrams, and has about as much life as one of Lew Wallace's historical personages. Worst of all Mrs. Craigie resorts to that favorite device of weak-kneed writers, the telling of her tale in letters. There is no true narrative style in the book, but she excels in descriptive passages.

But what a joke is her description of the musical legend, "Amadis and Oriana," supposed to be given at a Paris music hall. I can personally vouch for the realism, as this same piece was played at the Folies Bergere during the summer of 1896. The heroine of her book is no less a distinguished person than Liane de Pougy, who was the Oriana of the piece. Mrs. Craigie, for fear of too much *vraisemblance*, shifts the play back a quarter of a century, but I swear the scene is the same, for I described it to you with its cheap attempts at Wagnerian music eighteen months ago.

However, the novelist is to be commended for studying her effects from life and not getting her information second-hand, as did Mrs. Humphry Ward. This ingenious lady got all her Parisian properties for "David Grieve" from Mr. Julian Story, who painted her portrait while he talked of the Latin Quarter and the "Chat Noir."

"The School for Saints" is spun out, is feeble in construction and contains some really brilliant conversations. If I knew Mrs. Craigie as well as George Moore I would impose upon her as penance the careful study of Gustave Flaubert's works—that Beethoven of French prose fiction. It is absurd to pin down the author with a speech of her hero, but when she says Flaubert has "the morals of a sick devil and the philosophy of a retired dancing master," I believe she meant it. Now as a matter of history Flaubert had not the morals of a sick devil. He was no devil at all, but the greatest moralist in French literature, as Henry James justly points out; as profound a moralist as Bossuet. He was sick to be sure, congenitally sick, and his devouring devotion to his exquisite and polyphonic art killed him. First get facts before attempting to be witty, John Oliver Hobbes, and above all read Flaubert; read his "Education Sentimentale." It will cool your feverish ardor after the formless, and it may breed reverence for masterpieces.

* * *

The usual holiday books for unmusical people abound this month. "Portraits and Silhouettes of Musicians," from the French of Camille Bellaigue, Englished by Ellen Orr, is published by Dodd, Mead & Co. It is not of value. The section devoted to Gounod is large, containing a hundred pages, but Beethoven is dismissed in five and Wagner in four and a half!

Need I say more?

* * *

Of totally different metal is "The Child's Music World," by Thomas Tapper. While this valuable contribution to musical literature is primarily intended for young readers, older persons may profitably peruse it, study it, for it is simply written, is full of fancy and you absorb a great number of facts almost unconsciously. I know Mr. Tapper as a tremendous enthusiast and a clear thinker, and I am delighted to find that he has nearly anticipated an idea of my own regarding a child's history of music. His chapters alone tell the tale. "Music in the Busy World," "The Wonderful Rain," "Make a Joyful Noise," "The Perfume of Gardens," "Music Building," are but a few. A strain of allegory is in the book and is a part of Mr.

Tapper's scheme. The variety and novelty deserves speedy recognition by all professors of music.

* * *

I found this in *The Bookman*:

"A Roman Catholic writer in England, Dr. Maurice Francis Egan, has been characterizing some modern writers. Marie Corelli puzzles him, but he succeeds in getting rid of the following sentence:

"The English, whose tastes in novels largely dominates ours, have borrowed from France the idea of making their works of fiction into tremendous philosophical treatises. In fact, the French schools, to which we owe the later Henry James and the new methods of Harold Frederic, have permeated Hardy and Meredith, Mrs. Humphry Ward, Mr. Grant Allen, and a half dozen others."

"Of Mrs. Humphrey Ward he says:

"She is pagan rather than positivist, a rather conventional pagan, studying in the breakfast-cap of the British matron the sports of the arena. She could have taught Marcus Aurelius much that would have opened his eyes. One is sure, however, that her head would have been cut off early in the week if she had pre-existed as the story-telling princess of *The Arabian Nights*."

Dr. Egan is not an Englishman, but an American, a Philadelphian. He is professor of English literature at the Catholic University, Washington, D. C., and is a well-known figure in New York literary life. He is a poet of depth, tenderness and considerable technical invention. I always read his sonnets with pleasure. He has just made a capital translation of some of Heredia's elaborately chased sonnets. The opinions quoted above are from a pamphlet, "New Handbook of Philosophy," in which the author pays his respects to modern idols in literature. There is no mistaking the sincerity and the wit of Dr. Egan's attacks, but the point of view is Roman Catholic, and Roman Catholic to-day does not spell universality in critical opinion.

* * *

On page 369 of Edmond Gosse's "Modern English Literature"—an extremely readable and scholarly book just issued by Appletons—is an estimate of George Eliot, the fairest I have ever read. Gosse speaks of her being "a close observer of nature, mistress of laughter and tears, exquisite in the intensity of cumulative emotion;" but "she receded; the mechanician overloading her pages with pretentious matter, working out her scheme as if she were building a steam engine." Her "intellectual self-sufficiency has suffered severe chastisement," for to-day scant justice is done her.

How true this rings: Compare the artificial rhetoric of "Daniel Deronda" with the fresh open air quality in "Scenes from a Clerical Life," or the overloaded, mechanical learning and dead characterization of "Romola" with the passionate intensity of "The Mill on the Floss."

It was an unlucky day for Marian Evans when she met George Lewes. He tried to make her brain masculine—as if mere learning ever made a novelist—and instead he transformed her, as Gosse says, into "an almost ludicrous pythonesse enthroned on an educational tripod."

* * *

A totally different volume from Dr. Egan's modest pamphlet is John Mackinnon Robertson's "New Essays Towards a Critical Method," published by John Lane. Mr. Robertson, without a trace of the coarseness, and with a better critical equipment, has yet something of Nordau's tilting propensities. The essays on Shelley, Keats, Burns, Coleridge are all revolutionary in spirit, and these great names are rather rudely handled. Coleridge did his best poetical work, we are told, while under the influence of opium, Keats is a neglected ge-

nus, Shelley is inflated, and Robert Louis Stevenson comes in for some hard raps. Burns is rather harshly estimated, but I confess to enjoying the merciless smashing of the conventional Burns worshipper. Poe, strange to say, is made the only exception in the book. The unhappy American poet seems doomed to be seen in a false light by both friends and enemies. He was no saint, yet not the villain Griswold made him. Ingram and Mr. Robertson and William Fearing Gill almost worshipped him, yet Richard Henry Stoddard's story is nearer the truth. There were half dozen men in Poe—bad men when he drank, for then he became an unblushing liar, a receiver of women's bounty—this has been verified—and an ungrateful, dangerous man. Yet the average man can be all of these things, and we shrug our shoulders, but if a man of genius falls from the pavement of propriety, oh, what a howl from the jackals of Philistea. Poe was both good and evil, a gentleman and a devil. It depended on the mood you caught him, also the quality of liquor in him. I have told you before that my father met him often at Judge Conrad's and John Sartain's in Philadelphia, and once heard him recite the Lord's Prayer in a way that thrilled all.

Of course he was loaded to the guards with brandy. Poe was unlike the dirty dreamers of Paris in his choice of themes. Never once in print is he impure or suggestive. But get an Englishman on the subject of Poe and Walt Whitman and then good day to critical moderation!

* * *

One of the best chapters in Mr. Robertson's book is "The Theory and Practice of Criticism." In this he makes the quaint suggestion that a critic should present the public with a *schemata* of his ancestry, predilections, trainings, personal peculiarities, &c., so that his readers can make allowances for his critical bias. It is an idea to strike terror to the heart of Brunetiere and the so-called objective critics, but it really originates with Hennequin, the French critic. I find these essays quite stimulating.

* * *

Barring some interesting historical studies, Frank Preston Stearns' "Modern English Prose Writers" is rather commonplace and marred by an old-fashioned, anti-Catholic bigotry. If there is anything sillier nowadays than religious fanaticism I do not know its name. With religious systems vanishing in every quarter of the globe it behooves creed-men to abstain from sectarian strife. There is, however, one good thing in Mr. Stearns' book: "Beauty is the line of the least resistance."

* * *

"Style," by Walter Raleigh, is of value to students, although it seems intended as a sort of prize essay. Professor Raleigh is elaborately involved as to style, yet there is no mistaking his meaning. He threshes out to painless tenuity the claims of acting as an art, and bids music, painting and sculpture go hide their diminished heads before verse and prose, the lords of all art. It is all very prettily told.

* * *

Speaking of style reminds me of Arthur Symonds' remarks about the prose style of William Morris, and in the *Saturday Review*:

"Artificial, indeed, to a certain extent, it undoubtedly, and very properly, is. Every writer of good prose is a conscious artificer; and to write without deliberately changing the sequence of words as they come into the mind is to write badly. There is no such thing, properly speaking, as a 'natural' style; and it is merely ignorance of the mental processes of writing which sometimes leads us to say that the style of Swift, for instance, is more natural than the style of Ruskin. To write so that it may seem as if the words were unpremeditated is at least as arti-

ficial a process, and at least as difficult, as to write picturesque, allowing more liberty to words, in their somewhat unreasonable desire to sparkle and shoot many colors, and become little unruly orchestras of their own. And so, in regard to Morris' choice of language, it is merely to be noted that he writes a purer English than most people, obtaining an effect of almost unparalleled simplicity, together with a certain monotony, perhaps even greater than that required by style, though without monotony there can be no style. If he occasionally uses a word now obsolete, such as 'hight,' or a combination now unfamiliar, such as 'speech-friend,' how numberless are the words of hurried modern coinage from which he refrains! seeming to have read the dictionary, as Pater used to advise young writers to read it, in order to find out the words *not* to use. It is sufficient justification of his style to say that it is perfectly suited to his own requirements, and that it could not possibly suit the requirements of any other writer, being, as it is, so intimate a part of his own personality, of his own vision of things."

* * *

Here is the pith of three adverse criticisms of Richard Strauss' "Also Sprach Zarathustra." Thus Mr. Krehbiel in the *Tribune*:

"Can music really describe for us an Englishman who has gone into foreign parts, changed his religion and forgotten his umbrella? Can it tell us the day of the week and whisper to us of those purple longings which make us cry out with the sad poet:

"Oh, to be wafted away
From this black Aceldama of sorrow,
Where the dust of an earthy to-day
Is the earth of a dusty to-morrow!"

"Oh, mickle is the powerful grace that lies in tones, chords, rhythms and their true qualities, but can they do that?"

Mr. Henderson in the *Times* concludes:

"He has striven with thunders of sound and intricate tricks of instrumentation to convey to us the feelings of a Zarathustra whom we do not know and who is not a typical being anyhow. We are puzzled, troubled, amazed, if we think at all. If we do not we are stunned by the fury of it all. We are left in the dark. We cannot solve this world-riddle of music. Perhaps that is the state in which Strauss aimed to leave us. He has done it."

And Mr. I. E. Stevenson in the *Independent* sums Strauss up this way:

"He is a clay-footed colossus. 'Thus spake Zarathustra' and its fellows will be forgotten when Beethoven's Seventh Symphony is as beloved as ever."

* * *

The following "Pastille" in prose is my last essay in "purple" writing. It is an attempt to recall an old classical story, so hearken to it.

* * *

THE CITY OF VAGUE ALARMS!

It was the hour of the Intermittent Minatour, and the city, shaken with dim dismay, slowly made ready the victims. Twelve beautiful virgins were sadly saluted from palace and from pave, as with heads enveiled and arms meekly folded, they moved in rhythmic sacrificial tread toward the harbor. No sound save suppressed sobbing met their ears, and the faces of them that stood in the street were gray with grief. Twelve beautiful virgins, daughters beloved and maidens of rare blood; this was the ransom demanded by the Intermittent Minatour, and each year new virgins walked to the waters, the shining waters of the harbor and passed from the eyes of their people.

As the time approached, a low wailing, as if from the tongue of a whirlwind, buried beneath the horizon, filled the heart of the city with mortal fright; the wailing became a mighty clangor and the sky was the color of brass, all yellow and shining. Now the dumb depression, the vague alarms of the morning,

gave way to outright madness. The highways were filled with men and women tumbling and running like the sea, and screaming at the dread portent overhead. The air was thick, and the rising gale blew sand before it and the soul of mankind was oppressed, for it was thus the Minotaur made his intermittent visits, and thus he made the bellies of the brave grow cold and cowardly, and so he swept away the ransom, the precious ransom of maiden bodies. The empty roar of the tempest, a rim of moving wrath, increased and crashed upon the housetops, and no sign was made by the virgins as they shivered and sank upon the marble and awaited the dread coming of the bridegroom. They were twelve and fair and slender, and as they were enveloped in the circling mist they saw advancing with incredible swiftness a mighty ship, whose prow, shining like fire, split the boiling waters. The maidens rose and ranged themselves and cried aloud:

"The gods be praised for a man at last!" and sang the hymn of welcome to the Intermittent Minotaur, and when the storm had passed they were gone from the City of Vague Alarms, and their memory was hallowed evermore to the sound of delicate fluting.

* * *

I have been asked to recommend a work in rhetoric and unhesitatingly name Mr. Barret Wendell's "English Composition" as being sound, concise, and, above all, written with clearness, force and elegance. I have read many text-books on style written without that quality. Professor Wendell's work is an admirable exception.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is one of Mr. Zangwill's most remarkable stories. "From a Mattress Grave" is a brilliant and touching picture of Heine in his last hours—Heine, who could mock God with the heart of a child, make fun of halting and sniffing dogs on the boulevard and sing with the voice of an angel. Mr. Zangwill has compressed into a few pages much of Heine's philosophy and humors. In the same issue is a characteristic story by Henry B. Fuller, "The Greatest of These," and one in which his fine tact of omission and technique are exemplified in a striking degree. Mr. Fuller is at present traveling in the South.

What has become of George Moore? After his strong study of Flaubert in the *Cosmopolis* I am expecting great things from his next novel.

Franz Rummel.

The eminent piano virtuoso Franz Rummel, who is to appear soon in Chickering Hall concerts, sails for the United States on Tuesday next, January 4.

A Violin Transposer.

There has been patented at Berlin a "transposer for the violin." It permits of changing tones or semi-tones without having recourse to transposition.

Lillian Blauvelt.

The renowned soprano, Lillian Blauvelt, will sing at the next Seidl concert in the Astoria, on December 30. Together with Leo Stern, Madame Blauvelt will give a recital in Utica and from there will go to Maine, where she has been engaged to sing in twelve orchestral concerts under the direction of William R. Chapman. Late in the spring Madame Blauvelt will leave for Europe, to be absent about two years. She will sing in Russia, Germany and England, and will continue to be under the management of Henry Wolfsohn.

Katharine Fisk.

BRITISH OFFICES OF THE MUSICAL COURIER,
21 PRINCES STREET, CAVENDISH SQUARE,
LONDON, December 17, 1897.

WE have once more among us Katharine Fisk, who has returned to fulfill a number of concert engagements in London and the provinces. Her first appearance was in Manchester in Berlioz's "The Trojans in Carthage." In this her work was greatly appreciated, as being musicianly and revealing increased richness of voice. She steadily gains in style, and is always sure of a warm welcome on this side of the Atlantic. Her strong personality that makes itself felt in her interpretations and in all she undertakes, places her among the leading artists of the day.

Her reading of Delilah, from Saint-Saëns' "Samson et Delilah," is entirely subtle and original, and it is to be hoped we shall see her again in this work prior to her departure for America, which, we understand, will be the last of February, or the first of March.

She has been on a visit to the United States during the last seven months, fulfilling with great success a number of concert engagements and recitals. She is a true specimen of a singer who has won a legitimate success in both countries. Each year she adds to her laurels as an artist and musician of sterling worth, gifted with a fine voice of distinguished quality and wide range.

Her recital work is especially delightful on account of her versatility, originality of style, and varied repertory; while in oratorio she is one of our most desirable contraltos, able to take a dramatic mezzo part, being also equally at home in those works which demand fullness in the chest and lower middle registers. She exhibits fine schooling coupled with the divine spark—the principal requisites to make an artist of distinction. A.

William H. Rieger.

That always artistic and popular tenor William H. Rieger has just returned from a Western trip, on which he scored his accustomed series of successes. Mr. Rieger appeared with equal success at different points in New York State. Following are a few press notices:

A select and enthusiastic audience gathered last evening in Normal Hall, to hear the song recital given under the auspices of the Sappho Club, by Wm. H. Rieger, the well-known lyric tenor. Mr. Rieger was in fine voice last evening, and those who were there highly appreciated the program he rendered. His program was well chosen and his singing left nothing to be desired. He showed great ability in his vigorous rendering of the recitative and aria from "La Straniera," by Bellini, and the oratorio selection from Mendelssohn's "Elijah;" while his other numbers showed a rare delicacy of handling which called forth hearty applause and repeated recalls from his audience.—Washtenaw, Mich., Times, December 15, 1897.

The ladies of the Sappho Club were furnished with the treat of the season on Tuesday evening, and extend their thanks to Professor Pease for his efforts in securing Wm. H. Rieger, of New York, to give the musical people of Ypsilanti a song recital. Mr. Rieger is without doubt one of the greatest tenors at present before the public, and the manner in which he did his part on Tuesday evening certainly makes him worthy of his fame. Round after round of applause greeted the singer as he appeared, accompanied by Professor Pease, evincing the enthusiasm of the audience waiting to hear his rich voice. Nearly every one of the fifteen numbers on the program was encored, which goes far toward ascertaining the feelings of an intellectual audience, such as attended the recital. It would be a difficult matter to especially mention any one selection and say that one was the best, so near were all of them to perfection.

Those who failed to hear the talented gentleman sing missed an opportunity to hear singing as it should be sung, but those who were so fortunate as to be in attendance received a lesson in vocal music well worth many times the price of admission.—Commercial, Ypsilanti, Mich., December 16, 1897.

The following from the Oberlin, Ohio, *News* of December 21, refers to his work in "The Messiah":

Mr. Rieger was particularly good. He sings with invariably good taste. His diction is clear, his voice beautiful, his phrasing artistic, and in fact his singing is always delightful and satisfactory.

Musical Services at Rockville, Conn.

The monthly musical services held in the Union Congregational Church, of that city, under the capable direction of Prof. Geo. A. Mietzke are matters of genuine interest and advancement to its musical people. Two New York

artists are engaged to assist on each occasion, and the programs are always well made. We append a sample program given on Christmas morning, which we are glad to see gives due place to the American composer:

Mrs. Agnes S. Hall, of New York, soloist; Hans Kronold, of New York, 'cellist; W. A. Weyhe, of Burlington, baritone; Miss Etta Fitch, of this city, pianist; Mrs. Raich, Miss McFarland, sopranos, and Miss Davis and Mrs. Rockwell, altos.

MORNING.

Prelude, Holy Night.....Dudley Buck
"And there were shepherds abiding in the field."
Solo and chorus, The Birthday of a King.....Neidlinger
Anthem, Bethlehem.....Homer Bartlett
Pastorale Symphony from The Messiah.....Händel

EVENING.

Largo for violoncello, piano and organ.....Händel
Hymn, Adeste Fideles.....John Reading
Old German folksong, Holy Night, Silent Night.
Harmonized by Frank Damosch.
Violoncello solo, A Dream of Christmas.....Dunkler
Soprano solo, Christmas Lullaby.....Mietzke
Violoncello, piano and organ accompaniment.
(Dedicated to Mrs. Francis Maxwell.)
Solo and chorus, Mercy and Truth Are Met Together.....Sir John Stainer
Pastorale.
Recitative, Mercy and Truth Are Met Together,
Chorus, This Day the Heavens and Earth Are One.
Anthem, The Heavenly Message.....C. Whitney Coombs
Soprano solo, chorus, violoncello, piano and organ.
Violoncello solo, Transcription, Father, O Hear Us!.....Händel
Soprano solo, Chime, Ye Bells from Heaven.....Shelley
Violoncello, piano and organ accompaniment.
Hymn.....Mendelssohn

The Anglo-American Male Quartet.

At a fashionable musicale given at the residence of Mrs. John C. Westervelt, on Monday, December 20, the Anglo-American Male Quartet was heard, with every evidence of appreciation, by the guests, who numbered over two hundred. They come direct from London, and were former members of the "Meistersinger Club," an organization similar to the Mendelssohn, of New York. Their twelve numbers (mainly English ballads) were most artistically sung.

Mr. and Mrs. Bacon, of 151 West Fifty-seventh street, are going to inaugurate an original idea on Christmas morning. They have engaged the Anglo-American Male Voice Quartet to sing Christmas carols for an hour at 7 o'clock in the morning. All the members of the family who live in different places are to be there for the hour to exchange greetings and distribute presents, after which they will return to their several homes. It will be called the "Greeting Christmas Hour."

Wenley and Schubert.

Who Adolph Schubert, of East Eighty-fourth street, is? "His admirers claim that he ranks among the best musicians of the United States, and that he plays at the Four Hundred and the Knickerbocker Athletic Club and Sherry's and the Vanderbilt yacht Valiant and the Hotel Waldorf." Well, Mr. Wenley, a man may do all these things, and even if he were to do them all at the same time he might not be a great musician. This particular Schubert is unknown to fame, although his name, if in a frame, would still remain unknown to fame, for it is Adolph. If it were Franz—well!

Virgil Recital in Philadelphia.

On Saturday evening, December 11, eight of the pupils of Miss Susan E. Cole, who is an authorized exponent of the Virgil Clavier method of piano teaching, gave a recital of unusual merit to their friends at Miss Cole's studio, 350 South Sixteenth street, Philadelphia.

The astonishingly rapid progress attained by this system of instruction was well displayed by the execution of the pupils, one of whom, Miss Fannie Feinberg, had received only forty lessons. The serious objection of the opponents of the Virgil Clavier, that it develops a mechanical style of playing, was successfully overcome by the artistic performance of the program, which was choice and instructive. The interpretation of its serious numbers, and the variety in touch and shading, noticeable even among the younger pupils, as in Schumann's "Erster Verlust," by Miss Helen Coons, reflect great credit on the zeal of Miss Cole, who is one of the pioneers of the Virgil method in Philadelphia. Her success proves Miss Cole to be an earnest and intelligent worker, and is another instance of valuable testimony to the merits of Virgil Clavier practice.

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SEMI-ANNUAL ENTRANCE EXAMINATIONS:

SINGING and OPERA.—January 3 (Monday), from 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M. and 8 to 10 P. M. CHORUS.—8 to 10 P. M. PIANO and ORGAN.—January 4 (Tuesday), 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M. VIOLIN, VIOLA, CELLO, CONTRABASS, HARP, WIND INSTRUMENTS and ORCHESTRA.—January 6 (Wednesday), 2 to 4 P. M. CHILDREN'S DAY.—January 6 (Wednesday), PIANO and VIOLIN, 2 to 4 P. M.

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ADMISSION DAILY.



THE MUSICAL COURIER, 107 AVENUE HENRI MARTIN, PARIS, December 14, 1897.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

THIS has been "Institut Week." Two grand leaves which, having ripened, had fallen and passed on into nourishment for the growing trunk, were replaced by two fresh opening ones, full of sap and verdure and force, which in their turn will again ripen and fall and give place to others. André Theuriot was called to fill the place left vacant by Dumas and M. Rambaud, Ministre of Public Instruction and Belles Lettres, to occupy that of the Duke d'Aumale.

To say "were called" is "une manière de dire," of course. People do not come when called in France where the distance between action and ceremonial represents a modern lifetime, as measured by American standard of time. It is a year since the modest Theuriot, the gentle pastoral poet, was elected to the Academy which he entered on Thursday. Paul Bourget was the orator on reception. His discourse, one of the best things he has ever written, was devoted one half to treatment of the life and work of the great novelist and one half to contemplation of his successor. M. Theuriot's speech was confined wholly to the former subject with a few gracious words of acknowledgment of the honor bestowed upon him.

M. Rambaud, replacing the duc d'Aumale, was elected the same day but will doubtless not be received for another year.

The five Academies were united in the audience, Science, Beaux Arts, Belles Lettres, Moral Science, Academic Française. Mme. Alexandre Dumas and her two daughters were present, also Madame Theuriot, Madame Carnot, Madame Rambaud, Madame Doche, who created the Dame Aux Camelias, Madame Bourget, M. Brunetière, M. Houssaye, Jules Claretie and ambassadors and titles in number. The new member and his two sponsors, MM. Brunetière and Cherbuliez, were in costume. The poet was evidently deeply moved.

Portraits of M. Theuriot and Alexandre Dumas appear in the *Revue Hebdomadaire* this week. One of Dumas' early plays "La Jeunesse de Louis XIV" is being given

at the Gymnase and apropos anecdotes are being related in various newspapers.

At the Institut-Polytechnique, on Avenue Henri Martin, André Theuriot was made the subject of the weekly conferences on contemporaneous literature by the eminent Madame Pradere-Niquet. Interested audiences listened breathlessly to the resumé of the life and work of the new Academician, and to reading and recitation of extracts from his writings.

Among others was the touching story, known, doubtless, to many, illustrating the innate hunger for love and affection in the mind of the most stoical mankind. The poem represents the withdrawal of Buddha from all human relationship, and his existence of unbroken "extase" before Infinity, in the desert region chosen voluntarily for seclusion.

Eyes uplifted to Heaven and arms extended the enthusiast rests motionless as a statue, and one day a nightingale builds her nest in the uplifted palm. Undisturbed in his perpetual adoration Buddha scarce notices the unique occupation of one of his members, till one day the bird has flown. The scorched eyelids of the Heaven worshipper, moistened by something new, droop over the distended balls; the burnt and withered cheeks are coursed by tears, and the frame of the stoic trembles and breaks—for he has lost a friend!

These lectures of the Institut-Polytechnique are having a large and interested following. Léo Claretie is giving a series on Greek and Roman Literature, and as he has recently returned from a trip to the States and has written a very interesting book thereon, it is not improbable that later he may make this a subject with projected pictures to illustrate our life and manners. M. Guilmant has been asked to give talks of his American tournée at the Institut on his return.

An extremely valuable and interesting series of lectures are those being given on Decorative Art by Madame Fournet, herself a distinguished artist with works in the Salon.

Madame Fournet's idea is to cultivate the taste for home decoration in woman by a thorough acquaintance with the styles of buildings and their decorations in various epochs. She begins with Chinese and Indian eras, passing thence through Chaldea, Nineveh, Babylon, Egypt, Phœnicia, Greece, Rome and their arts, then to Christian art, Arab, the Moyen age and the Renaissance; to finish by the complete erection and decoration of a modern French home on true art principles, all with illuminated pictures in illustration.

These are but a few of the subjects being treated in this charming little new Sorbonne. Health, morals, manners, philosophy, art, modern inventions and progress are alike considered. Americans in Paris should make note of the address, 107 Avenue Henri Martin, and make of this a head centre for becoming properly imbued with the best there is in the French art spirit, and where they may not only hear the very best French in France spoken daily, but in connection with the practical application of an elevated study of progress, art and literature.

M. Chevallard, the successor and nephew of Mr. Lamoureux, is making a success of the important work devolving upon him. The last two Sunday concerts have been superior efforts. Happy to relate, the young director is found especially strong in the classic field, and his Beethoven interpretations are held to be above reproach. At the same time much is promised in his consideration of modern works, and the French school is in no way going to suffer at his hands.

Rather a hardy experiment on Sunday was the placing of a prelude and bacchante from a "Scènes de Ballet," by

M. Hüe immediately after the "Heroic Symphony." A great work would have suffered in the place, and the queer delicate strains of the prelude were not the ones to endure the contrast. The second hearing of M. Bourgaud Ducoudray's exquisite "Enterrement d'Ophélie" was more fortunate, receiving applause that would satisfy any author. A curious production was a representation of the meeting between Eleazer and Rebecca in duo recitative, with characteristic accompaniment by César Franck. The score is a fragment from an oratorio of Franck's, "Rebecca," which is unknown so far. M. Diemer repeated his success of the previous Sunday with the Saint-Saëns concerto, and was obliged to play as encore an ancient morceau of great grace and extreme fleetness. The "Marche Hongroise," too delicate to be played often as a closing Hongroise, too delicate to be played often as a closing

The house was crowded, and the attentive silence, which is part of the valuable heritage of M. Lamoureux, was not the least part of the pleasure of the performance. M. Chevallard is unsmiling and reluctant in his treatment of the audience. Although the best of fellows and good company socially, he appears heavy and unsocial as director, responding slowly, bowing mechanically, and never giving even a semblance of pleasure in his expression. As a young man specially favored, he would do well to be more amiable.

Mr. Colonne has been absent from his post two Sundays through grippe and threatened bronchitis. The situation was made very difficult by his belief to the last moment each time that he should be able to conquer the indisposition. At short notice one of his first violins conducted the first time, while M. Dubois directed his own work, with Henri Marteau as violinist. M. Harold Bauer played his Beethoven fifth concerto under difficulties, but owing to his talents came out of the ordeal in triumph. For the second concert MM. d'Indy and Gabriel Pierné each conducted their compositions. M. Philipp executed a tour de force in playing excellently the Pierné concerto, which he had in effect mastered in a few hours on return from a concert engagement in Lyons after a night's travel and a day's teaching.

The first violinist who has been called to the chair in the Colonne concerts left vacant by Jean Jacques Mathias, resigned, is Marcel Chailly, a lad of sixteen, and a pupil of the Conservatoire. Already in possession of his second accessit he continues his efforts toward first prize, together with his laborious rehearsals in the Colonne Society. He won the place in competition with sixty-five first-class violinists. His first orchestral direction was in fact under the baton of Richard Strauss, whose German accents and expressions were the source of much amusement for the men.

The experiment of the concerts of the Conservatoire Society held at the Opéra commenced on Sunday. Beethoven's first symphony was the opening composition. Weber's overture to "Euryanthe," duo from "Beatrice and Benedict," by Berlioz, and a Lalo Rhapsody were the numbers. M. Taffanel directed.

The representation of "Les Mauvais Bergers," by Mirabeau, at the Renaissance, Sara Bernhardt as peasant, will be the attraction this week. The venturesome actress will appear this time without paint or powder, and not even "frizzes;" her hair drawn back from her forehead, and in a costume realistically peasant, without a touch of coquetry; a common short dress of black stuff, apron, kerchief, thick shoes, and large waist. What a "brave lady!" The company will consist of some 200 persons, all of whom have to be costumed à la paysan. It seems that recourse was had to actual exchange to secure the motley wardrobe. Divers articles were bought in the



"Mme. Beumer confirmed the impression of her artistic powers gained at her previous appearance; namely, that she is a brilliant and accomplished coloratura singer."—*New York Tribune*, Nov. 10, 1897.

"Mme. Beumer is undoubtedly a well schooled and experienced singer, and she was heartily applauded and recalled."—*New York Herald*, Nov. 10, 1897.

The Great Belgian Soprano

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stores here and actually sent into the provinces to be exchanged for proper covering for les mauvais bergers of the quartier St. Martin. Bernhardt will be a common work woman, Madeleine Thieux—but the piece is not socialistic.

The great qualities in French acting are the comparative absence of movement, the appropriateness of the slight gesture employed, and the intense clearness of facial expression. The piece "Effrontés," now being played at the Comédie Française, is an exquisite example of this, in sardonic, cynical lines, and at the Odéon the "Cheminéau," a piece of broad pathos, which promises to run forever.

"Sapho" grows in drawing power and Calvé is all the rage.

A feature of Parisian theatrical life which is threatened with collapse is that of the Champs Elysées Guignol! The authorities, disturbed by the thought of the obstruction of their trees and walks by Guignol audiences during the Exposition, are considering the most gentle way of breaking the sad news to the absorbed audiences, and also of breaking down the picturesque little Punch and Judy tents so long the source of pleasure to many. A few wise people add that it is time they were broken up, or down, as the "plays" given of late years treated largely of the weaknesses of policemen, priests, bonnes and papas, and so have had a tendency to develop a spirit of disrespect for authority, civil and filial, in the minds of the young. A petition against the "reformation" is in circulation among the children of the quarter.

Musical thought is occupied much with the subject of "subvention," state and city, in France. The *Progres Artistique* has an excellent article on the subject this week, as has also the *Mondo Artistico*, of Milan. By a coincidence M. Chauvin is the name of the French deputy most in favor not only of subvention as it exists, but of increased appropriation to that end. Whether the state or the city should subvention its amusements (its art growth as claimed by some) and whether it is just to tax poor people who do not know music and never go to it or to theatres, in order that the better classes may have the pleasure, are the germs of the discussion.

The point is one for American thought in case such an institution as national opera enters it.

A study of the "Maitres Chanteurs," by Julien Tiersot, is a feature of the *Menestrel*, commenced this week, with illustrations from the pencil of Victorien Joncières, one of the most enthusiastic Wagnerites in France, who it appears is quite as much painter as musician. The opera continues a success.

The question of tournées abroad by French artists is treated in his usual interesting and judicious manner by "Le Passant" in one of the daily papers. While acknowledging the inducements held out to artists in countries outside of France, he urges that common pride among artists should suggest their remaining at home and compelling those who care to see them to come to Paris for the purpose.

In the first place the subtle idea of amour propre holds no ground whatever in the mind of the average artist

(even French) before the sight of a well filled "sac." Besides if these people did not go out and make themselves known nobody would ever hear of them or their merits, for France has no press and her essential faculty is in burying herself and her merits and hiding her lights under bushels.

More practical is the writer's plea that in "going upon the road" the French artist is not supported as he or she should be, that in order not to play a monologue a group of people is selected who render no justice to the "soloist" and frequently are not allowed to show themselves. Also that in leaving Paris a Parisian artist loses the frame essential to the correct impression of the picture, whatever it may be. In view of these two dangers to the reputation, the dangers of losing more than they gain, he urges artists to be content with little and not to risk the shock, mockings or malignity of stranger criticism by roving abroad. The Rejane tournée was the suggestion of the article.

Saint-Saëns has been giving three concerts before the royal family in Madrid and was applauded and decorated to no end. Invited to direct a representation of his "Samson and Dalila," he sent to Paris for Hector Dupeyron, of the Opéra, to go to Madrid and sing Samson. This news will interest that good friend of M. Dupeyron, M. Guillaume Ibois, now with the Damrosch opera company in America.

Marie Van Zandt was an interested spectator at the "Sapho" performance recently. She has taken an apartment here and is studying Hahn's "L'île du Rêve," which she is to create in Moscow.

Sibyl Sanderson is a ghost of her former self, is quite thin and very pale.

Catulle Mendes' "new wife" cannot bear music! She never goes where it is except obliged by duty and will ask her friends not to play in her presence. As one of M. Mendes' friends remarked in regard to it: "Il a fallu quelque chose de nouveau!"

Mlle. Heglon is noted for good taste in her every day dressing. She wears black almost wholly and is specially fond of black beaded corsages. A pale orchid in her little toque or a gilt butterfly is often the only bit of color. She is studying her Italian roles with M. Jules Algier.

Emma Nevada's Italian engagement has been one continued success of the most enthusiastic kind. Miss Minnie Tracey is having success at Milan. Miss Della Rogers is in Palermo, where an engagement soon commences. Francisca is to make her début in "Mireille" at the Lyrique this month. Two French artists (of the Opéra Comique) have made brilliant records in Milan also—Mlle. Bonnefoy in "La Navarraise" and M. Bouvet in "Pêcheurs de Perles." Marsick has returned from a very successful tournée in Switzerland. Everyone is looking forward with great interest to the Pugno criticisms from America. Mme. Roger Miclos returns crowned with fresh laurels from a successful piano tour. At Nancy, where the "Flying Dutchman" overture was given as one of the numbers, she won great applause for her admirable playing of the fourth concerto by Saint-Saëns.

A pupil of Madame Laborde, Mlle. Mérey, made her

début in the Opéra Comique this week in "Mireille." Another pupil of the same teacher, Mlle. Léander, had also a small part in the same piece. It was Mlle. Mérey who created Evangeline at Brussels two years ago.

The next new opera to be given at the Grand Opéra will be "La Cloche du Rhin," by Samuel Rousseau, well known to readers of THE MUSICAL COURIER as one of the most earnest of the Paris organist-composers. Mlle. Ackte is to create the soprano role, Mlle. Hylon the contralto. A work by Paul Vidal, "Gauthier d'Aquitaine," will follow early in 1898.

Percy J. Vincent, organist to the British Embassy church, has arranged a fine program, to be given at a concert of the Anglo-American Association this week. Madame Tosti will sing Schubert's "Erl King," and M. Rudolf Panzer will play piano selections.

The headquarters of the American Embassy have been changed from Rue Galilee to Avenue Kléber, No. 18. The new quarters will represent the United States better than did the old—a not very difficult task. Mr. Porter's residence is 48 Avenue Victor Hugo, almost across the street from the home of the able and efficient secretary, Mr. Augustus Biesel.

The Comtesse Coetlogon gives on Thursday a matinee musical in honor of Mr. and Mrs. Porter, at her home on the Bois de Boulogne.

Georges MacMaster gives a sacred concert in Christ Church this week. The program is very interesting.

M. Thibouville-Lamy, president of the piano syndicate at Paris, gave a concert at his home in Tuteuil last evening. Thirty-six guests were present, among them Mrs. Sherman and her daughters, the family of the well-known head of the piano house Sherman, Clay & Co., of San Francisco. When M. Thibouville was in the United States as Commissioner to the World's Fair he paid a visit to the Sherman home in San Francisco. On his return to Paris, as a souvenir of his agreeable visit, he sent one of his best violins over to Miss Elsie Sherman, just then commencing a study of the instrument. On it the young lady is now pursuing her studies with M. Berthelot, of the Conservatoire, at Paris. Her sister is studying piano with Moritz Moszkowski, who is now located in Paris teaching.

Miss Stella Dyer, a talented young violinist, a daughter of the American painter, is here with her brother at the Hotel de Jena. Miss Von Stosch that was, now Mrs. Howland, gives charming musicals and receptions over here, Rue Lauriston.

Mrs. De Young and her family, of San Francisco, are now in Germany.

Miss Clara Butt has come over here expressly to sing at a grand Anglo-American charity concert, to be given here the last of the month. Lady Monson, the Rothschilds, the Countess de Castellane, Mrs. Austin Lee, Lady Clarke are interested in the work.

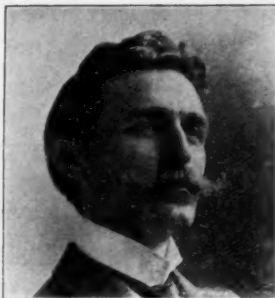
Marie Roze was at booth No. 7 at a grand orphan bazaar given by the *Figaro* this week. Her musicale the day previous was very interesting and well attended.

Mme. Marchesi gives an "at home" musical this week. Mme. Elena Kenneth, a teacher of the "grand old

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E. L. Towne, Tenor.



Chas. H. Rice, Tenor.



Lillian Carlsmith, Contralto.



Clemente Belogna, Basso.



Heinrich Meyn, Baritone.

The New York
Ladies' Trio;



Dora Valesca Becker,
Violin.



Flavie Van den Hende,
Cello.



Mabel Phipps,
Piano.

Each a
Soloist!

school," for some time residing in Italy, has returned to Paris, where her forte is the teaching of classic music. Her address is 93 Rue Miromesnil, near the Madeleine. Carlotta Patti was a pupil of hers.

Miss Courtenay, a young American singer, has established herself teaching while preparing for extended concert work. Miss Courtenay made her debut in the Opéra Comique in "Pardon de Ploërmel."

Mr. and Mrs. Ram, of St. Servan, are in the city to attend some concerts. They remain a month or so.

"Athalie" is in repetition at the Comédie Française. The young actors of the theatre are put out by having to play such minor parts.

Among the effects recently sold of the regretted artist of the Opéra Comique, Taskin, was a clavecin made by his great-grandfather who was a celebrated clavecin maker. It has two keyboards and Watteau decoration, and was sold for 8,000 francs.

A blind organist, M. Mahaut, has been appointed to the place left vacant by the death of young Boëllmann, Church of St. Vincent de Paul.

A matinee musical will be given next week, under the patronage of the beneficent and omnipresent Massenet, for the benefit of a blind organist-composer, who, possessed of but one arm, plays pieces of great difficulty for the left hand only. Massenet has written one of the left-hand pieces to be played. The choir of the blind asylum here sang the music at a recent meeting of the League for the Protection of French Children, of which Mlle. Lucie Faure is president.

Mlle. Petri, a young Conservatoire student, has been obliged to pay 15,000 francs indemnity for having left the institution before the completion of her studies, to engage herself at the Athénée Theatre. Her defense was that after the death of her professor, St. Yves Bax, her class was without a teacher for several weeks, and she thought it best to "go off and do something." She was obliged to pay dearly for her impatience.

M. Guilmant will be glad to know that the R. P. Dom Mocquereau de Solesmes is here to give lectures on the Gregorian chant before the Society Schola Cantorum. Lectures are given every day. Other lectures by authorities will be given all through the season.

Mme. Jules Simon has been very ill but is recovering. M. Dubois, M. Larroumet, M. Lavignac, M. Sardou, M. Claretie, M. Gailhard, M. Muter, M. Lyon, M. Evette are some of the names prominent in coming Exposition affairs. Sara Bernhardt and Madame Bartet are named as vice-presidents.

Miss Grace Buck, a pupil last year of Marchesi, has returned to Chicago for the present. She is having success in concert and recital work, and returns later to Paris to continue. Miss Yaw is studying with Trabadelo. Miss I. D. Carter, sister of Miss Helen Maigille, of Brooklyn, is receiving real praise from Madame Laborde for her manner of singing. The young girl is working earnestly to be better prepared for work on her return. She misses New York musical privileges very much. She will miss them more before she is through. Mrs. William Sprague has decided to remain in Paris to complete her studies. She is studying with M. Giraudet.

Rubinstein expressed his astonishment that so many people who paid their money to hear performances were content to sit through the evening where they could neither content to sit through the evening where they could neither see nor hear. He could not understand why they did that the pianist-composer made that reflection.

FANNY EDGAR THOMAS.



17 RUE DE LONDRES, BRUSSELS, November 25, 1897.
EUGÈNE YSAÿE.

It is with great regret that the Brussels public has bid farewell to Ysaÿe for a period of several months. He made his last appearance at the concert which took place November 24, and where he was enthusiastically applauded and cheered. This prophet at least is honored in his own country and among his own people.

At the last rehearsal before this concert he received a very touching acknowledgment of the admiration and affection which all the musicians in his orchestra feel toward him—his friends, as he always calls them. Mr. Dubois, in a very neat and well worded speech, expressed in his own name and that of his comrades the sincere regret they all felt for his temporary absence, and presented him with a beautiful present as a souvenir of the appreciation they felt for all that their great master had done for them in leading them into the realms of art.

Ysaÿe was quite overcome, and with emotion and feeling thanked his pupils and collaborators very heartily, and warmly urged them to work their best under the different leaders who will direct the symphony concerts this winter during his absence.

Just at the time of Ysaÿe's departure a very good article, showing his influence in Brussels and elsewhere, appeared in a paper entitled *L'Art Moderne*, portions of which I have translated, feeling sure that it cannot fail to interest the many admirers of this great artist, especially now that he is in the United States:

"Ysaÿe might have been satisfied with being simply the first violinist of the age (I know of more than one who would have been completely overcome and dazzled by these ten years of colossal success), but for a man of such character as Eugene Ysaÿe, his good fortune, rising as it has to heights of almost unequalled opulence and glory, is only considered as a means to be made use of for rising to greater superiority.

"With his prophet's name Ysaÿe has above all the temperament of an apostle. Penetrated with the beauty of the musical works budding in France under the inspiration of the master, César Franck, Ysaÿe created an ideal string quartet, to which he gave his best efforts and interest with untiring activity and generosity, so that following his example his pupils and co-workers continue what their leader has begun in trying to disseminate as widely as possible the atmosphere of music in which their master lives, and so bring into flower rare plants of melody. Triumph came, Ysaÿe enlarged his field of action and in the midst of many thorny complications and hostilities,

administrative difficulties of all sorts he founded this institution of symphony concerts, into which his faith and enthusiasm, as well as his ardor for proselytism infused a wonderful life. In this he is aided by the collaboration of a few devoted friends, G. Guide, M. Kufferath, M. Schleisinger in inaugurating with brilliancy his third year, so that, confident of success and secure for the future of the enterprise to which he has given his name, he can embark with a quiet mind to carry his musical good tidings to the United States and Australia.

"There, as here, it is as an apostle that Ysaÿe carries his marvelous bow—a new Orpheus, he subjugates, charms and irresistibly carries away by the magic of a sincere and expressive art which has remained pure in spite of the perils of transatlantic enthusiasm. It would be quite superfluous here to recall and enumerate the exceptional qualities of this violinist of universal celebrity. It is of the educator, the intellectual missionary that I speak, and perhaps we have not yet rendered entire justice to the disinterestedness with which he has accomplished the task he gave himself. Ysaÿe is the pivot of Brussels musical life.

"What Louis Brassin began twenty-five years ago in trying to dissipate the national torpor by his flights upward toward unexplored horizons, his incessant propaganda of masterpieces, either ignored or unknown, Ysaÿe continues with authority, without classing, enlarging or widening the program of Joseph Dupont, exercising his stimulating influence even upon the classic institution of the Conservatoire concerts.

"If Brussels is to-day one of the first musical cities of Europe, if the public of the concerts and opera has the name of possessing a comprehension and sensibility not found in the same degree either in Paris or London, is it not due in great part to Ysaÿe's artistic initiative and teaching? I do not even speak of the admirable school of violin of which he is the chief, and which, as a result, endows our orchestras with violinists such as cannot be found in other countries. These reflections were suggested to me on Sunday, November 24, while listening to the superb inaugural concert of the Symphony Society. In leaving for a year his Brussels listeners, Ysaÿe wished to give them besides the two concertos for violin of Mozart and Bach, a symphonic program composed of Belgian works, directed by a Belgian musician (Leon Jehin). National affection and pride were thus doubly satisfied."

All this is admirably and opportunely said.

In order to show the practical results of this good influence in the world of music I add a few lines from the *Guide Musical* in regard to the annual public séance of the Class des Beaux Arts, which took place on Sunday, October 31, in the Palace of the Academy. There was much curiosity to hear the Cantata crowned at the "Concours de Rome"—"Comala," by M. Jongen, of Liège, for the music, and Paul Gilson for the poem. The poem is in rhythmic prose, as verse is no longer honored, since the young poets have abolished it, incapable as they are of managing it properly.

This poem, written by a musician, is remarkable for its lyrical quality. The score written by Mr. Jongen on this libretto appears to be one of the most remarkable which has for some time been presented to the Academy. It is not that it is so transcendently original—who is absolutely original at five and twenty?—but it denotes in the author a sense of proportion well worthy of attracting attention, much taste, a mastery already considerable in the employment of instrumental polyphony—briefly a knowledge and cleverness very uncommon. Only a little



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spark lacks, it is almost too wise, but from one end to the other it is intelligently adapted to the poem.

The Academy of Belgium gave exceptionally several rewards in the competition of applied art (Concours d'Art Applique) which it opened this year for composition of a trio for piano, violin and 'cello, and this innovation was on account of the value of the works submitted for judgment. The first prize, 800 frs., was given by the majority of votes to Francois Rasse. The second prize, 300 frs., was unanimously given to Mr. Jongen, of Liège, who two years ago obtained a first prize for a quatuor. The Academy received in all ten trios, of which they only rejected three as being totally insufficient. Within the memory of no academician has there ever been so memorable a "concours." This is surely a fact worthy of the attention and which seems to indicate the dawn of a veritable musical renaissance in this country.

HELEN S. NORTH.

Why Brahms Never Wrote An Opera

AND NEVER MARRIED.

J. B. WIDMANN in his "Recollections of Johannes Brahms" tells us why Brahms never wrote an opera and never took a wife.

In the year when Brahms visited Widmann for the first time at Berne, the first performance of Götz's "Taming of the Shrew" took place at Mannheim. The success of this work is well known, but like success did not attend the performance of "Francesca da Rimini" in 1877. This work had been left incomplete, and was finished by Ernst Frank. Brahms was present at its production, and other composers were there also, Max Bruch, F. F. von Holstein, and of course Ernst Frank, who in the name of the widow of the deceased composer returned thanks for the ovation with which the piece was welcomed.

Brahms, who was not deceived as to the value of this *succes d'estime*, with his usual caution, withheld his judgment. But later when he and Widmann were alone in their hotel he gave his views on opera and opera texts. It could be clearly seen that although he had solemnly sworn never to touch opera, he could have been beguiled into so doing if anyone had furnished a text to his mind.

Brahms was always especially vivacious when he spoke of theatrical affairs. For example, he pointed out the lack of a strong dramatic nerve, and the presence of the vaudeville style in the first act of "Fidelio," which is held in other respects as a good libretto. He possessed a genuine dramatic instinct, and took extraordinary delight in the analysis of the merits and effects of a dramatic work.

"What chiefly prevented him," Widmann writes, "from composing an opera was clear to me from his conversation at Mannheim. He told me there how a libretto to suit him must be made. Before all things he regarded a musical composition for the whole of the dramatic framework unnecessary, injurious and inartistic. Only the chief points and those passages in the action where the music had, in its own nature, something to say, ought to be treated by the composer. Thus the librettist, on one side, would gain space and freedom for the dramatic development of his subject, and, on the other side, the composer would be able without hindrance to live up to the intentions of his art, which can only be satisfactorily fulfilled when he is able to make himself musically effective in a definite situation, and, so to speak, speak alone in, for example, a brilliant ensemble. On the other hand, it is barbarous to demand from music to accompany a strictly dramatic dialogue through several acts with musical accents."

These words make it clear that Brahms held opinions respecting the connection of libretto and music which were diametrically opposed to the development which modern opera had assumed through the influence of Wag-

ner, and consequently to the direction of the taste of the public of to-day. He spoke, too, of the subjects which might attract him, and commended especially Gozzi's magic farces and fairy comedies, such as the "King and the Raven." "The Open Secret," too, interested him, rather in Gozzi's theatrical merry version than in Calderon's stiffer original.

Widmann on his return to Berne set to work on Gozzi's pieces, of which a translation had appeared in Berne in 1777. In the first volume he found the "King (Deer)," a tragic-comic fairy tale piece, but after he had read of the statue that could pull faces, made by the magician Durandarte and of the transformation of King Deramo into a stag he became despondent, and doubted whether he ever could succeed in making this grotesque, crazy magic force into a rational poetic libretto, and also whether, if he could succeed in so doing, it would interest a modern theatrical audience.

The attempt, moreover, to furnish such a powerful master of his art as Brahms with a text to his mind was too great for him to approach. He, therefore, wrote to Brahms that he was ready to make a trial with the Gozzi fairy tale, and in November of the same year received a reply which shows that Brahms' resolution in regard to opera was not unshakable in the year 1877. The letter is as follows:

"I am waiting for a quiet moment to think over all you suggest. In the meanwhile I must at least send you my best thanks. The Berne translator of Gozzi was the one I mentioned to you with praise at Mannheim, and the pieces alluded to 'King Deer' and 'The Raven' (in Grimm, the 'Story of Faithful Johann'). I have, however, sworn often enough never again to think of opera libretto * * * that I am easily seduced into it! My difficulties on the question have, however, only increased whatever else may have come or gone. It would be really wiser if you did not think of me.

"It would be a fine thing, however, if the matter itself interested you, and you thought it over in a general way. As a third (second piece) I should name Calderon's 'Open Secret,' that you ought to have seen on the stage to feel how it can in the first scene raise us some feet above the earth.

"The copy of 'King Deer' which I have here ceases with page 472, yet very little is wanting. I find the transformation into a deer and the concluding scene rather tough, otherwise, naturally, everything possible is right, especially the comic part, in which the most touching seriousness is never lacking.

"For the two pieces ('Deer' and 'Secret') I must in the first place think of dialogue or the simplest recitation secco—or rather it seems to me at times a matter of indifference in what way the action (outside of the passionate climaxes) moves.

"If the pair of us can now get the matter through our heads nothing prevents me from choosing for next spring my place of sojourn. If time permits you, let me hear further what occurs to you.

"With best salutations to yourself and wife,

"Yours sincerely, J. BRAHMS."

Several years later when, in consequence of Brahms' stopping three summers one after the other in the neighborhood of Berne, many newspapers persisted in stating that Brahms was composing an opera for which I had written a text, I wrote him a letter in reference to our old plan, with the remark it was really a shame that the report should have no foundation. Brahms replied January 7, 1888:

"Have I never told you of my beautiful principles? Never again to attempt opera or marriage. Otherwise, I believe, I should take two in hand, that is, operas—that is, 'King Deer' and 'The Open Secret.' Of the last I have a text ready which was made by the same Allgeier, the

engraver, who wrote the admirable verses on Feuerbach. If you, my dear friend, have liberal views and principles, you can make it clear to yourself how much gold I can spare and have ready for an Italian journey—if I do not marry, and do not buy an opera. Cannot you take a run over with me? I cannot stand Italy by myself."

No opera and no marriage, such Brahms called his beautiful principles. This, then, may be a good time to speak of what Brahms later on told me about the other point, that is, what he said about why he remained unmarried.

He usually spoke only jestingly about his bachelorhood, and in reply to curious ladies, of the playful formula. "Unfortunately, madame, I am still not yet married, God be thanked!"

If such jokes and other little misogynous sounding bits of malice which he at times allowed himself, and the hotel life to which his bachelorhood compelled him often, caused me to think of Lessing, yet the parallel became more complete when Brahms—only once—spoke about the matter seriously and with deep emotion; and reminded me of the touching words of the same Lessing that "he, too, once had wished to be like other men." (From a letter of Lessing's after his wife's early death.)

"It was in one of our summers at Thun. We walked early in the morning on the road along the lake to the village of Merlingen, and happened, I know not how, to talk of women and family life. Brahms said, 'I have delayed too late. When I felt inclined to do so I could not make such an offer to a lady as would have been right.' I asked him if he intended to say that he lacked confidence of being able to support a wife and children by his art, he replied, 'I do not mean that. But at that time when I would have most wished to get married my pieces were hissed in the concert rooms, or at least received with icy coldness. This I could bear with complacency, for I knew well enough what they were worth, and soon a new leaf would be turned over. When after such a non-success I entered my lonely room I was not in a bad humor. On the contrary. But if in such moments I had visited the lady, and seen her inquiring eyes directed to mine, and had to say, 'It was nothing, once more!'—that I could not have borne. A woman may love the artist she has for a husband ever so much, and even what people call believe in her husband; she cannot have the full certainty of a final victory as it lies in his breast. And if she had tried to console me—pity of one's own wife for a husband's want of success—pah! I cannot imagine, so at least I feel what a hell it would have been."

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The twelfth semi-annual tour of Sousa and his band will be inaugurated at the Broadway Theatre Sunday evening, January 9, when this famous body of instrumentalists will give a popular concert under the direction of John Philip Sousa, with Maud Reese Davies, soprano, and Jennie Hoyle, violinist, as soloists.

Dallas St. Cecilia Club.

The St. Cecilia Club, of Dallas, Tex., directed by Wil A. Watkin and accompanied by Mrs. Wm. Hill, gave its eighth recital on Wednesday afternoon, December 15. The organ was presided at by Miss White, and Miss H. Ethel Shepherd, soprano, and Miss Edith Wood, pianist, appeared as soloists. The program was exactly the right length, composed of but five numbers, of which three were allotted to the club.

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S. Rappaport has been engaged as solo tenor of Temple Emanu-El, to succeed Mr. Van Hoose. Mr. Rappaport, who is an earnest worker and close student, has been obliged to cancel a number of concert engagements for the near future owing to the death of his brother. As an oratorio singer this artist is particularly successful.

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The Vocal Problem and Its Solution.

By LOUIS G. MUNIZ.

MANY have been the books written in reference to the vocal art, numerous the opinions of scientists and celebrated singers, and divers the instruments invented for the purpose of solving the problem of the singing voice.

The laryngoscope reveals to us the vocal organ, and its various combinations, during the formation of the different sounds, while the science of acoustics fixes the quality and intensity that these sounds must possess in order to be called perfect. The manipulation of the rhinoscope also gives us a perfect view of the resonant cavities which take so important a part in the production of the singing voice.

It seems strange that although the principal factors which govern voice production are thus known, the way to educate it remains a secret, and all the efforts hitherto made to discover it have been reduced to theories, more or less correct, but always impractical.

It is impossible to believe that notwithstanding this knowledge of the vocal instrument, and its different functions, the practical side, which is undoubtedly the principal and more profitable, has produced as a result nothing but failure, leaving thus the theory of the voice reduced an unsolvable problem.

So we see that in spite of all these anatomical discussions of the painfully diagrammatic controversies in acoustics, the sanguine battles *pro and contra*, the registers and modern bombastic discoveries, the art of singing lacks solid basis, and its future, like its present, appears indefinite and obscure.

The down-pour of teachers that has lately fallen on the vocal field would appear to be the happy augury of a rich harvest were not everybody convinced that humbug and charlatanism predominate in the profession, generally accompanied by unpardonable ignorance.

In spite of the recognized natural beauty of American voices, and the extraordinary increase of vocal teachers, the production of good singers tends to a minimum, which, indeed, does not accord with the number, reputation and many years of experience of our vocal masters. Plainly speaking, we have arrived at an era when a vocal teacher can be made of almost anything. Following the modern ideas, a course in anatomy is all that is required. The throat specialist is supposed to be a vocal entity, and the "vocal physician" wants us to receive his anatomical quotations as the alter ego of the singing question. If a diploma from a medical academy fits a man for the vocal profession, why the singing teacher and not the family doctor? Why the artist and not the practitioner?

Let us now consider which is the principal (though not the only) quality that must characterize a master of the voice, and we will thus discover at once the inefficiency of all these parvenues of the vocal art.

Voice is music. The art of singing is music, and in order to understand and fully appreciate the intrinsic value of a vocal sound we are obliged to possess two indispensable things. First, a wonderful perception of the ear, and, second, a thorough musical education.

Vocal art depletes the scarcity of teachers in whom these two necessary requirements are combined. The voice trainer who is gifted with a good ear only is as a general rule an execrable teacher and at the same time a dangerous being, so far as the art of singing is concerned.

He may preserve a vivid remembrance of the voices of Mario, Gallarre, Patti and other celebrated vocal marvels and use strenuous efforts to bring his pupil to the same standard of perfection, but now, however, we are coming into collision with facts in which there can be no mistake.

When we hear a voice already developed or naturally perfect we see the problem already solved. Now ask the why and wherefore and in answer to the question will come disappointment. This kind of a teacher completely

ignores the proper operations the pupil must go through previous to obtaining that admirable result.

They are not enough musically educated to understand it. Even when they happen to come into possession of a pupil with a good natural voice they ruin it by assigning to it a repertory not in accord with its quality and range, or make it ineffective by a barbaric way of phrasing, according to their own unmusical taste.

Honor and fame await only those who, being thorough musicians and lovers of the vocal art and knowing what a good model of voice production is, dedicate all their energy and musical talent to the practical appliance of the invariable laws that govern voice production and pure singing.

It remains now for me to say only two words in answer to a question that must be disposed of before I can proceed further. The general credence that a voice educator must be a singer in order to be a successful teacher is absurd. The history of vocal art repudiates that assertion. There was never a great vocal teacher that was at the same time a great singer.

The art of singing is not acquired by sound imitation, as is the general belief. Were this true, the pupil would have to find in the master a perfect model of tone production. The master would have to be the possessor of a faultless voice in order to give a worthy example to the pupil.

Now, I ask, is there or was there ever a vocal teacher possessing a voice of such flawless purity? No. Now then, if a sound impurely sung by the master is delivered purely by the pupil when repeating it, has any true sound imitation taken place in this action? Were the theory of sound imitation true could, then, a baritone teach a soprano? Could a tenor teach a bass? Could even a tenor teach a soprano, or vice versa? Discarding all respect for any authority that may have sustained the contrary, I assert as a fact that the teacher who knows in what way to produce what would be considered an impure sound in order to secure a pure one from the pupil is the one who deserves the title of "master, educator of the voice."

I will finish this first part of my article by quoting an appropriate story of an old negro in a thunder storm. "The aged darky was stumbling along the road; there was a sheety downpour of rain; the night was black as ink; he could not see a foot before him. With every half a minute came a vivid flash of lightning, sharply brief; then crashed the thunder with the roar and rumble of forty batteries of siege guns. The old darky was terrified; the riot of the thunder stamped his nerves. After an outburst of unusual power, the poor old uncle plumped down up his knees in the mud.

"Oh, Lawd,' he cried; 'I don't want to go dictatin' terms about dis yere storm you're managin', but if it's jist de same to you, couldn't you give us mo' light an' a little less noise? Amen.'"

With similar urgency I am obliged to extend the same petition to the roaring humbogs of the much abused vocal profession.

THE SOLUTION.

The true secret of good voice production, to put it in a compact form, is this: To know how to control and use the muscles that govern the resonators, independent of the muscles that control and govern the breathing action and those which manage the tension of the vocal membranes.

On this concrete formula is founded the only true and practical method for the training of all voices. This plan, so simple to conceive, is entirely based upon the natural laws of the influence by sympathy which exists between certain muscles of the human body and which give us perfect control and allow us the development of any particular one, no matter how passive its action in life may be, providing we put to good use those laws of intimacy and the compelling influence one has over the other. The significance of this theory has already been

demonstrated by Signor Emilio Belari, with whom I slightly differ, however, in certain details concerning its practical appliance.

The various manipulations to which the voice must be made a subject previous to arriving at that final point (which guarantees a pure and everlasting voice) require, besides marvelous tact, a thoroughly musical intellect on the part of the teacher.

The muscles that govern breathing action, those that originate the tension of the vocal cords and those that manage the resonators, maintain between each other in a powerful way that relation of sympathy which we must welcome, as it affords us the opportunity of thoroughly educating one set of muscles with the aid of another.

The first step we must take in trying to educate a voice, is to make it produce all the sounds contained in its tessitura (range). We must discard the idea of good quality, and lend all attention to the question of pitch. The pupil must be able to ascend and descend the different sounds comprised in the area of his or her voice, regardless of perfect tone, good quality, or faultless phonation.

Now we will see the resources we have in hand to attain this result. Everybody knows that pitch is produced by the tension of the vocal membranes. Our first endeavor, therefore, must be to originate this tension, and to accomplish it we must call to our aid the muscles of the breathing organs, and those of the resonators, which having controlling influence upon those that govern sound production, compel the vocal membranes to exercise their entirely new functions.

By certain appropriated positions of the lips and tongue; by the dilation or compression of the nasal cavities, by more or less concentration of the breath, and the use of several intrinsic muscles, we can obtain full control of the pitch producing organ, that is to say, we can easily effect the following movement of the vocal cords: Their approximation; their longitudinal tension, their relaxation or loosening of tension, and their separation.

To aid those muscles in their educative work, we are impelled to give to each of the five Italian vowels, A E I O U a different, though correlative sound, which must partly differ from the one that we give it in speaking articulation. The different combinations to which this infallible process is subject give the conviction that in spite of the many defects and irregularities a voice may have, its application is sure to achieve astonishing transformation, rapidly placing the voice on the true road to its perfection.

When we have once originated pitch, developed extension, and thoroughly educated the muscles to that effect, we proceed to destroy the relation of mutual help, that up to this point had existed between the intimate muscles. This state of independence is absolutely indispensable, inasmuch as the freedom between the action of the different muscles establishes the reasons for timbre, quality, good delivery, and offers all the facilities for a perfect and clear enunciation.

In order to acquire this independence between the different sets of muscles, without the slightest danger to the effect already produced through their influence, we are obliged to sub-divide the five vowel sounds, previously used in obtaining pitch, into other five composite sounds that gradually perfecting, begin to effect the desired independence, and finally give us the proper enunciation of the pure vowel sound.

We must now clearly enunciate every vowel in the singing position, taking special care that each possesses the same carrying quality, notwithstanding the different sizes of the vocal resonators.

We next proceed to introduce consonants and vowels together, by way of properly selected words applied to easy exercises, thus giving the finishing touches to the voice, and preparing it for the higher branches of song singing and interpretation.

Having now arrived at the limit of my proposed task, I sincerely desire, that not only students, but the teachers themselves will profit by this condensed exposition of the vocal problem and its solution.

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OVIDE MUSIN has returned to his home in Liege, after having literally circumnavigated the globe on a three years' concert tour—probably the most extensive ever made by a violinist.

Just before leaving Liege I met him, and he gave me a long and interesting description of the tour. An account of it will no doubt interest his many admirers in the United States.

Musin was accompanied by Mme. Musin, prima donna, and Edward Scharf, pianist, and this little company gave in all 438 concerts. They began the tour in the United States in 1894, where 130 concerts were given. Then they went to Mexico. They played thirteen times in the City of Mexico, and in the entire republic sixty times. From Mexico they proceeded to Guatemala, where they appeared eight times, and with great success. Thence they went to San Francisco, playing on the way at El Paso and Los Angeles.

From San Francisco they sailed to Honolulu, where Musin was most enthusiastically received, having been there before. Here six concerts were given, whence the company sailed for Japan.

On arriving at Yokohama, Musin was informed that he could do nothing in Japan, as his company was not known, and no advance advertising had been done. Nothing daunted, however, he went to work to put his plans into execution. He proposed that if they did not know who he was in Yokohama they would soon find it out, and this they certainly did. His playing aroused the greatest enthusiasm, and he became a great favorite at once, and was feasted and toasted and treated right royally. The Mikado even went so far as to place his private carriage at Musin's disposal.

The company next went to Hong Kong and Shanghai, the only cities visited in China, but twelve concerts were given in each, before large and appreciative audiences, composed entirely of Europeans, of course. Thence the artists proceeded to the Philippine Islands, where they played six times; Singapore, where they played four times, and then to the island of Java, where they were very successful, playing at thirty-eight concerts. The King and

Queen of Siam were in Batavia at the time, and Musin gave a concert in their honor. The royal pair attended, and the King gave Musin a costly present. This was the first time that the royal pair had ever left their native country.

The company next sailed for Australia, where a total of seventy-five concerts was given. In Sidney alone they played twenty-one times and in Melbourne eleven. Musin had been in Australia before and was well known and popular. He traveled extensively on the Australian Continent, even visiting cities of 6,000 inhabitants.

New Zealand was the next and final stopping place. Here they gave sixty-six concerts. Thence they returned to Melbourne, from which port M. and Mme. Musin sailed for London. M. Scharf, however, remained in Melbourne, where he means to settle as a piano instructor.

Musin told me that his tour was a success both artistically and financially. He finds the public on the whole much the same the world over. His extensive travels evidently agree well with him for he looks hale and hearty. He loves long ocean voyages. He has been appointed successor to César Thomson as principal violin instructor at the Liege Conservatoire. He recently wrote me that he finds this new work quite interesting.

César Thomson was the soloist of the first Kaim concert at Munich, and he created a furore, putting the conductor, Weingartner, in the shade. He played the Paganini concerto, the adagio from Bruch's second concerto, and several encores.

The Munich papers say that the Paganini concerto was chosen because the date of the concert, October 27, was Paganini's birthday. Paganini was born, however, February 18, 1784, and not October 27, 1782, as the leading Munich paper, *Die Neueste Nachrichten*, states. Munich declares Thomson to be the greatest living violinist.

Here is a part of one of his criticisms:

César Thomson gilt heute als der berühmteste und tüchtigste Violinvirtuose der Gegenwart, ja man nennt ihm wegen seiner fast ungläublichen Fertigkeit im Octaven-Doppelgriff und Flageolettspiel den Paganini redivivus; vielleicht nicht mit Unrecht obwohl wir gerade nicht den Eindruck eines dämonischen Spiels gewannen; allein auch Sarasate, Sivori, Bazzini, Ole Bull, u. A. m., sind als vollendete kann ze erreichende Techniker bekannt und trotzdem hat Thomson in seiner Naturetivas vor ihnen voraus, was diesen zum grossen Theil abgeht, das harmonische Gleichgewicht zwischen Kunst und Kunstfertigkeit, &c."

Sarasate ought to be a happy man. He has had an unusually brilliant career, winning world-wide fame and more money than any other living violinist. Lately a very wealthy Spaniard died, leaving his entire fortune to Sarasate. He is a prophet not without honor in his own country. In Pampelona, his native town, he is fairly worshipped. When he goes there the whole town turns out to receive him. I heard a description of one of these receptions by an eye-witness not long since. Sarasate was escorted from the station to his hotel by thousands of people, who afterward assembled on the square in front of the hotel, when the crowd increased to huge proportions. They shouted for the violinist, who appeared again and again on the balcony. But this was not enough; the crowd wanted to hear him play, and they kept calling for this until finally Sarasate appeared on the balcony again violin in hand. Then the crowd cheered like mad, but

Sarasate soon restored silence by putting the violin to his chin and playing a Spanish dance quite alone. The crowd then cheered again madder than ever, and it was with great reluctance that they dispersed. The following is from a contemporary:

Sarasate Museum.—The great Spanish virtuoso has presented to his native town, Pampelona, the gifts he has received during his career from crowned heads and distinguished personages. The collection consists chiefly of jewelry, rings, pins and studs, portraits and walking sticks—Sarasate has a passion for collecting the latter—which the violinist, who is unmarried, did not wish to have scattered to the four winds at his death. When Sarasate carried off the first prize at the Paris Conservatoire, Auber, laying his hand on the youth's shoulder, said impressively: "Surtout ne te marie jamais"—and this advice has been followed.

Miss Leonora Jackson was in Brussels not long ago with her parents and brothers. She recently played in Aix-la-Chapelle with much success. She played her program to me two days before the concert. She has made great improvement in breadth and in expression since I heard her at her debut in Berlin a year ago. She is bound to make a name in the musical world.

Brussels is not so important a music centre as I thought. It cannot compare for a moment with the cities of its size in Germany. There have not been more than half a dozen really important concerts since the season began.

Yesterday Mottl directed the second of the Ysaye concerts with much success. Richard Strauss gave a big orchestral concert November 21, at which his own compositions figured entirely—his three symphonic poems, "Don Juan," "Also Sprach Zarathustra" and "Till Eulenspiegel," and numerous *Leider* sung by Frau Strauss-de-Ahna. It carried me back to the palmy Weimar days to hear de Ahna sing under Strauss' direction. She was a member of the opera in Weimar. I do not care for her singing, but I thoroughly enjoyed Strauss' readings of his great tone poems for orchestra. What a command of the orchestra! There has not been a first-class violinist here since Ysaye played on October 24.

I enjoyed the piano playing of Emil Sauer immensely. Sauer is a great pianist.

What has become of Leopold Lichtenberg? I know that he is teaching at the National Conservatory, but what is the reason he does not play in public? I have not heard or read of his playing for a long time. Lichtenberg was the first great violinist I ever heard, and I never will forget the impression his playing made upon me ten years ago when I was beginning to study the violin. I sat on pins and needles that night. What a tone! What a technic! And what power he had of arousing an audience!

Lichtenberg is unquestionably the greatest violin talent ever born on American soil. It would surely be a great pity if he ceased playing in public.

ARTHUR M. ABELL.

Dedication to Guilman.

Alexandre Guilman has accepted the dedication of a prelude and dramatic fugue for the piano, composed by Martinus van Gelder.



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Jacoby in Providence.

The Arion Club of Providence produced "The Messiah" on December 21. Mrs. Jacoby sang the contralto part, and our Providence correspondent sends an analysis of the performance, which we print elsewhere. But he is not alone in his opinion, for it is fortified by a general consensus of all the local critics, whose reports we append, and it confirms previously expressed opinions of this remarkable contralto singer:

The contralto soloist, Mrs. Josephine Jacoby, of New York, won a distinct success. She has a beautiful voice, mellow, rich and full, and sings with agreeable ease and pleasant effect.—Providence Journal, December 22.

The soloists of the event were well chosen in the main. The hit of the affair was easily made by Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, the contralto, who entirely captivated her hearers by her sweet, pure voice and her felicitous style. Her enunciation was commendable, her self-possession complete, and with her distinct vocal accomplishments she made a most pleasing artist. Few contraltos have sung here who have created as good an impression.—Providence Evening Telegram, December 22.

Mrs. Jacoby, of New York, was one of the marked successes of the evening. Her rich voice, her easy and gracious manner and her pleasing appearance, as well as the correctness of her singing, will make her ever a welcome vocalist at the Arion Club concerts in the future, should the club be so fortunate as to secure her services again.—Providence Evening News, December 22.

Rudolph Aronson's Rosen Bouquet.

Rudolph Aronson, manager of the Bijou Theatre, was the recipient of a unique Christmas present, in the shape of a Rosen bouquet, the gift of Sydney Rosenfeld, Ed. Rosenbaum (manager of the May Irwin Company), Jake Rosenthal (manager of "What Happened to Jones" Company), Wesley Rosenquest (manager of the Fourteenth Street Theatre), and Gabriel Rosenberg (known as "Rosey"), composer of the "Honeymoon March."

A Beethoven Musicales.

Following is the program of a Beethoven musicale given in honor of the composer's birthday on December 16 by the class of F. C. Hahr, at Richmond, Va. The local press was most cordial in its praise of the entire performance, congratulating heartily Mr. Hahr, at whose residence the affair took place:

- Septuor, four hands.
- Master John Powell and Mr. Hahr.
- Reading, Beethoven as an Interpreter of God and Nature (Mrs. Cheney).
- Miss Schoen.
- Sonata Pathétique, last two movements.
- Miss Echols.
- Moonlight Sonata, first two movements.
- Miss Hughes.
- Sonata, op. 31, No. 3, last two movements.
- Master John Powell.
- Sonata, Les Adieux, last two movements.
- Miss Seeligson.
- Reading—Sketch of Beethoven's Life (Mathews).
- Miss Painter.
- Sonata, op. 111.
- F. C. Hahr.

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- "Great musical feeling."—*New York Staats-Zeitung*.

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this are deep musical intelligence, a splendid organ, temperament and poetic feeling and a most agreeable personality.

"The Bride-Elect."

SOUSA'S new comic opera, "The Bride-Elect," had its first performance last evening, December 28, at the Hyperion Theatre, New Haven. The story, laid in the picturesque island of Capri, runs as follows:

Capri is divided into the two imaginary kingdoms of Capri and Timberio. The story opens some years after a fierce seven days' war, caused by the King of Capri's accidental shooting of the favorite goat of Papagallo, King of Timberio. Capri was defeated by Timberio, and a subsequent treaty of peace stipulated that Princess Mimitessa, daughter of the King of Capri, should before her eighteenth birthday marry the King of Timberio.

When the opera opens the King of Capri is long since deceased, and the subjects of his widow, Queen Bianca, are awaiting the coming of Papagallo to claim his bride. Mimitessa is averse to the proposed union, as she is in love

with Guido, Duke of Vontroso, the nephew of King Papagallo.

Escorted by his retinue, Papagallo arrives and issues his commands that the wedding shall take place on that evening. His prime minister, Frescobaldi, apprises the King that the treaty will become void should he fail to wed the Princess before her eighteenth birthday. This conversation is overheard by Mimitessa, who determines to put Papagallo out of the way for three days, and to this end she employs the services of La Pastorella, the woman chief of a band of brigands, and Gambo and Buscato, her lieutenants. While Papagallo is awaiting the hour for the wedding he is surrounded by a crowd of dancing and laughing brigands disguised as villagers, and in the middle of a gay barcarolle the King is seized, gagged and placed in a bag. The abduction is interrupted by the appearance of the patrol, who, however, fail to perceive the evil doing, and under the bright Italian moonlight Papagallo in his bag is borne slowly up the mountain side to the retreat of La Pastorella's band of brigands.

In the second act La Pastorella has been importuned by Gambo, her lover, to marry him, but being deeply superstitious she first consults the cards on the subject. Much to her surprise and Gambo's indignation the cards declare that she must espouse the king, whose description exactly tallies with that of Papagallo, her captive. The king objects to her determination to follow the dictation of the Fates as he wishes to marry Mimitessa. The wedding, however, is ordered by La Pastorella, but just before the ceremony Gambo interrupts by producing a statute which clearly renders Papagallo ineligible for La Pastorella. This seems a happy solution of the difficulty and the marriage is stopped. Gambo subsequently confides to the king that he had stopped the wedding as a subterfuge, no such law really existing in the band. Papagallo, while endeavoring to escape, is intercepted by Mimitessa, who has accompanied the brigands to their retreat. She leads Papagallo to the belief that she also has been kidnapped, and at this point, Gambo having confessed his guilt to La Pastorella, the fair brigand returns to compel Papagallo to marry her as originally ordered by the cards. Mimitessa affects to demand that Papagallo marry her and carry out the conditions of the treaty of peace. The unhappy captive monarch is in a sad predicament, from which he is temporarily released by Queen Bianca, who, believing that Mimitessa has been kidnapped by Papagallo, declares war against Timberio and storms the retreat of La Pastorella to rescue her daughter. Papagallo and all the brigands are arrested, except La Pastorella, who escapes in the excitement.

The third act finds all the male characters confined in the jail of Capri by order of Queen Bianca. A revolution breaks out in Timberio and Papagallo is deposed by his subjects. Guido is elevated to the throne and Mimitessa marries him as the King of Timberio, ordered by the treaty. Papagallo, no longer being king, is not subject to the dictates of La Pastorella's cards, and she thereupon bestows her hand on Gambo. Papagallo finally marries Queen Bianca, whom he had previously scorned, three happy weddings thus bringing the opera to a harmonious close.

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A notable example of organ building (worthy of comparison with the best foreign work), in which the tone of the individual stops has been preserved to a surprising degree, is illustrated in the latest art work from the Odell Organ Works, New York. In the construction of this organ it has been the ambition of the builders to produce an ideal organ. Not only is the tone of rare purity and exceedingly flexible, owing to the liberal use of the swell-box, but the systems employed in the mechanical structure of the instrument likewise illustrate the wonderful progress made in the development of organ mechanism.

Probably there has never been a time when the mode of placing the pipes under the control of the organist has received as critical attention as now. It is accomplished in this organ through the employment of the "Odell Vacuo-Exhaust System," in preference to the adoption of electricity—the only agency by which many builders are able to secure instantaneous results in large organs. In the "Odell Vacuo-Exhaust System" the objectionable features of the tubular-pneumatic systems in general use have been positively overcome, and the numerous advantages incident to the use of electricity are made possible and reliable. It is of astonishingly simple construction, of novel form, and marks a great advance in this difficult branch of organ building; it permits of the use of any desired number of mechanical accessories and octave couplers without changing the resistance of the keys, which is adjusted to that of the most perfect piano.

Special care has been devoted to the wind-producing, conveying and receiving departments of the organ, with a view to making them absolutely perfect. The result has been that the bellows, wind-ways and wind-chests are of superior construction to that usually met with and a steady body of tone is always maintained. No organ, however satisfactory in other respects, can win the honest admiration of those critically interested in organ building unless it has adequate and proper wind supply—qualifications that stand conspicuous in this instrument, and fully demonstrate the rare worth of the systems employed.

In addition to containing a full organ *sforzando* pedal and ten combination pedals this instrument is equipped with the "Odell Dolce Pedal," an invention of inestimable value, occupying an entirely new field. This pedal brings into action a dolce combination of stops on all manual and pedal claviars. It does not move the draw-stop knobs, but operates whether they are in or out. With the stops set for any fixed or special combination the dolce pedal, when employed, will instantly silence the ones that are drawn (unless belonging to its own combination) and allow only the dolce combination to sound. Consequently, as long as the dolce pedal remains hooked down any desired combination can be prepared for by setting the draw-stop knobs, which are in no wise interfered with, either by hand or by the combination pedals, as the case may be, and the moment it is released the new combination will sound.

The console, or key desk, is designed in accordance with valuable suggestions obtained from the foremost organists of the world; the arrangement being such as to give the greatest possible facility to the player. Every measurement about the keyboards, the relation of the pedals to the seat, of one bank of keys to the other, of the draw stops to the performer's hands, and the systematized location of the speaking stops, couplers, pedal movements, &c., have received the utmost attention. All of the interior woodwork of the console is constructed of highly polished mahogany, and the trimmings, including the face of the stops, which are of the oblique pattern, name plates, &c., are engraved on fine ivory plates. The

manual keys are of the overhanging type, and the pedal keys are of the latest and most approved pattern.

This fine instrument is to be placed in the new Methodist Episcopal Church of the Covenant, corner Spruce and Eighteenth streets, Philadelphia, of which Governor Pattison is a prominent member. It contains three manuals, thirty-four speaking stops, and a full equipment of mechanical devices, which render it a most complete and perfect instrument in every respect.

Music Lore.

"From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began.
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high:
'Arise ye more than dead.'
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began;
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man."

It is a strange conceit of the poet to make the universe develop to the rhythm and the tune of music, but it is not so strange, after all, if we remember that the folklore of all nations records instance upon instance which tends to show that

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage heart,
To melt the rocks * * *

and to work many more miracles.

There is something in the abstract and intangible character of music which in the mind of primeval man invests it with a charm of mystery, and inspires him with awe, as is illustrated in the incident narrated in Genesis iv., 21, and beautifully retold by Dryden:

"When Jubal struck the corded shell,
His list'ning brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound;
Less than a god, they thought, there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well."

The string instruments, particularly, vibrating with the emotion of the player, gave rise to many peculiar tales. The sounds of the *vina*, a Hindoo instrument invented by Saraswati, the wife of Brahma, were so supremely beautiful that even the god of music, Nareda, when a breath of wind made them vibrate, listened spellbound, wrapt in ecstasy. Some of the melodies played upon this instrument were held sacred. No mortal could sing them, or he would be devoured by flames. Others were invested with magic power. They were used to invoke rain, to ward off the blight; they obscured the sun, they compelled men and beasts to move. Thus the Greek myths of Arion, whose song charmed the dolphin so he carried the poet to the shore, and Orpheus, who not only

"Could lead the savage race,"

but made the

"Trees uprooted leave their place,"

and follow the lure of his lyre, have their forerunners in the Orient.

The same resemblance can be traced between the blast of the trumpet which made the walls of Jericho crumble and the song of Amphion, which joined stone to stone until he had built Kadmeia, the fortress of Thebes. The story of David, whose harp had exorcised the demon in Saul's breast, has its complement in the rousing effect which the music of a Theban bard had upon Alexander the Great. This bard, Timotheus by name, performed before the Macedonian monarch a song to the war goddess Athena, which made so powerful an impression upon the king that he started from his seat and seized his arms. This scene is related in Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," set to music by Händel:

"Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving billows learned to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage or kindle soft desire."

One of the most remarkable examples of the power of music upon inanimate nature is furnished by one of the

contests between the Muses and the Pierides, their ambitious rivals. When the Muses sang the stars, the streams and the sea stood still to listen, and Mount Helicon leaped with joy; so that Neptune, fearful lest it might rise to the heavens, bid Pegasus stamp its summit with his foot. When the turn of the Pierides came the earth was wrappd in darkness.

Among the gods themselves there was great rivalry in song. Hermes, who, like the Hebrew Jubal, constructed a stringed instrument out of a tortoise shell, had a dispute with Apollo, and in the words of Homer:

"With strange skill
Subdued the strong Latonian by the might
Of winning music to his mightier will,"

until he had extracted from Apollo what he desired. Then he spoke to him thus:

"To those who are unskilled in the sweet tongue,
Though they should question most impetuously,
Its hidden soul, it gossips something wrong,
Some senseless and impertinent reply.
But thou who art as wise as thou art strong
Can compass all that thou desirest. I
Present thee with this music flowing shell,
Knowing thou canst interrogate it well."

Several nations have the tradition of a magic draught, which would bestow the gift of song upon him who drinks it. Like the juice of the Soma plant stolen from the demons in Hindoo lore, the magic mead guarded by Gunlöd, the German mythical heroine, is the object of strife and stratagem. Gunlöd, betrays her trust, and allows Odin, who lures her with his love, to take three sips. In these three sips he drinks all the mead, and henceforth the art of song was called Odin's draught, or Odin's gift. Odin's confession, that without Gunlöd's love he could not have obtained the miraculous liquid, suggests the meaning of the allegory—that love alone is the source of song.

There are many more weird tales that the imagination of the people has woven about music; and their striking similarity proves a strange harmony in human thought and feeling, regardless of race and clime. The myth of Orpheus can be traced through Chinese, Hindoo and Egyptian folklore, and through classical antiquity to the medieval form of the "Rat-Catcher of Hameln." The Greek sirens had a German sister on the Rhine, Lorely.

Even philosophy did not disdain to invent a most ingenious musical fancy, the music of the spheres. Pythagoras believed that the wheel of the distaff of Necessity consisted of eight concentric wheels, representing sun, moon, the five planets known at the time, and the fixed stars. On each wheel sat a siren singing. He imagined to have heard the exquisite music thus produced, and the fancy became a topic of frequent allusion in poetry. Milton, in his "Hymn on the Nativity," refers to it in these lines:

"Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears
(If ye have power to touch our senses so),
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time,
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow,
And with your nine-fold harmony
Make up full consort of th' angelic symphony."

Perhaps this music of the spheres is the hum of creation. But nobody will ever decipher the notation of that grand music—as no one will ever fathom the depths of the human soul, which is the true source of song.

CLARA LIEBMANN.

Texas Female College Concert.

The members of the music faculty of the North Texas Female College, Dallas, Tex., gave a concert on Thursday evening, December 23, of which the program was one of interest. Herr Harold von Mickwitz, pianist; Herr Fritz Schmitz, violinist; Herr Adolph J. Friedman, baritone, and Mrs. Estelle Roy-Schmitz, accompanist, were the artists of the occasion, and acquitted themselves with much success.

Lillie D'Angelo Bergh.

The second song recital by Miss Lillie D'Angelo Bergh and her pupils was given on Monday afternoon, December 20, at her studio, 56 West Fifth street, with the assistance of Dr. J. F. Gillette, baritone, and the American Philharmonic Orchestra, Prof. W. De Mott conductor. The third recital will take place on Monday afternoon, January 3, when a reception to one of the highest order of Brahmins with a duly long Indian title will follow.

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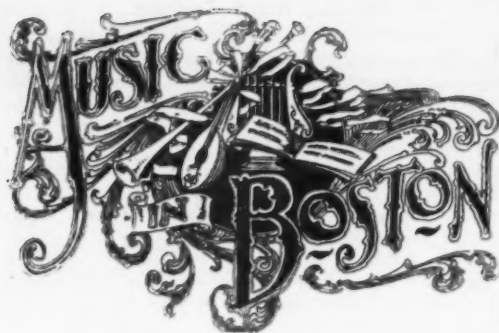
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BOSTON, Mass., December 26, 1897.

LAST week I stumbled on another Joan of Arc piece: Symphony "Jeanne d'Arc," with solos and chorus, by Alfred Holmes, performed at St. Petersburg in 1867 and at London in February, 1875.

They were talking about counterpoint at the St. Botolph Club. Mr. Alexander P. Browne, the lawyer, who was the first to speak of Pachmann as a chopinnee, listened attentively for some minutes. He finally interrupted, saying, "Pardon me; but the counterpoint you are describing seems to be bargain-counterpoint."

The *Dramatic Mirror* (New York) received lately as in a vial the outpouring of Mrs. Basta-Tavary's soul. She stated, if I remember aright, that she began her vocal studies about 1889. I hope that the compositor not the soprano is at fault.

For on pp. 85-86 of Otto Julius Bierbaum's *Fünfundzwanzig Jahre Münchner Hoftheater-Geschichte* (Munich, 1892), I find this paragraph:

"Marie Basta. Born 1856 at Cologne. Educated by Professor Lamperti at Milan. Made her first appearance at Weimar, 1872. Then Prague and Cologne. At the Munich Opera House from August 1, 1880, to January 1, 1888. Chief parts Queen of Night, Queen of Navarre, Zerlina, Rosina, Violetta. Has sung as Guest in Norway and Sweden."

I myself heard her in the early eighties as guest at Dresden, first as Isabelle in "Robert the Devil," and she assured Robert with considerable dramatic stress and emphatic iteration that she loved him. Robert's other name was Riese, a short fat man with a sweet voice who gained wind in his youth by playing a trombone. It was in 1882 that I first saw her as Isabelle, also as the Queen of Night, also as Lucia losing reason and vocal control. It was in 1884 that I heard her in Munich as Eudoxie, Carmen, the jealous woman in Norma—I never could spell her name—Susanna, Oscar.

You spoke the other day of "Marchesi and Music," by Mathilde Marchesi, Harper & Brothers, 1897. You had the impression, did you not, that the book was new, prepared for her proposed visit to this country.

I bought last week a copy of "Aus meinem Leben von Mathilde Marchesi, Marquise de la Rajata le Castrone," Düsseldorf, Verlag von Felix Bagel, no date, pp. 246. The book ends with the year 1887, and the author speaks on the last page but one of Melba as already engaged for

the opera at Brussels, "where this autumn she will make her appearance as Gilda in Rigoletto."

Here is the first sentence of the book of 1897: "I was the youngest of three sisters, and was born in Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where my father, Johann Friedrich Graumann, a wealthy and highly respected merchant, was established."

This is the first sentence in the Düsseldorf version: "Ich bin als die jüngste von drei Schwestern in Frankfurt a. M. geboren, wo mein Vater, Johann Friedrich Graumann, ein angesehen und wohlhabender Grosshändler war."

I pick at random. Page 38 of Harpers' edition: "At that time England was a gold mine for concert singers—since then things have changed considerably—and Mendelssohn was the favorite composer." Page 37 of the Düsseldorf book: "Damals war für concert-sänger in England noch goldene zeit. Jetzt hat sich hierin gar Vieles verändert. In der Concert musik dominierte damals Mendelssohn."

From the Harper-Marchesi preface: "The following reminiscences were, when first written, solely intended for my family, and not for publication." From the Düsseldorf version: "Die nachstehenden flüchtigen Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben waren anfänglich nur für den engen Familien kreis und nicht für das publikum bestimmt." The prefaces are alike to the end; only the final sentence is a little different; the gem of expression "the furtherance of this elegant and divine calling" does not appear in the German.

"Aus meinem Leben" is dedicated to her daughters Teresa and Bianca. "Marchesi and Music" is dedicated to her only surviving daughter Blanche Marchesi—Cacca Misi.

I think it would have been fairer to the public if a note in the English version of 1897 had said in effect: "Much of this volume is taken from 'Aus meinem Leben,' published in 1887." I find no allusion to any such publication, nor do I find Mrs. Marchesi mentioning an earlier book by her, which appeared in Vienna in 1877, entitled "Erinnerungen aus meinem Leben."

"The Messiah" was sung by the Handel and Hadyn for the ninety-sixth time December 19. Mr. Zerrahn conducted. The orchestra was made up of Symphony players, with Mr. Schnitzler as concertmaster. The solo singers were Mrs. Henschel, Mrs. Anna Taylor Jones, Evan Williams and E. Leon Rains. H. G. Tucker was the organist. There was a large audience.

The performance as a whole was dull. The chorus sang respectably so far as intonation and precision of attack were concerned, but the volume of tone was absurdly weak for so many singers. Only in final cadences was there lusty, exultant roaring.

The performance was the first under the new managers. It was the intention of the managers of 1896-97, in case of re-election, to cut down the chorus, to weed it thoroughly. This was rumored and the proposed action met with the approval of all those who had the interests of the society intelligently at heart. These managers were defeated in the election. The new managers in the prospectus of the season of 1897-98 stated that the chorus had been enlarged.

The sight of the chorus last Sunday night reminded me of the old English lines:

Merry swithe it is in halle,
When the beards waveth alle.

Call me not irreverent. I appreciate the glory of old age "superbly rising." "Ineffable grace of dying days!" There is nothing finer than a clean old man. But I do not wish to hear him sing.

I understand the pride and devotion of many in the chorus of the Handel and Haydn; they should show their devotion now by abstaining from choral song.

Let them ponder the speech of Barzilai, the Gileadite of Rogelim, when the king invited him to feed with him in Jerusalem: "I am this day four score years old; and can I discern between good and evil? can thy servant taste what I eat or what I drink? can I hear any more the voice of singing men and singing women? Wherefore, then, should thy servant be yet a burden unto my lord the king?"

I say it with all kindness and respect toward the men and women of the Handel and Haydn: the chorus might be improved if half of it or even three-fourths of it should withdraw.

Nor do I base my objection to the chorus as it is, simply on account of the absurd feebleness of volume. A work like "The Messiah" must suffer in many ways when it is sung by a bulky chorus. There are works by Händel in which the chorus is the chief soloist and the choral numbers are more impressive when delivered by a great host of singing singers. I should like to hear "The Messiah" sung by a small body of picked men and women under an intelligent, authoritative and temperamental conductor, without the interpolated orchestral ideas of Robert Franz, and with soloists so well acquainted with the vocal habits and customs of Händel's period that they could sing the arias fearlessly and well. Thus, for instance, I should like to hear some great soprano, like unto Catalani, who, in 1823, at the York Festival, was praised for "the very fine" cadenza introduced by her into "I know that my Redeemer liveth," a cadenza which, according to one who heard her there, "seemed more adapted to close the sacred song than those labored and lengthened ones which sacrifice so much correct taste for the sake of brilliant display." And it was of this same Catalani that Heinrich Dorn wrote: "I wish the singers of to-day could hear the cadenza which Catalani introduced at the close of 'I know that my Redeemer liveth,' when she sang in 1827 and I was in the audience." Do you say cadenzas would be out of place? I propose to reason with you on this subject next week, when I shall also discuss the present condition of singing societies in Boston.

Mrs. Henschel is a delightful soprano in a small hall and in songs where intimacy is established quickly between singer and hearer. To hear her under such favorable circumstances is a liberal education. But in "The Messiah" she forced tones until they were shrill and her intonation was more than once suspicious.

Mrs. Jones, who sang here for the first time, has a pleasing voice, smooth, appealing, with true contralto tinge of melancholy. But she was in lachrymose vein when she declaimed—or rather drawled recitative, and when she sang "He shall feed his flock" she was at once lost in rhythmless sentimentalism. Thus she rolled up her eyes and announced lugubriously, "Behold! a virgin shall conceive;" and her announcement of the name "Emanuel" was like unto the wail of a bassoon in agony. To her the cadence, "God with us," was as though the words read "God help us." She was penitential, not exultant. 'Twas a pity; 'twas a pity! Here is a woman with a haunting voice who has evidently been told "You

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sing with so much expression." And the result is dreariness, desolation, despair.

They say that Mr. Rains was indisposed. At any rate he was replaced at the repetition of the performance December 20 by Mr. Charles Clark, who sang without rehearsal and with good result; as I am informed, for that night I went to hear Francis Wilson in "Half a King," at the Tremont, make his little speech against the theatrical trust. To criticise Mr. Rains under the circumstances would be unjust. It is true we all wrote freely about him in the newspapers of December 21, but no indulgence was asked for him by the managers and he appeared to be in robust health.

Mr. Williams gave great pleasure by the frankness, tenderness and nobility of his style as well as by his sympathetic and commanding voice. It is hard to say whether he was the more admirable in "Behold and see" or "Thou shalt break them," and this very doubt is itself a high compliment.

Miss Rose Stewart, assisted by Miss Minnie Little, pianist, and Mr. Henry Schuecker, harper, sang songs by Franz, Handel, Liszt, Nevin, Godard, MacDowell, Meyerbeer, Grieg, Dell'Acqua, Rubinstein and Delibes December 21 in Steinert Hall. She made a liberal display of pure vocal artistry, musical intelligence, and musical versatility. Her own song "Spring," accompanied, as were certain other songs, by herself, is a pleasing melody with gracefully flowing accompaniment.

The fourth part of the English Dialect Dictionary, edited by Joseph Wright, is just out. It contains the following allusions to music:

Call—To have the call, to have the right to call upon a performer for the next song.

Cank—The cry of a goose.

[Here let me introduce Walt Whitman.

"The wild gander leads his flock through the cool night,

Ya-honk! he says, and sounds it down to me like an invitation;

The pert may suppose it meaningless, but I listen closer,

I find its purpose and place up there toward the November sky."]

Cant—To sing; to speak in recitative—applied to clergymen who deliver their discourses in this manner.

Capernoited—Slightly "elevated," under the influence of liquor.

Carl—A carol; also a licentious song.

Carol-ewyn—Carol-even, the last night of the year. So-called because people go from door to door singing carols and receiving gifts in return.

Carp—To recite as a minstrel. "Then aye be harped and aye be carped."

Catgut-Scrapers. An orchestra, players on stringed instruments. London slang. "Now, then, you catgut scrapers, let's have a ha'p'urth of liveliness."

Censioner—A judge at a bell-ringing match. Formerly each set of ringers in West Yorkshire had their own censioner, but now only two are appointed, who are placed in a room isolated from other persons, listen to the ringing, mark the blunders, and give judgment. This room at Almondbury was in the top story of a lofty house, and the windows were covered with whitewash, so that the censioners might not be informed, by any signal from outside, what set of ringers was performing.

Championing—Going round as mummers at Christmas time, singing carols and songs. Probably the word is connected with St. George the Champion, who is

a leading character in the Mummers' play. [See Thomas Hardy's "return of the Native."]

Change—To make a great noise, din, row. "The fiddlers chang'd and play'd."

Chanter—(1) A singer; a chorister. A funeral chanter is one who used to head all funerals and sing. Still seen occasionally. (2) A street singer and seller of ballads. "There are now 200 chanters, who also sell the ballads they sing," Mayhew London Labor (1851).

(3) The fingering part of a bagpipe, on which the air is played. Part of the stand of bagpipes containing the reed and finger-holes on which the tunes are played. The chanter is given to the novice to practice on until he qualifies to the full stand of pipes.

Charm—Of birds, bees, &c.; a confused intermingled song or hum.

Chavish—A chattering or noise of many birds or persons all singing or speaking together.

Cheet—To creak, make a slight noise; to squeak, call out. "Theaze a fiddle cheetin' aht."

PHILIP HALE.

Semi-annual Entrance Examinations.

VICTOR CAPOUL'S letter to Mrs. Thurber, published in our last issue, dwells particularly on the importance of a sound musical training at the beginning, and this is often overlooked by parents and guardians. Now, the distinct advantage of a course of study at the National Conservatory of Music of America is this very thoroughness—a thoroughness that is usually neglected. Cheap teachers, like cheap instruments, always prove dearer in the end. The staff of the National Conservatory, as we have often insisted, is unique. An artistic faculty consisting of Rafael Joseffy, Adele Margulies, Leopold Lichtenberg, Victor Capoul, Julie L. Wyman, Gustav Hinrichs, Henry T. Finck, S. P. Warren, Max Spicker, Louis V. Saar and many others is a powerful educational factor in these days when a complete musical education is often guaranteed while you wait. It is, therefore, that we especially emphasize the fact that next week the National Conservatory holds its semi-annual examinations, and advise those who are seeking an opportunity to lay the foundations of a solid musical education, as well as adding the finishing touches, to attend these examinations. Here is the order:

Singing and opera, January 3 (Monday), from 10 to 12 A. M., 2 to 4 P. M. and 8 to 10 P. M. Chorus, 8 to 10 P. M. Piano and organ, January 4 (Tuesday), 10 to 12 a. m., 2 to 4 P. M. Violin, viola, cello, contrabass, harp, wind instruments and orchestra, January 6 (Wednesday), 2 to 4 P. M. Children's day, January 6 (Wednesday), piano and violin, 2 to 4 P. M.

These examinations will be conducted by the heads of the various departments. In the singing and operatic classes applicants of exceptional voices will be received free of charge, and in the other classes only those of exceptional ability will be accorded a like privilege. President Jeannette M. Thurber is especially interested in the development of the operatic school, presided over by Victor Capoul, and believes, as we do, that young people of vocal ability are given a rare chance to learn the technique of opera under a celebrated master. Her motto, "The Greatest musical good for the greatest number," is a happy and significant one.

Clara A. Korn's Theory Classes.

Clara A. Korn, the well-known composer, is engaged in the organization of classes in harmony, counterpoint, fugue and form respectively, application for which will close at her studio, 49 Fifth avenue, on February 13. This excellent musician is particularly qualified for the task, and may already be credited with the most successful theoretic drill of pupils who have studied piano with the first masters of Europe.

Sunday Night Concert.

IN addition to the orchestral numbers—Moszkowski's "Jeanne d'Arc" march, the "Lohengrin" prelude, the "Götterdämmerung" march and a number from the Grieg suite—the individual solo numbers last Sunday night at the Metropolitan were a concerto by Miss Rachel Hoffmann, the pianist; an aria by Madame Jacoby, the contralto, and the D minor violin concerto of Vieuxtemps and the "Faust Fantaisie" of Wieniawski by Ysaye.

The composer of the piano concerto, Dupont, is the teacher of Miss Hoffmann, who is a thoroughly equipped, effective pianist, richly endowed with musical temperament and a highly developed technique. Her touch is clear, crisp and decisive, and her phrasing shows the culture and attainment of the finished student. The work itself bristles with pianistic difficulties of a school now fading away, but its construction is naively academic. Miss Rachel Hoffmann is unquestionably one of the best pianists to be found in this vicinity at present.

The orchestral attack of the "Samson and Delilah" aria of Saint-Saëns, sung by Madame Jacoby, was in error, the conductor using a piano score which had an introduction of two measures' difference. This disturbance would have disconcerted an average singer. As it was, Jacoby sang the aria with breadth of style and delivery, and with noble tone as well as with feeling and expression. As an encore she sang a ballad that demonstrated the extent of her vocal compass. A great many mezzo-sopranos figure as contraltos as the occasions require, but of true and genuine contralto quality there are few voices such as Jacoby's.

Ysaye played superbly, with absolutely perfect and flawless technique, notwithstanding overawing difficulties. A curious test of violin quality was offered by the use of a Guarnerius violin for the first number and its encore, a Rondo Caprice by Giraud, and a Stradivarius for the second number, the "Faust Fantaisie." The Guarnerius was what might be called masculine in contrast with the delicate and refined Strad quality. The tonal penetration and power would go to the Guarnerius; the Strad had more color, more intensity and a more brilliant upper register; the Guarnerius a stronger G string tone. It would be difficult to make a selection as between two such giant products in the hands of Ysaye. The test merely resulted in a suspension of definite judgment.

Nordica and Plançon will probably be the soloists next Sunday.

Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané String Quartet.

The Kaltenborn-Beyer-Hané String Quartet was in great demand during Christmas week for church services. Unfortunately, owing to dates booked ahead, they were unable to accept more than two, those of All Angels' Church on Christmas morning, and Brick Church on Sunday morning. They were also obliged to refuse South Church for Sunday afternoon, owing to one of the Crescent Club's Sunday afternoon musicales, which are, by the way, even more popular than last season, the rooms being crowded to standing each Sunday. The first floor of their new annex is particularly adapted to these entertainments. On Sunday evening Mr. Kaltenborn and Mr. Beyer-Hané played at the Grace Chapel Christmas service.

The quartet met with great success at the Union League Club on its first ladies' day of the season.

Here are some recent Brooklyn notices:

Mr. Dempsey and the quartet were especially enjoyable, and Franz Kaltenborn played two solos with the finish and feeling of the true artist he is. Hermann Beyer-Hané, the cellist, made a most favorable impression in the numbers he gave.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

This quartet is composed of excellent musicians and their playing shows a delicacy and unity only to be found in chamber music.—Brooklyn Eagle.

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Katharine Evans Von Klenner.

MME. KATHARINE EVANS VON KLENNER, the eminent vocal teacher, needs no introduction to the artistic public of America. Standing as she does at the head of her profession, the fully equipped and duly authorized representative of the Viardot-Garcia method in America, Madame von Klenner is well recognized as a potent factor in the world of art, a firm and enduring influence in the vocal progress of this country.

Katharine Evans von Klenner is one from among a few instructors of singing who beyond carrying within herself the large fund of intimate knowledge and experience essential to her work, is at the same time rarely fitted by nature and development for the role of teacher. She

special gift of voice or any particular talent in the matter of music. But it is here Madame von Klenner finds a stronghold. "Anyone who can speak can sing," she says. "I take no credit for putting to its best uses a naturally fine voice, supplemented by musical ability; but there is great satisfaction in, so to speak, growing a voice by means of the correct application of a perfected method." At each musicale a different group of pupils is heard, the large size of Madame von Klenner's class making division necessary. Those pupils already engaged professionally or those living at some distance out of town have, as a rule, to be missed; but there is always an ample, well-assorted program, and always a lengthy number of pupils brought forward, whose work is a highly artistic satisfaction to their audience and, beyond question, a valuable

families in New York. It is a sort of sanctified old quarter in its quietude and dignity and charms hugely the frequenter of more commonplace locale. From every railroad station or ferry in the city it is most readily accessible. Brooklyn people can reach it by the Third avenue L, stopping two blocks away at Ninth street. Those coming by New York Central can take same line to same station. New Jersey people, from any point, can reach Eighth street and Third avenue by Christopher street car or Tenth street and Third avenue by Grand street car and transfer. It is all a matter of one fare with ready transfer. No point in the city may be more simply or directly reached than this charming studio in its quaint surroundings.

An extra point in its favor is its proximity to the



A VON KLENNER STUDIO MUSICALE.

knows much and she knows it well. She loves her art and every phase of its expression; but above all things she enjoys taking in hand a pupil, carrying them with her well-known zeal and energy through their course of study, feeling always secure in the thought that success will be the reward of her labors. That this is the case the large product of her studio for some years past has incontestably proved.

The flash-light picture accompanying this sketch was made by a MUSICAL COURIER artist on the evening of Wednesday, the 15th inst., while one of Madame von Klenner's frequently recurrent musicales was in progress. These musicales, given by her pupils, have now become a feature of New York musical life. The future professional artist of promise is often heard here, and the work of the talented amateur is equally a subject of interest to the musical world which follows up intelligently the results of method and the reliable advance of vocal art. Many charming young singers may also be heard here who first came to Madame von Klenner unable to disclose any

tribute to Madame von Klenner as a finished exponent of the famous Viardot-Garcia method.

The studio pictured, in which the lessons as well as the musicales are given, is one of the most spacious and attractive, as it is also one of the most conveniently situated in New York. There is everything here to contribute to personal comfort as well as artistic inspiration, altogether a delightful musical corner. The address, 40 Stuyvesant street, is not as well known to the average public as all the monotonous cross streets, with their stuffy flats and apartments in which teachers of all sorts manage to cram themselves and learn to consider their environment a studio. Stuyvesant street is one of the dignified old rows of handsome, high-ceilinged, massively-decorated houses where the first and best of the Knickerbockers made their homes.

It runs at an angle from East Tenth street, stretching from Second to Third avenue, and is in the heart of a quarter which has been occupied for the past century and is still occupied by some of the most distinguished

principal music stores all situated in Union square, only five blocks off.

Madame von Klenner presents an interesting personality. She is a woman of wide general culture, conversant and in sympathy with many arts outside her specialty. A sound general musician, a good linguist and litterateur, she is able to lay upon the education of her pupils that stamp of polish and finesse for lack of which many good voices—even where coupled with intelligence—lack wholly artistic charm and persuasion. Madame von Klenner impresses upon her pupils' work much of the result of her own wide travel, education and musical experience. By this reason their singing has a particular cachet not often met in the studio.

The music of every European country, Russia excepted, Madame von Klenner has listened to and studied in its own home. Even Russia will not remain much longer an exception, as Madame von Klenner purposes visiting it this coming summer, assimilating the virtue and beauty of its song just as she did that of Spain during the sum-

mer past. The advantage to pupils of this innate and comprehensive knowledge of the particular music of each nation is of course paramount, and tells specifically in the characteristic delivery of their programs.

Always having studied with the view to teach, Madame von Klenner followed up her mastery of the Garcia method with an extended tour for the purpose of studying repertory. With her clear judgment and receptiveness all alive it did not take a lengthy period to acquire the knowledge necessary. The English ballad and oratorio she heard in England, the German lieder am Rhein, the French chanson in Paris, the Scandinavian music of Grieg and his school in the northern European countries, Spanish music in Spain, Italian music in Italy, and so on through the gamut of nationalities, which lends such variety and interest to the making of her pupils' programs. As suggested before, the manner in which the various schools and their languages are handled at these von Klenner musicales is invariably satisfying testimony to Madame von Klenner's exceptional equipment as a teacher. The opening also which these regular affairs provides for the pupil is an important consideration. The student learns to throw off awkwardness, gains ease and courage, and still further, if they are studying with a view to turn their music to account will find here an opportunity to be heard by many prominent musicians of the day.

It is interesting to hear Madame von Klenner talk of the Viardot-Garcia method. Her enthusiasm runs high, her views are always intelligently and concisely expressed, and she has the sound logic which convinces. Any question of doubt or difficulty put to her she answers with admirable lucidity and directness. She is not prone to embarrass her analysis with the technical detail which leaves many a groping amateur as much in the dark in the end as they were in the beginning. Her exposition of the reasons for all defects in vocalization, and her suggestions for a perfect remedy of the same, will be found always as simple as they are logical.

With one unalterable premise she sets forth in her studio. There is, she states, no such thing as beginning and finishing teachers. The teacher calculated to teach the first step should also take a pupil to the close and vice versa. The Viardot-Garcia method is a completed circle, perfect in its symmetry and in its adjustment to individual needs. In as far as this method is concerned, no sectional patchwork is or can be admissible. The structure is perfect Mme. von Klenner declares, each step delicately graded and dependent upon the other, and whosoever acquires this method to perfection will have under absolute control for all time every effort of the voice.

The remarkable flexibility attained under the Viardot-Garcia method has long been a subject of comparison with other schools. A von Klenner contralto pupil will sing coloratura music with as much facility as may the lightest soprano; not only this, but while the depth and warmth of the full contralto quality is retained the compass can be extended to that of a high mezzo-soprano, and there are some instances where B is made to come readily within the range. The mastery of perfect breathing is the keynote to this. Absolutely correct breathing the Viardot-Garcia method implies. After this there comes the accurate registration, discreetly limited so as to save and not to overstrain—the latter a common fault. There is then the careful binding of registers accomplished by the practice of the famous studies of the Garcia school. These etudes preclude all possibility of holes, or as they

are commonly called "breaks," in the voice, and in their perfect construction bring into complete pliability the vocal cords. They are at the same time destined to extend the compass of every voice while keeping the equality of its timbre intact. The great Malibran, a Garcia contralto, is recorded to have sung F in alt.

On the score of breathing, Madame von Klenner is a worker of significant results. No pupil of hers is ever permitted to break a phrase. They are so taught to control the breath that it is quite as easy for them not to do so. But, as Madame von Klenner justly questions, is this a condition of things to be frequently found elsewhere? Where, she says, in words of her own, are the singers who can sing the lengthy, florid phrases of Händelian oratorio without breathing them, or who will even sing some of the larger, broader phrases of medium length without those gasping gaps which completely annul the effect and beauty of the text? The contralto who will deliver, for instance, the "O thou that bringest good tidings to Zion!" in "The Messiah" without mutilation of the phrase is a rare, if at all an existent, quantity. And as far as compass is concerned, it is a notable fact that mezzo sopranos are commonly engaged to sing contralto music at the present day.

It is certainly patent to us all that even in the case of many a trained coloratura soprano of to-day the effort of sustaining a long, elaborate phrase is destructive of the beauty of tonal quality as well as a highly inartistic imposition on the nerves of an audience. Go, good people, and learn to breathe! Think up the Garcia method.

That the studio of Madame von Klenner is an excellent corner for the eradication of evils established by previous bad teaching has been proved in a number of cases. The method which she represents in America is a great surgical healer, and can remedy evils even of long standing, with which other schools may not grapple. Like the warrior sniffing the battle, the harder her task, the worse the evils to be overcome, the more eager and earnest is Madame von Klenner to take up the pupil. Here she feels that success is best worth the winning. To change radically bad habits into good ones, or to perform her constant task of converting average into superior material, is with her a genuine labor of love.

Talking of the ability to sing of everyone who can speak, Madame von Klenner remarks that the same mechanism is of course employed in both cases, that of singing being simply of a more exalted and necessarily cultivated degree. She does not contend that the singing voice may be made one of beauty, any more than she contends that an unpleasant speaking voice may indicate an unpleasant singing voice, or that the pitch of a speaking voice will give any clue to the pitch of the trained singer. But she insists that every mortal who talks may sing, and sometimes a speaker of strident pitch and every bad form of intonation may make a very beautiful singer.

Vices in speaking, Mme. von Klenner says, may be most often the result of association. A whole family may talk in a sharp, high-pitched key, constantly intoning falsely, and a would-be singer thrown among them will fall into the same habit. But Mme. von Klenner is rarely perplexed by this. The singing possibilities she knows may be beneath a disagreeable speaking cover, and the usual consequence will be that the development of the singing quality will simultaneously improve the conversational tone.

While a bad speaking voice, however, does not imply bad singing, things do not run by contraries. A musical speaking voice is sure to be the forerunner of pure vocal

art. To test new pupils Mme. von Klenner usually chats with them some time, notes the variety of inflection, the warmth or coldness of the tone, particularly when they talk of music, in which they are supposed to be most interested. Her opinions are generally formulated correctly beforehand. So long as there is color in the intonation, even disagreeable color, there is temperamental hope. Mme. von Klenner only loses hope for the emotional side of the nature when the speech is in monotone. For the development of the voice, simply and solely as a mechanical instrument capable even of artistic things by imitation, she never loses hope. From apparently the most unlikely sources the Garcia method can evolve results to make musicians wonder, Mme. von Klenner believes, and upon this belief she builds and works with strenuous and enthusiastic energy.

Her next pupils' musicale will take place before very long in the same delightful studio. Good work may be expected, a well-composed program and the seriously interested audience, which the products of this clever teacher's studio is bound to attract.

Dr. Ziegfeld, of Chicago.

Dr. F. Ziegfeld, president of the Chicago Musical College, is in the city on a short visit.

Shannah Cummings.

This gifted oratorio soprano, who now fills so successfully the position made famous by Clementine de Vere at the West Presbyterian Church (Dr. Paxton's), makes herself more of a favorite at each appearance. Her success in the various principal cities has been quite as marked as that obtained with Sousa in his musical festivals at Manhattan Beach last summer.

A Christmas Service.

The holiday music at the Evangelical Lutheran Church of the Holy Trinity, West Twenty-first street, has been well arranged. An Antiphon written by the organist and director of the choir, Mr. Emanuel Schmauk, proved interesting at the Christmas morning service, and another feature of the program was a Christmas anthem by Homer N. Bartlett.

Tecla Vigna's Operatic Class.

The new opera of Signor Tirindelli, "Blanc et Noir," was put on at Cincinnati last week and sung by the pupils of Signorina Tecla Vigna. The Cincinnati press in glowing terms records the première as an unqualified success and extols the work Tecla Vigna's operatic class with enthusiasm. The following is a brief excerpt from a lengthy article:

The great event is over, and when this is read there is nothing left of the great triumph of last night but some scattered roses and laurel leaves upon the Auditorium stage; gladness and happiness in the hearts of the composer and the singers, and the memory of an unique and most enjoyable evening in the recollections of the hundreds of people who witnessed the first performance of Tirindelli's opera, "Blanc et Noir," at the Auditorium Wednesday night. It was a glorious triumph, quite unprecedented in the annals of Cincinnati's musical life. If there ever was an excuse for the most extravagant enthusiasm on the part of the audience at an opera première in this city, or anywhere else, the performance last night undoubtedly offered it.

Seldom has a Cincinnati audience become worked up to such a degree of enthusiasm as the audience at the opera last night. Every scene was received with a perfect storm of applause, and one scene, a beautiful duo of the two Piets, had to be repeated. At the end of the performance the audience arose, and the composer, the singers and their teacher, Signorina Tecla Vigna, were given a most enthusiastic ovation. The debutantes were almost smothered with magnificent floral tributes.—Commercial Gazette.

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BROOKLYN OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
559 FULTON STREET, December 27, 1897.

ON looking over the musical conditions of the year from which we are just passing I cannot refrain from commenting upon the amount of really serious work which has been accomplished and the manner in which Brooklyn is asserting itself musically.

To be perfectly frank, there is a different sort of atmosphere here; as I believe it is generally understood that Brooklyn is essentially an educational centre, quieter and more subdued than its sister city, or shall I say its other self, New York. (I would even like to designate New York as Brooklyn's better half, but hesitate lest some of the loyal Brooklynites resent it. It may not be out of place to say here that from the Brooklynite's individuality and conservatism there should be a different state of affairs with matters musical.

In the first place the Brooklynite has a distinct appreciation of Brooklyn and all that emanates from it or pertains to it. This sentiment, if things were in a normal condition, would be of vast benefit to the resident musician, because of this characteristic, which is very strongly in evidence. Even New York has not the orchestral concerts that Brooklyn has, but Brooklyn has no audience to spare for anything of a local nature, and this is the more noticeable because of the aforementioned characteristic of the Brooklyn man. Probably in no field where great things are accomplished do the leaders have to work with such fervor, or, to put it as it actually is, do those interested in accomplishing anything have to resort to the slavery that they do here; and from my observation during the past year I can safely assert that some of the workers are actually martyrs, and although recognition is slow, success must follow their noble and notable efforts.

Let it be my delightful privilege to give, if only in the slightest degree, some idea of the workers and how they work.

The first name that presents itself to anyone who knows the situation is that of Mrs. Laura C. Langford, the president of the Seidl Society. To give any ideas of the tremendous influence which Mrs. Langford has had upon the whole musical development of Brooklyn it would be necessary to recapitulate the entire workings of the Seidl Society, to reproduce the programs presented, which, without any further comment, would tell their own story, and above all to realize that in the whole society there is not one woman who does not gladly accord to Mrs. Langford her right to the prominence which she has attained and submit without question to the wisdom of her judgment. The utter unselfishness of the aims of this society, or rather of this woman for the society, places it on a much higher plane, both in the minds of the people and artistically, than if the monetary side were the only aspect.

The question which arises is usually, "What will be the most beneficial thing to do for music?" The latest and greatest having been the stand taken for the American

composer, especially as this has been taken without chauvinistic tendencies. There is no desire on the part of the society to work upon the patriotic passions, but rather to do away with this constant decrying of our own people and the courting of inferior artists and compositions for the sake of drawing a house, where curiosity and Europeanism are wrought upon rather than the desire to hear music.

In this movement, and the intelligent manner in which it is done, the Seidl Society, with Mrs. Langford's tremendous brain and personality as a rudder, has established a precedent which will interest others who will undoubtedly follow this example.

Of Mrs. Langford's attitude toward working women and students who can ill afford concerts, and the number of musical educations that are being paid by the Seidl Society, it would almost be a lack of courtesy to discuss, but that such nobility of purpose should meet with success is to be earnestly hoped for. May 1898 bring great results to the Seidl Society!

The next earnest and capable worker whose name presents itself to me is that of Walter Henry Hall, the leader of the Brooklyn Oratorio Club. Ceaseless in his endeavors to interest his singers in the sincerity of the oratorio, he has put so much personal effort and strength into his work that he has a magnificent body of singers who understand their work, not alone musically but historically as well. Mr. Hall's education does not end when the finale is sung, and the last notes of the orchestra have died away, but he has a deep knowledge of traditions and the history of the oratorio.

As an educator of both his singers and the public, Mr. Hall stands in a very enviable position. Mr. H. W. Connelly has been so closely allied with the success of the Oratorio Club that it would be unfair to pass on without an acknowledgment of his devotion to the welfare of the club.

From the stand of exact data I do not know but I am under the impression that Dudley Buck is the oldest and earliest worker in the educating of both singers and the public of Brooklyn. I do not know how long he has been conductor of the magnificently trained Apollo Society, but at any rate it has been long enough for the society to have assimilated his musical strength, his intelligence and his personality, in so far that it is absolutely musical, dignified, earnest and refined.

Dudley Buck's influence upon sacred music has been a very strong one, and a very healthy one. He has been a shining example to other organists and choir-masters as regards the grade of music which he recognizes as sacred, for his programs are never sullied with ballads of the day in which the word Love has been changed into Lord. I once heard a singer who had arranged his song that way, and when he sang "Let me look into thine eyes, Lord; let me hold thy little hand," the effect may be imagined more easily than described. I am not telling this to be funny, but simply to show that many choir-masters are guilty of sacrilege in its most disgusting form, either by being careless or not realizing what sacred music means.

Although Louis Kömmenich has only been here for a short time, and he is a very young man, his influence and force is felt very distinctly, not only among the Germans, but among music lovers in general.

He has a refined taste, as is made manifest by the programs presented by the Brooklyn Saengerbund, of which he is the director. His sense of melody, of contrasts, nuances and dramatic effects is absorbed by the body of singers over which he has absolute control, and when a concert is announced there is no possible doubt that it will be given without a flaw.

Arthur Claassen has brought the Arion Society where

it can show the amount of careful training which has made it one of the leading clubs of Brooklyn. His distinctive traits are zeal, earnestness and determination.

Carle Fiqué is the leader of the Brooklyn Quartet Club. Why it is so named I cannot say, as it has a membership of sixty. Mr. Fiqué has also a society in Jersey City, and between the large number of piano pupils whose musical destinies are well cared for in his charge he is one of the very valuable additions to musical workers of Brooklyn.

H. E. H. Benedict has a young choral society which holds its own, when earnestness of purpose and good work are in question. More of this club later.

Albert Gérard Thiers, Frederic Reddall, Harry Rowe, Shelley and R. Huntington Woodman are directors of singing clubs among the different sets of society young women, who by these talented and serious workers have accomplished very much good work.

As I stated last week, Carl Venth has in charge the Hoadley orchestra, which is composed of young men and young women who are doing very serious work and whose development is due to the thorough fitness of Mr. Venth for his work.

Albert Caswell has probably the greatest responsibility, and in a quiet way is doing the greatest work of all at his post as superintendent of music in the public schools. Here is the greatest scope; from here will emanate what will some day form the concert-goers, the students, perhaps the artists of the future. What a rare benefit to music and all that is connected with it it would be if there were more freedom to act and more outer influence to bear upon what might be accomplished in the public schools. With a little effort and co-operation the public school work might be developed to enormous height, discussion of which is impossible in this issue, but it will be touched on at some future time.

F. J. Mulligan is a most important factor in the public schools, as is also Alice M. Judge, an ambitious and earnest little woman.

Edward Morris Bowman, F. C. M., A. C. O., the distinguished organist, theorist, teacher, and church musician, is the founder and conductor of the Temple Choir. As founder and president for many years of the American College of Musicians, as president for several terms of the Music Teachers' National Association, as Associate of the London Royal College of Organists, as founder and conductor of the well-known Cæcilian Choir, and conductor of the Newark Harmonic Society, the third oldest musical society in America; as professor and director of the Department of Music at Vassar College, as teacher, author of a standard work on Musical Theory, as concert organist and writer on musical topics, Professor Bowman has won for himself a recognition in the musical world that extends beyond the borders of his native land. Professor Bowman is putting into this work, therefore, ample experience and enthusiastic devotion.

The great Temple Choir of King Solomon consisted of 24,000 singers, divided into twelve choirs (one for each month) of 2,000 each, and these divisions were subdivided into four lesser choirs (one for each week in the month) of 500 each.

Adapting and simplifying this idea to modern conditions, Professor Bowman organized the Temple Choir of Brooklyn into four divisions of fifty each, to be known as Divisions I., II., III. and IV. Each division constitutes a complete choir, consisting of sopranos, altos, tenors and basses in proper proportions. The objects of this subdivision are numerous. Important musical effects are thus made possible, besides special advantages in training, performance and discipline. It also permits each division in rotation to have an off duty Sunday in each month, which may be utilized as the member may elect, either in listening to the other divisions or in hearing

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other choirs, or as a monthly vacation. Thus, on the first Sunday in the month, Division I. is excused from duty without impairing its record of punctuality or attendance.

On the second Sunday Division II. is off duty, and so on in rotation. Three divisions are always on duty. In the months which have a fifth Sunday the whole choir comes together and joins in a grand service of song. This system was originated by Professor Bowman and has proven very popular. It has been imitated, but not perfectly repeated, by numerous choirs in various parts of America and abroad. It is based on a fundamental law of human nature, and its popularity therefore is sure to continue. The record of attendance from the beginning to the present time is over 96 per cent. This is phenomenal, of course, but it perfectly reflects, because it is the result of the equally phenomenal enthusiasm which pervades the choir, and seizes each new member that comes into the uplifting spell of this remarkable organization.

Although not an educator, a leader, or, perhaps, even a musician, what O. Wissner, the piano manufacturer, has done for music in Brooklyn cannot be overlooked. His attitude to all musicians and to all musical enterprises has been most kind, and at Wissner Hall he introduced the Kneisels and other artists of this calibre (if there be many). His warerooms are always crowded with the prominent teachers of Brooklyn and New York.

I cannot close without mentioning the benefit to music and to all who come in contact with two such personalities as Henry Schradieck and Rafael Navarro, two men of whom the art may be proud and two artists whom men may revere.

An interesting note, which may not be out of place here, is a glimpse of Miss Rebekah Crawford's studio. Miss Crawford will be remembered as the author of that delightful and instructive book for children, "Musicians in Rhyme for Childhood's Time" and the "Musician's Birthday Book," which I had the pleasure of reviewing recently.

The frieze of the studio consists of the original drawings from the "Musicians in Rhyme," which begins with Palestrina and ends with Wagner. There are busts of Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, Weber, Liszt, Wagner and Paderewski; bas-reliefs of Gluck, Beethoven, Mozart, Chopin, Rossini, Haydn, Liszt, Wagner, Meyerbeer, Spontini, Balfe, Hummel.

The engravings include Preludes by Bach, Scenes of Mozart's Life in Salzburg, Haydn at Sea, Gluck Before Marie Antoinette, Beethoven in the House of Mozart, Bach, Beethoven and Brahms; Seidl, Thomas, Rubinstein, the Burn-Jones head of Paderewski. An original sketch of Mozart's minuet and a letter from Wagner also decorates the wall. Of course there are innumerable things which I have omitted, but that the studio is replete with interest there is no doubt.

There were few happenings to record this week, as everybody was thinking of Christmas festivities, and the only music of any note occurred in the churches, where there was an abundance of it. I attended the services at the First Presbyterian Church, where the music, under R. Huntington Woodman, was fine. He has a chorus of twenty-six voices and a quartet consisting of Mrs. Etta Miller Orchard, Miss Antoinette Cooke, George Seymour Lenox and Royal Stone Smith. On this occasion Mr. Woodman had the assistance of a magnificent string quartet, the personnel of which was Carl Venth, Sebastian Laendner, Herman Krasel and Herman Riedrich.

The Pastoral Symphony for organ and strings was superbly given, as Mr. Woodman is one of the distinguished

organists whose playing is of more than ordinary interest. The four anthems were "O, Come All Ye Faithful," B. O. Klein; "Before the Heavens," H. V. Parker; "Glory Be to God on High," Gounod, and a beautiful one, yet in manuscript, by Woodman, who well calculated the strength of his quartet, having given beautiful soli to the soprano and baritone. It was the first time that I heard Mrs. Orchard, and with such a beautiful voice and such artistic use of it, I marvel that she has not made notable concert appearances.

The chamber music concert given by the Richard Arnold string sextet was a very successful one, as this organization is a highly artistic one, and the program was interesting, including a quintet by Mendelssohn, a sextet by Tchaikowsky and a number by Ries.

The local press seemed to accord the Richard Arnold Sextet the next place to the Kneisels.

On the 29th Ysaye will appear with the pianist Carlos Sobrino. On Thursday afternoon a complimentary concert by Herman Dietmann, baritone, and Maurice Kaufman, violinist, will be given in Association Hall. The following explanatory note appears on the announcement:

NOTE.—This concert is offered as a holiday present to the members of the Institute by the Executive Committee of the Department of Music.

The organ recital to be given by Guilment will occur on January 14 at the New York Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church, where the magnificent organ is well worthy the great artist who is to appear.

The MacDowell concerto, to be presented by Paul Tilden at the Seidl Society concert January 6, is an intensely interesting one, in rather a romantic spirit. The piano part is kept symphonic with the orchestra, with enough virtuosity to set forth its brilliancy. It has been played by Carreño, and has been attractive wherever it has been heard. Dyna Beumer will sing some numbers of a heavier nature than those sung upon her last appearance, although the quality of this great singer's colorature is nothing short of marvelous.

Harry J. Day, baritone, will be the soloist at the third musical service of the Church of Good Tidings January 2. Mr. Day will sing "We Pray Thee, Lord," by Frank Downey.

I would suggest to our readers that the "Death of Asa," from the "Peer Gynt" suite of Grieg, is good music for January 1. Do I hear the question "Why?" Because it is so full of good resolutions—so am I—so I hope you are all. Happy New Year!

EMILIE FRANCES BAUER.

Henry Holden Huss.

In a recent review of the works of Henry Holden Huss one of the most important compositions was inadvertently omitted. This was a violin concerto which has been played by the accomplished violinist Maud Powell, and who did ample justice to the immensity of the composition. It is possible that Miss Powell will be heard in this number before the end of the season.

The Lankow Pupil Again.

Mlle. Marie van Gelder, soprano, pupil of Mme. Anna Lankow, whose success in opera in Germany has been a triumphant one, recently evoked a climax of enthusiasm as Elizabeth in "Tannhäuser." After the second act Mlle. van Gelder was recalled no less than eight times, and even then the audience felt hardly satisfied with this testimony to her brilliant work. Madame Lankow calls for our congratulation.

Verdi and Brahms.

AN enterprising German newspaper man interviewed Verdi soon after the death of Madame Verdi. Verdi looked as young as he did ten years ago, with unimpaired strength of body and mind.

"What are you working at?" asked the interviewer.

"Nothing; I am too old to think of working."

"But there is talk about your new opera—"

"People say lots of things, amico mio, of which the half is not true. I write down a few thoughts now and then, and these thoughts may group themselves around a certain subject, but that is not working. But do not talk of me; what do you think of Brahms? He is dead—dead months ago. I was shocked when I heard the news. You Germans never knew what you had in Brahms. You never appreciated him enough. He was, incontestably, your greatest master."

"And Wagner?"

"Wagner too, Wagner first, for the operatic stage. Music would have been very different if he had not been there. But to me personally Brahms as a pure musician was dearer. He was deep and yet comprehensible. What a shame that he did not write an opera."

"What opera do you consider the best?"

The master smiled: "You will be astonished at my answer. The best opera is Boito's 'Nero.'"

"Does it really exist?"

"Does it exist? It is a masterpiece. The text, grand, I say to you, a masterpiece, which I myself would have with enthusiasm adopted had not music been written to it. I once said so to Boito. 'Master,' he replied, 'that is easy. I'll go home and destroy the score.' 'For God's sake,' I cried, 'don't regard me as an Herodotus.'"

"My friend," answered Boito, 'my "Nero," as I composed it, will never be anything.' Boito is never contented. He flings away the noblest melodies when the execution of them seems to him not free from faults. If men worked in this fashion there would be no operas in the world, for few musical works can stand before such critical acumen."

"Will this masterpiece ever be heard?"

"I do not know," replied the master. "I urge Boito every day, but he shrugs his shoulders and says, 'Time enough for that.'"

Verdi knows nothing about the new Italian school. He has heard of the success of these operas, but not the operas. He knows some bits of "I Pagliacci." "I like them very much," said Verdi, "but in the making there is a something which makes me afraid that much of it will not please me, and therefore I would rather not know the rest."

He prizes highly Massenet and Saint-Saëns. Of "Messidor" he knows only the libretto. "I have no wish to hear the music for it."

"You set a high value, then, on librettos?"

"The highest. Our music is dependent on the text. If the text is good for nothing, our music is of no account. It depends on the text whether the music inspires us or no. A bad libretto, excruciating music! I have never chosen texts which did not, when I read them, at once translate themselves into music."

Verdi, when the interviewer took his departure, said, "A rive derci e pronto."

"In the next century, maestro."

"Oh," he said, laughing, "then you must go to Santa Agatha—in the park."

In the park of Santa Agatha stands the mausoleum he erected for his wife and himself.

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BERLIN HEADQUARTERS OF THE MUSICAL COURIER, 17 LINCOLN ST., BERLIN, W., LINKSTRASSE 17, December 11, 1897.

THE mighty name of Mozart attracted to the Berlin Royal Opera House nightly large audiences, who attended the cycle of seven operas left by the immortal master, and which were given in chronological order. "Idomeneo" opened the proceedings a week ago to-day, and to-night "The Magic Flute" will conclude the Mozart cycle, which proved financially as successful as did the recent Wagner Nibelungen cycle. But even if it had not done so, the intendency would have been gratified enough with the renewed and enthusiastic interest it reawakened for Mozart's masterworks, and it is a debt of honor of which an institute like the Royal Opera is bound to acquit itself from time to time in a manner worthy of the occasion.

As for myself, quite in contrast with my friend and confrère Henry T. Finck, of the New York *Evening Post*, I do not consider the works of Mozart as of merely histrionic interest, and am quite free to confess that after a week of Mozart I am not weary of him. I love my Bach like a man loves his father, with an admiration not unmixed with awe, but I love my Mozart as I loved my mother, with that unflinching love for what is absolutely pure and everlastingly beautiful. Hence you may imagine that the past week was one of great enjoyment to me, and which could not be seriously marred even by an occasional and not always inexcusable imperfection in some of the performances themselves.

The very first representation, the one of Mozart's nowadays rarely heard opera "Idomeneo" inaugurated the cycle in a most auspicious manner artistically; and financially it was the only one for which the house was not entirely sold out. The interest of our modern public for the heroes of the old Greeks and Romans is no longer as great as that of the audiences of a century and more ago, to whom operetta libretti of this nature were almost exclusively offered. Nor is the history of Idomeneus, King of Crete, although his island stands again in the political foreground of our day, especially exciting, and as for Mozart's setting of this old-fashioned libretto, although it contains some of the rarest gems and some things that are as fresh and effective as on the first day, the work as a whole has been surpassed by his later efforts.

Still the work, now 117 years old, creates a deep impression if it is so well performed as was the case at the Royal Opera House last Saturday night, when we heard some fine Mozart singing. It is not easy for singers, especially German singers of our day, to reproduce this florid music in good style, and this is also one of the principal reasons why operas like "Idomeneo" and "Clemenza di Tito" have almost disappeared from the modern repertory. Berlin, however, still boasts of some real and exceptionally fine Mozart interpreters, and thus the very beautiful aria of Ilia, "Verlor ich den Vater," was ideally reproduced by Frau Herzog, who proved one of the mainstays of this Mozart cycle.

I was surprised also at the neat and sympathetic man-

ner in which Miss Egli sang and acted the part of Idamantes, the King's son. The most difficult part, however, is that of the title role, and I doubt very much whether you can find an equally good and reliable singer for it anywhere in Germany as our old friend Eloi Slyva here in Berlin. He has the vocal technic to sing the virtuoso coloratura demanded, and his voice, although it is lacking in sweetness of timbre, is of that metallic and enduring kind which allows him to carry a part through in which another tenor would show fatigue before the end. His great D major aria, "Fuor del Mar," was an astounding piece of vocalism, and the public was alive to this fact, for it rewarded Slyva with a spontaneous and enthusiastic outbreak of applause such as is rarely heard at the Royal Opera.

Of course Frau Herzog was not neglected in this respect; neither did she deserve to be. Miss Reinl tried to make the most of the ungrateful part of Electra, but in her effort to make it dramatic she overdid the thing and came dangerously near damaging herself. The minor parts were all satisfactorily taken by Herr Schmidt as Arbaces, Bachmann as the sonorous high priest of Poseidon, and especially Moedlinger in the oracle voice of the God of the Waters himself. The long drawn trombone chords which accompany this episode behind the scenes were very effective, but I would have preferred the shorter version, as the action at the close of the opera is too long impeded by this affair. Excellently drilled, and rhythmically as well as dynamically very precise and finely shaded sang the chorus, and the orchestra, under Dr. Muck's careful as well as energetic guidance, did honor to the occasion and its own great reputation. Mozart's music must be played cleanly, and so it was at this cycle, but most especially in the Idomeneus performance.

I want to mention Tetzlaff's very effective mise-en-scène of this opera, which is quite difficult to mount well. As I am an exacting critic, however, I must give vent to the only fault I have to find from a nautical viewpoint. In the great storm scene in the second act, in which the holy Donnerwetter sounded musically, highly dramatic, the two Greek ships that sped across the stage did so with all sails set, while it is sure pop that the ancient Crete mariners knew enough to reef all sails in a hurricane, even in a stage storm.

On Sunday, December 5, the 106th death-day anniversary of Mozart, the cycle of opera was interrupted by a Mozart concert at the Opera House.

The program for this had been selected with much taste and prepared with much carefulness in order to befit the occasion. The noble old Opera House wore its usual aspect, but the stage was decorated with a bust of Mozart surrounded by ferns, palms and other potted plants.

The G minor symphony, that most tenderly and serenely melancholy work of the master, was admirably performed by the orchestra under Dr. Muck's direction. Only the first movement (allegro molto) might have been taken at a little greater speed.

The symphony was followed by Mozart's Masonic Funeral Music, composed in 1785 on the occasion of the "demise of Brethren Mecklenberg and Esterhazy," as the score says in Mozart's own handwriting. The whole sombre piece in C minor is only sixty-nine bars long, but it is extremely beautiful and impressive, showing an almost Beethovenian outline of structure.

After this the last and not quite finished work of Mozart, his Requiem Mass, was performed in a dignified and solemn style. The Royal Opera chorus did admirable work, and the soloists, Misses Hiedler and Rethauser, as well as Messrs. Sommer and Moedlinger, from the personnel of the opera, showed that they are excellent ar-

tists on the concert platform as well as on the operatic boards.

I had to forego the pleasure of witnessing the performance of "Il Seraglio" on Monday night, as an important and rare musical event of a different nature required my attendance at the Philharmonie last evening. Moreover I have described the "Seraglio" performance with nearly the same cast in a previous budget. The one important change in the cast was that of the newly engaged soprano leggiero, Miss Reinisch, who sang Blondchen and was much praised by my confrères for her clear, ringing soprano voice, which easily reaches up to high E. The performance itself was spoken of as a very smooth and satisfactory one, and the new scenery is described as very beautiful.

At the Philharmonie on that same evening the Stern Singing Society celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of its existence with a worthy commemoration concert.

The Stern Singing Society, founded in the year of Mendelssohn's death, and with the avowed purpose of cultivating especially that master's music, has been an important factor in the musical development of this city. It was more progressive and less conservative in its tendencies than the Singakademie, which venerable organization it has long since surpassed. The Stern Singing Society again had to succumb to the Philharmonic chorus, which under young Siegfried's (Ochs, of course,) conquering guidance gives us old as well as the latest works of the entire choral literature with a modern spirit, finish and refinement of style of which the older and old-fashioned vocal societies had no cognizance.

The Stern Singing Society was named after its founder, Julius Stern, one of the best and most advanced musicians of his time. Under him it also reached its fullest, if not its highest, vocal development. The latter was attained under that great master of the vocal art, Prof. Julius Stockhausen, who, after Stern's death, conducted the Stern Society from 1874 till 1878, when he changed his residence from Berlin to Frankfurt. Max Bruch then became conductor, and he was succeeded by Professor Rudorf, of the Hochschule. For the last seven years the Stern Singing Society is conducted by Prof. Frederick Gernsheim, who on the occasion of this anniversary celebration, was decorated by the Emperor with the order of the Red Eagle of the fourth class.

A nicely gotten up program book, with the portraits of these five conductors on the front page, contained an exhaustive essay on the history of the Stern Singing Society from the able pen of the renowned lawyer, Paul Jonas, who is not only learned in law, but also interested in music and the ancient as well as modern literature of this country.

The program selected for the festival concert was a very appropriate one, upon which the names of the various conductors were, of course, represented to some extent.

It opened with the "Gloria" from the "Missa Solemnis" of Beethoven, the work with which the Stern Singing Society is identified in the capital of Germany. The chorus sang it with verve and precision, although there was little attempt at finer dynamic nuances in this as well as in all other choral works sung that evening. The soloists were very good and conscientious. Prof. Felix Schmidt jumping into the breach for Herr Hemsing, basso, who was ill, and also for Herr van Rooy, who was indisposed, but who, in order to save the performance of the third part of Schumann's "Faust," consented to sing the short musical utterances allotted to Dr. Marianus. This third portion is the most beautiful one of Schu-

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mann's "Faust" music, and formed a worthy close to the program.

Between Beethoven and Schumann the other selections were placed. There was first Mendelssohn's hymn for soprano solo, chorus and organ. It is very beautiful, but a trifle too sweet, as Mendelssohn is apt to be on occasions. Frau Harloff, from Weimar, sang the soprano solo with a pure and ringing soprano voice, and was deservedly applauded. The organ was carefully handled by Prof. Dr. H. Reimann.

Then Prof. Joachim, the much revered master of the violin, performed a tedious and really bad romanza in D for violin and orchestra by Ernst Rudorff. If one of the better class Hochschule composition pupils had brought this or a similar work to Rudorff for inspection, the very severe teacher would probably have thrown the book at the perpetrator's head. Joachim played the romanza of his colleague and friend with anything but delight, and hence the performance was not delightful. It even affected the master's playing of the sarabande and bourree from Bach's unaccompanied B minor suite for violin, which used to be one of Prof. Joachim's battle horses. Although he did not have one of his best days, Prof. Joachim, who is ever popular, was of course cheered and much applauded.

Prof. Frederick Gernsheim was down upon the program with his scene for alto solo, chorus and orchestra, entitled, "Agiropina." It was performed for the first time in Berlin, but it is not a new work nevertheless, for it was written for Cologne and given there long ago. Gernsheim is an eclectic, and this is one of his most—I came near writing epileptic—works. I allow the word to stand, for it expresses about what I think of "Agiropina." Frau Marie Goetze sang the alto solo with her sonorous, responsive and rich vocal organ, and with dramatic, quite telling and intensive style.

Max Bruch was represented by his early work, "Fair Ellen," which ballad for soprano and baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, has been also sung in the United States by every self-respecting vocal society. It dates back in its creation from the time when Bruch had still something to say of his own, besides making an effective and permissible employment of the time-worn "The Campbells Are Coming" tune. The soprano solo was sung, and very well sung, by Mrs. Luisa Sobrino, the wife of Carlos Sobrino, the pianist. I was much pleased with her luscious, beautiful soprano voice, pure intonation and musical style of delivery. The lady has also, what is wanting in many female singers, a strong sense of rhythm.

The composers Gernsheim and Bruch were called upon the platform by the prolonged applause of the audience, and the former was presented with a big laurel wreath.

On Tuesday I resumed my Mozart cycle attendance, leaving the concerts to be taken care of by my helpmate, Leonard Liebling.

The "Nozze di Figaro" performance, however, was not quite upon the same high plane as its predecessors. This was chiefly the fault of the representative of the part of Figaro, which was formerly impersonated by our excellent Krolop, and for whom no replacement has as yet been found. Certainly, Herr Keller, from Breslau, who appeared in the part as "guest," has no chance for a permanent engagement here. He lacks all sense of the humor of the part, his voice is clumsy and irresponsible, and

he was musically so uncertain and unrhythmic that at moments he succeeded in flabbergasting even Dr. Muck, which is saying a great deal. The performance was thus marred by this guest, and this put some of the home personnel out also, notably Frl. Hiedler, as the Countess, who occasionally sang flat, and Frl. Rothauser, who has not the right conception of the part of Cherubino. Charming as ever and vocally even better than usual was little Miss Dietrich as Susanna, and every inch a Count was Herr Baptiste Hoffmann, who not only sang well, but also acted with an unfailing dignity of behavior.

The climax of the cycle was to have been reached with the "Don Giovanni" representation of Wednesday, a gala night as far as the audience present was concerned. The Emperor attended in person from beginning to the end of the opera, and so great was the public interest that many people had to go away without being able to obtain seats. "Don Giovanni," therefore, will be repeated on Monday of next week.

The cast of this extra performance, which was given in Italian, included two illustrious guests, viz., Lilli Lehmann as Donna Anna and Francesco d'Andrade in the title role. He is said to be the best of all living representatives of Don Giovanni, but I must confess that for my part I cannot understand his reputation. I concede willingly that he has a very agile throat and that I have never heard the Champagne aria sung as fluently, quickly and brilliantly, and I was among those who demanded a repetition. But aside from this virtuosity, the voice is neither fresh nor sympathetic. In looks d'Andrade is anything but very attractive (although this should be judged by female eyes and standard of beauty), and histrionically d'Andrade is nearly clownish, instead of the gentlemanly roué whom no woman can resist. Again, I say, I cannot comprehend this d'Andrade craze.

Lilli Lehmann did not have a specially good evening. She was not in the best of voice all through the opera, and in her second aria her vocal organ would not respond to her most strenuous efforts. In the revenge aria of the first act she overcame her troubles to some extent and sang much better and also with bigger tone volume. Her acting was more that of Fricka in her jealous upbraiding of Wotan than that of poor betrayed but ever very lady-like and dignified Donna Anna. Her conception of the role is therefore an entirely wrong one.

Because d'Andrade cannot sing in German the performance was given in Italian in order to maintain a unity of language. Even the poor hard-worked chorus had to learn and sing their share of Italian. The intention of the intendency was a good and artistic one, but fate decreed that it should not be fulfilled. An Italian lyric tenor, Signor Cremonini, was billed to appear as guest in the part of Don Ottavio, but as happens frequently with lyric tenors, when they happen to be indispensable, they also happen to be indisposed. This was the case with Signor Cremonini, and in his stead Herr Sommer sang the part in German. His darkly colored voice did not suit well for the tame Ottavio, and of course his singing in German disturbed the unanimity of the language. They might just as well have sung in German and let d'Andrade sing in Italian. More disturbing than this was the Prague baritone Tomaschek's representation of the part of Leporello. Here was another "guest" who could not compete successfully with the memories of poor dead Krolop. Musically Herr Tomaschek was much surer

than Herr Keller, from Breslau, but his is also a big, burly voice, unsuited to the part, and he is just as deficient in humor as is his rival from the East. Neither Keller nor Tomaschek will be definitively engaged here. Miss Rothauser did better with the part of Donna Elvira than I had expected. Mrs. Gradl as Zerlina, Krassa as Masetto, and especially Hammer as Commendatore, were quite satisfactory and in no wise disturbed the ensemble. Chorus and orchestra under Dr. Muck were beyond caviol.

After the performance the Emperor expressed his satisfaction to Count Hochberg and requested the royal intendant to be the bearer of his thanks to all concerned in the performance. 'Signor d'Andrade was called into the imperial box after the first act, and Dr. Muck as well as Miss Rothauser were received by the Emperor at the close of the performance, when His Majesty handed to the young lady an expensive diamond brooch with his name inscribed upon it. There was no call, however, for Frau Lilli Lehmann!

Thursday night I divided between Mozart and Meyrowitz. The latter is a young man in whom I take a personal interest, because I heard him practice daily for several years, during which time we lived wall to wall.

Walter Meyrowitz is very talented, very musical and very diligent, but as a pianist he is lacking, somewhat in imagination, and above all in temperament. He is a pupil of Prof. Oscar Raif, and he is well taught. Lately Mr. Meyrowitz has also taken up the Virgil Practice Clavier, and its beneficent effect was plainly noticeable in the clean and pearly scales and runs in the Mozart C minor piano concerto which the young man played with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

As a composer Meyrowitz made his debut with a pretentious orchestral work entitled "Am Busento," descriptive of the contents of Platen's well-known poem, "The Grave in the Busento River." I cannot say that Meyrowitz has much to say that is new, but he has quite a knack for portraying the mood of the situation, and his orchestration—it is the same routine kind of all of Herr Professor Urban's pupils—is of the Wagner-Liszt imitation sort, which is quite effective, but lacks all originality or character of its own.

Frl. Maria Egli, of the Royal Opera, sang a group of Lieder very nicely. Among them was one by the local critic, M. Marschall, which I did not like, because it is very trivial, and one by the concert giver, entitled "Geheimniss," which is quite clever and was redemanded.

Because of this concert I missed the first and best act of Mozart's rarely heard opera, "Cosi Fan Tutte," and this act, in which also the libretto is quite amusing, was, as I was told by one of my colleagues, very well performed. The second act, which is not very comic in text and in which Mozart's inspiration flags considerably, was not so brilliantly given, and the orchestra, under Sucher's guidance, was frequently lacking in precision. The two sisters, Fiordiligi and Dorabella, were well represented by Frau Herzog and Frl. Rothauser, who, especially the former gave some admirable vocal exhibitions. Guglielmo was fairly well sung by Hoffmann, and the other officer, Ferrando, was adequately impersonated by Herr Philipp, tenor. Herr Moedlinger gave his best in the part of the Marchese Alfonso, and Miss Dietrich, in the ver-



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satire part of Desvina, was alike pert and graceful as little chambermaid, magnetizer and notary public.

Last night the Mozart cycle reached the sixth of the master's grand operas, his pompous but somewhat empty "Titus." It is a work written to order, a veritable pièce d'occasion, which Mozart wrote for the coronation of an Austrian potentate within eighteen days and during the period when his mind was occupied with the composition of his last great opera, "The Magic Flute."

The alto aria of Sextus in the first act and the tremendous finale of this same act are the best music in this work, and they were excellently sung, the former by Frau Goetze and the latter by the chorus, who did exceptionally well under Sucher's direction on this occasion. Sylva's representation of the title part is, perhaps, a unique one. We have no tenors nowadays who can sing these ungrateful tours de force. Nevertheless he did not please me as much in this role as he had done as Idomeneus, simply because there is so very little in the part itself. Mozart must be excused, however, for not writing better music; nobody could be inspired by such arrant nonsense as this libretto of "Titus." Frl. Reinl as Vitellia tried very hard, but did not succeed. Stammer as Publius was hoarse, and Misses Krainz and Weitz had little opportunity for showing their abilities and voices.

To-night the Mozart cycle will be finished with a performance of "The Magic Flute." "Don Giovanni" will be twice repeated during the coming week, and there is a possibility of a repetition of the entire Mozart cycle in the near future.

Part of last evening I spent at the Singakademie, where a Paris violinist named Joseph Debroux gave a concert with the Philharmonic Orchestra.

He is a mature artist, with good, healthy tone and a formidable technique, and who plays with strong rhythmical feeling and accentuations. His bowing is remarkable, and although his intonation is not always infallible (owing, possibly, to his being used to the French pitch), he made a very favorable and thoroughly musicianly impression.

The Bruch third violin concerto, the one in D minor, although it was led by the composer, who is no great connoisseur, was played with a very favorable and thoroughly musicianly impression. He pleased me less than it did on this occasion. French grace and piquancy were brought to bear upon the Saint-Saëns B minor violin concerto, and M. Debroux was successful also with this not overgrateful work.

The Frenchman performed likewise the Mendelssohn concerto, which I could not and did not particularly care to hear.

Josef Hofmann gave a fourth recital, a so-called popular evening, last night in the Philharmonie, which I could not attend. The following was the interesting program:

Chromaticke Fantasie.....Bach
Thirty-two Variationen.....v. Beethoven
Sonate D-moll.....v. Weber
Three Etudes, Gis-moll, Cis-moll, Des-dur in grossen Terzen.....Scriabine
Nocturne F-dur.....Chopin
Polonaise Fis-moll.....Chopin
Intermezzo.....Hofmann
Scene de ballet.....Hofmann
Valse As-dur.....Rubinstein
Polka bohème.....Rubinstein
Zigeunerweisen.....Tausig

Prof. Dr. Joachim barely escaped a serious, and possibly fatal, accident last week at Brandenburg. He was to play there in a concert, and while mounting a flight of steps leading to the stage he slipped and fell into a deep pit that yawned beside the stairway. The stage had been erected very hastily. Luckily, a quantity of shavings and sawdust broke the force of the venerable violinist's fall. In answer to alarmed inquiries Prof. Dr. Joachim's smile

face appeared above the edge of the pit, and he assured the anxious crowd that everything was all right.

My friend Reinhold Becker, the Dresden composer, sends me his arrangement of Beethoven's hitherto unpublished sketch of a setting of Goethe's celebrated poem "The Erl King." The song is published in the original key of D minor, and a low voice edition in C minor, and each copy contains a facsimile of the Beethoven sketch, the original of which is in the possession of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna. The song is published by J. Schuberth & Co. in Leipzig (New York, G. Schirmer), and is prefaced by Reinhold Becker with the following introductory notice:

The "Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde" (Society of the Friends of Music) at Vienna are in the possession of an autograph of Beethoven, consisting of a sketch of Goethe's "Erlkönig" (Erl King), dating from the years 1805 to 1810. This sketch, which was left uncompleted by Beethoven for reasons unknown, is now given in photographic reproduction with the present publication. It contains the principal features of the poem, noted for a solo voice without the accompaniment thereto. The piano part is only noted in a few bars in the middle and at the close. The close induced the undersigned to the conclusion that Beethoven intended to subject the whole work to this characteristic progression. The correspondence of the close with Schubert's "Wanderer," which must have been produced some ten years later, strikes one as so much the more interesting, inasmuch as Schubert most certainly had no knowledge of Beethoven's sketch of the "Erl King."

The undersigned has used these closing bars as prelude and confined himself with the greatest possible conscientiousness in the filled-out parts of the original. It is with the conviction that every note of Beethoven is worthy of universal interest that the undersigned submits this completed sketch to the musical public.

REINHOLD BECKER.

DRESDEN, November, 1897.

Becker does not claim too much for his share in arranging this song if he says that he did it with "conscientiousness." The work was also done, as the Berlin Courier rightly remarks, very skillfully and effectively. The well-known Schubert accompaniment figures in quick staccato octaves, suggestive of horseback riding, has been surpassed by Beethoven, who by means of intermittent staccato chords in groups of six achieves a weird, chasing color. The melody, "Willst seiner Knabe dur mit unsgehn?" is no less sweet, but perhaps a trifle more melancholy than in Schubert's setting. The most interesting question is the one why Beethoven left this beautiful song unpublished.

It is hardly probable that he undervalued it. Perhaps the explanation is permissible that only a few years lie between Schubert's "Erl King" and the earlier creation of Beethoven's, and that when the latter heard of the enormous popularity of the Schubert song that he laid aside his own still unfinished composition. The song-loving public owes Reinhold Becker a debt of gratitude for his musicianly resuscitation of this gem of Beethoven's muse.

On December 7 Heinrich Zoellner's comic opera, "The Wooden Sword," was also brought out at the Court Opera House at Schwerin, together with Oscar von Chelius' one-act opera "Hashish," and both novelties are reported to have been received with considerable applause. The successful double première was conducted by Zumppe. Chelius' opera was first heard here in Berlin at the Royal Opera House, where Zoellner's work will also be given in January or February next.

The question of successorship to Pollini as director of the Hamburg Theatre has not yet been definitely settled at the present moment of writing. Director Loewe has returned to Breslau, as he could not come to a satisfactory arrangement with the powers that be. Director Hoffmann, of Cologne, writes that he is bound by contract to his theatre until 1902 and hence could not accept

the Hamburg offer even if he would want to, but that moreover he is quite satisfied to stay where he is. It now looks as if Bittong, Pollini's stage manager and his artistic adviser, would become the new director of the Hamburg Opera.

Arthur Argiewicz, the boy wonder violinist, who is gradually developing into a young man and mature artist, does not seem to be the only wunderkind of the Argiewicz family. A little sister of his, nine years old, a pretty little thing with big dark eyes, was lately brought on to Berlin, and played the Mendelssohn concerto and no less difficult work than the Bach Chaconne in a manner that perfectly astounded those who heard her. Joachim's interest in her was immediately enlisted, and he again called the attention of the rich and very generous as well as musical Mendelssohn family to the little girl. When Miss Argiewicz had played for Herr Robert Mendelssohn, the great amateur 'cellist, he and his family declared immediately that they would take charge of the material future of the child, and Joachim will see to her artistic development. What with the Landekers taking care of young Arthur Argiewicz and the Mendelssohns charging themselves with the education of his little sister, the Argiewicz family seems to be well taken care of and have no cause to grumble with their fate.

Josef Hofmann will leave for the United States on the Trave on February 15 next.

Among the callers at the Berlin office of THE MUSICAL COURIER during the past week were Mrs. Henry Asher, from San Francisco, Cal.; Mrs. Thomas B. Catron, from Santa Fé, wife of the ex-member of Congress, who is here with her two young sons and a talented niece, Miss Walz, from Santa Fé, who is going to devote her musical energies to the study of the fiddle; Dr. Phil. Karl Goring, musical litterateur, and Court Concertmaster Max Gruenberg. This gentleman has been the only teacher of Miss Carlotta Stubenrauch, the young violinist who is meeting with so much success in the United States just now.

O. F.

BERLIN MUSIC NOTES.

A pianist can ill astonish this generation. Mechanical dexterity for its own sake no longer moves a cultured public; the latter expects perfect technical mastery without ostentatious display; it realizes that certain qualities, repose, refinement, ease, nobility, breadth, legitimacy in themselves constitute the essence of an encompassing and polished technique. The public no longer classes all pianists under one heading, and understands how to make allowances in individuality. Only absolute originality in conception and interpretation, combined with a temperament that unites within itself the qualities of others and yet adds some new power of its own, can stir us to unstinted admiration and enthusiasm.

Such a player is Edouard Risler, from Paris, who gave a recital in the Saal Bechstein.

Risler's brusque, straightforward interpretation of the Beethoven sonata reminded me of d'Albert; in the Liszt pieces his cajoling touch and marvelous pedaling recalled memories of Paderewski; in the four Chopin ballads and Von Bülow's titanic transcription of the "Meister-singer" prelude it seemed as though Rubinstein himself were calling forth the tonal thunder that reverberated from the protesting Bechstein piano. Like a vivid melodrama, Risler's playing excites his hearers. Everything is highly tinted, intense, absorbing.

The young Parisian pianist is keenly alive to the potency of graphic contrasts, his performance resolving itself into a flowing tone kaleidoscope, which fixes and holds the listener's attention with almost painful might. With such irresistible power and abandon did he plunge and tear through the appassionato passages in the Chopin

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pieces that I instinctively felt something must give way—either the piano or the player's temperament.

It proved to be the piano, for Risler's temperament knows no limitations. He has his softer moments as well, when he speaks with a tone at once dulcet and penetrating, which nevertheless retains roundness and volume even during almost inaudible pianissimo whisperings. It seems needless to add that Risler's technic is in the highest degree astonishing. He produces certain effects in a manner peculiar to himself, and one that would not find favor at the hands of those pedagogues who teach the "loose wrist method;" but I say with Sarasate, "What care I about the names, so long as it sounds."

At the Tuesday popular Philharmonic concert I heard a very ragged performance of Weber's "Oberon" overture (during which the first violins kicked over the directional traces, and, taking the rhythmical bit between their teeth, galloped along a road of their own choosing), and a most remarkable interpretation of Bach's "Chaconne," presented by Concertmeister Witek. After his recent performances of Beethoven and Mozart concertos it was to be expected that the versatile artist would give Bach a reverential reading, but I was not prepared for such absolute authority, such perfect blending of classical traditions with modern methods of bowing and execution as Witek displayed in this most exacting of unaccompanied violin soli. The sonorous, stately chords at the beginning of the piece could have been taken with greater breadth, and a slight moderation of tempo, but Witek seemed nervous at first, so that his haste may not have been due to deliberate intention.

He does not imitate Joachim's standard conception of the "Chaconne;" on the contrary, he goes out of his way to differ from it. For instance, in several passages marked legato he plays spiccato, and I must confess that Witek's amendment adds to the effectiveness of the indicated measures, without in the least violating their plastic form. His chord playing is astonishingly crisp and full. Unlike most other violinists, Witek does not make arpeggios of chords. Even at the "frog" of the bow he passes over the strings with consummate finish, never for a moment losing his grasp, or marring the artistic balance of the performance.

Miss Germaine Polack, from Paris, played an essentially French program of piano music (Franck, Duvernoy, Lefebvre, Fauré, Saint-Saëns, d'Indy, Chopin, &c.) in essentially French fashion in the Saal Bechstein. Miss Polack seems a most discerning young lady, who recognizes her limitations and hides them most adroitly. In pieces of a light, naive, dainty character she is charming. Her staccato is a work of art, and was displayed to shining advantage in the Duvernoy piece and in Moszkowski's "Etincelles," wherein the sparks really flew.

Sigrid Arnoldson recently achieved notable success at Frankfort-on-the-Main in the roles of Carmen and Mignon.

Johann Strauss has composed a new waltz called "An der Elbe."

Sofie Menter has been playing with unabating success throughout South Germany.

Clotilde Kleeborg was the successful soloist at a recent symphony concert in Basle, Switzerland.

Puccini's "Manon Lescaut" met with only lukewarm appreciation at its recent production in Breslau. It is said that a poor performance is to blame for the public's indifference.

Max Platzmann, a former well-known piano teacher of New York, who has been living in Hamburg for some years past, thinks of returning to the United States.

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Madame Ogden Crane.

MME. OGDEN CRANE was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., and received her musical education in New York city, and of this she is proud, being a true American. She began her musical career at the early age of thirteen years, filling the position of solo soprano at the Bedford Avenue Baptist Church, Brooklyn. During that time she commenced studying with Antonio Barili, having been encouraged to do so by Mme. Parepa Rosa. Afterward she held solo positions in St. Ann's Episcopal Church, the largest in Brooklyn and noted for its fine musical services; also as soprano at St. James' Methodist Episcopal Church, New York, for four years. She resigned May 1, 1894, in consequence of her numerous duties as teacher.

Besides Barili, with whom she studied five years, she spent some time with Courtney, with whom she studied oratorio, and feels that much of her method is due to him.

Mme. Ogden Crane is now conductor of four choral organizations, as follows: The People's Church Choir (Dr. Dixon's), New York; Ogden Club (females voices), New York; Homedale Choral Society, New Jersey, con-



MADAME OGDEN CRANE.

cert on February 23; Asbury Park Choral Society, New Jersey.

Her Asbury Park chorus of seventy mixed voices is now studying Gaul's "Holy City," to be given January 26. The Ogden Club is rehearsing vigorously, preparatory to its first Chickering Hall concert January 19, and the other two bodies are doing good work, all showing the effects of study under this energetic and talented woman. Her pupils are scattered all over the States and occupy prominent positions.

She has been teaching here nearly fifteen years, one-third of this time at her present studio, 3 East Fourteenth street. Among the pupils who have attained distinction are:

Miss Hattie Diamant, who has sung much in opera, having been heard in "Pinafore" and "Pirates of Penzance," was soloist at the last Mott Haven Choral Club concert, and has an excellent position in an up-town synagogue; she studied with Mme. Ogden Crane five years.

Miss Edith Hutchings, the soprano, understudy of the Bostonians, on the road this season. She has also sung in church.

Miss Madeline Burdett, a Montreal girl, who began singing at Keith's Christmas week, received much applause. She expects to tour the entire circuit. A hand-

some portrait of her appeared in the recent issue of *The Society Times*.

Miss Agnes Louise Twist, a young girl from Greenville, N. J., who has sung much in musico-social affairs, and unites a brilliant voice with pleasing personality.

Madame Patti-Barili, the soprano of Philadelphia, is singing in a prominent church there, and her first appearance here will be on January 19 at the first Ogden Club concert, Chickering Hall.

Miss Katharine Bradley, soprano of St. Agnes' Roman Catholic Church, Jersey City, and who sang in the "Doctor of Alcantara" performance at Chickering Hall last season.

Miss Katharine Harris, the soprano soloist at the People's Church (Dr. Dixon).

The Misses Secor, who expect next month to make their debut in vaudeville; they are also experts on the guitar, mandolin, &c. Miss Estelle Bligh, teacher of vocal music at the Oneonta State Normal School. Miss Winnie Bent, a daughter of George P. Bent, of Chicago, the well-known piano manufacturer; she occupies a prominent choir position there.

This is only a partial list, of course; but goes to show that Mme. Ogden Crane's pupils obtain, and retain, positions as soon as qualified. As to her method, and points she emphasizes in her teaching, we are permitted to print the following, under the caption of

MADAME OGDEN CRANE ON THE VOICE.

The most essential thing in singing is the proper posing of the voice; many voices are ruined by bad training. The art of singing is the art of breathing. One should learn to sing on the breath, above the stroke of the glottis, not with it; the control of breath should be from the diaphragm. The throat should be loose and the voice on the breath. If the tone is produced properly the roof of the mouth should be filled with the sound of the tone being sung, and not with the word. Singing and speaking are identical, or should be. No more effort should be made to sing than to talk. Upper tones should be sounded as far forward as the lower, letting the words flow from the mouth. All tones should be formed in the front of the face or frontal bone, nature's sounding-board. Tones should be controlled with the soft palate and muscles of the cheeks. Enunciate with tongue, lips and teeth. A well poised voice is unconscious of any fatigue after singing. In bad singing one experiences a tired and strained feeling in the throat and stiffness at the root of the tongue.

There should be no muscular effort, as it destroys the power of the singing voice. Many think the tone is in the chest, and that they must use muscular effort and force to bring it out; a great many teachers give their pupils that idea, but it is not so; as before mentioned, the singing voice is in the head and emanates from mouth and nasal cavities.

While singing one should take breath as naturally as when speaking, and one should sing as far forward as possible. I do not mean to start singing from the front of the face, but toward the front. The singing voice is but an extension of the talking voice; the sustaining power is the same for one as for the other, for both are one and in the same place.

The placement of tone is back of the palate and from that point radiates along the roof of the mouth, the natural sounding-board. The voice in this position sounds as if it were outside the face, and possesses carrying power. After the voice is well placed and able to obtain equal sounds, then enunciation should be cared for. Students are frequently too impatient; they will not give enough time for preliminary foundation—work which if well built and accompanied with good health, will last into old age. Students should avoid so-called new methods; there is only one, and that is the natural method, the pure Italian. The ear should be cultivated, or tuned, to music of one's voice. Training the voice means application, work; it is the only path for achievement. A young

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person with an ordinary voice, even though the quality is poor, can be well trained, and with persistent work may win laurels, money and fame, while one with a beautiful voice and disinclination to study, and susceptible to flattery, becomes, in many cases, an unmanageable creature.

A pupil must have implicit trust in the teacher and work systematically. The first instructor should be the very best that can be obtained. The pupil should be thoroughly and correctly trained in the rudiments of the art; it is a serious error to think an inferior teacher is good enough for a beginner, for the foundation must be well built or the whole structure is defective. The voice should be judiciously and carefully developed, weak points strengthened by suitable vocal exercises; that done, the student should become familiar with works of the old masters, studying faithfully and diligently the composer's meaning, singing each doubtful phrase over and over again, striving most earnestly to interpret the true spirit of the composer. Like all professions, that of training of the voice has enrolled some that are not qualified; on the other hand, we have reason to be proud, especially in New York, of having a number of competent, conscientious, interest-taking instructors, equal to those found anywhere in the world.

Providence Music.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., December 22, 1897.

IN listening to Händel's "Messiah" one cannot help thinking of the change of the religious sentiment since Händel's time, and to anybody brought up on the dragon milk of modern thought and music instead of the "Milch der frommen Denkung" of that time, it would seem as if the idea of "The Messiah" could be improved upon by a different musical treatment. Nevertheless, the great musical beauty of some of its parts, the pure style, getting its effects solely from the thematic work by the most simple means, always will command respect and will delight the musician and layman. For the multitude that cares alone for the sound of music and bothers little about its other relations such works are of the greatest value. They form the milestones of the progress of music, and in cities where the musical life is comparatively young such works ought to be performed often, for their effect upon other concerts is very beneficial.

"The Messiah" has been given three times by the Arion during the last years, and the performance was therefore very smooth and satisfactory. The chorus sang splendidly, with good tone and freshness, and the difficult florid passages were brilliant and even. Some of the choruses, as for instance "Glory to God" and "Hallelujah," would have improved with a faster tempo. Although every conductor has his own ideas about tempo there is a law of the "too fast" and "too slow." The tempo indications in old music were meant, anyway, faster than we take them nowadays. The solo parts were in the hands of Mrs. Georg Henschel, soprano; Mrs. Josephine Jacoby, contralto; Frederick Smith, tenor, and Myron W. Whitney, bass.

Of this quartet Mrs. Jacoby was the best one, and the one most adapted for her part. Her voice is beautiful, resonant and immensely sympathetic. Her intonation was perfect and pure, something that could not be said of the other three soloists, who were more or less off the key on different occasions. Mrs. Jacoby's style of singing was strictly in keeping with the music, broad and noble, full of sentiment, without ever displaying passion, which has no place in such works. Especially beautiful was her recitative, "Then Shall the Eyes." It was indeed an ideal interpretation.

Mrs. Henschel's conception of oratorio style is not of such a high order. Her colorature in "Rejoice Greatly" was altogether too concertant, and in its non legato character would have been very much appreciated in some bravura aria. Her voice and delivery lack repose, and the constant tremolo is entirely out of place in an oratorio and almost in any other music.

The solo parts of "The Messiah," in contrast to some of the more worldly works of Händel,—for instance the "Alexander Fest"—are not representing real beings, but

are so-called ideal parts, like the alto and soprano parts in Bach Passion music, and the more ideal—i. e., abstract—and the less human they are treated the truer they will be. Her singing of "I Know That My Redeemer" was charming and beautiful. Mr. Smith, the tenor, although not in possession of the necessary energy for the aria "Thou Shall Break Them" has a very fine lyric voice, which he uses with great taste, and especially his singing in the second part was beautiful and full of true sentiment.

Myron Whitney gave a noble, dignified reading of his part, with beautiful enunciation, although he was not in his usual good voice, owing to a recent indisposition.

The orchestra did not follow the soloists well, and was very uncertain in the ritardandos and at the finish of the solos. But the blame for this is hardly to lay before the doors of the orchestra itself, which is composed of members of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. Altogether the concert was very enjoyable, and Mr. Jordan, the conductor, can be heartily thanked and congratulated.

The Boston Symphony Orchestra has so far given three concerts, the number having this year been increased from five to eight. The list of subscribers has been larger than ever, and Herr Paur and his fellow artists are the most welcome guests in the city.

The Kneisel Quartet gave its first concert in Steinert Hall before a full house, the demand for tickets being in excess of the capacity of the hall.

Not less successful has been a local trio: Miss Broome, piano; Miss Larry, violin, and Mr. Hornberger, cello. Their three highly interesting and artistic chamber soirées have been well attended, and their finished playing has been a source of great delight. Future appearances are looked for with a great deal of pleasure.

HANS SCHNEIDER.

Important from San Francisco.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., November 29, 1897.

THE Musicians' Club, of San Francisco, has resolved to establish an annual competition, open to composers residing in any of the States or Territories of the Pacific Slope, i. e., California, Oregon, Washington, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico.

The contest this year will be for original compositions of chamber music which have not been previously published or publicly performed; such works to be for not less than two instruments, and in not less than three movements. Strict adherence to sonata form is not obligatory.

Prof. Edward A. MacDowell, of Columbia University, New York, and Prof. Xaver Scharwenka, director of the Scharwenka Conservatory of Music, of New York, have kindly consented to act as jurors, and in case of disagreement a third prominent composer will be asked to join the jury, to make a final decision possible.

The competition is established for the purpose of encouraging resident composers. For the three relatively best compositions a gold, a silver and a bronze medal will be awarded, and the club will guarantee a satisfactory, artistic public performance of the works crowned by the jury.

Manuscripts must be sent in a sealed envelope, marked with a motto and the legend: "Competition of the year 1898 for compositions of chamber music." In another envelope similarly addressed and signed with the same motto the name and residence of the composer must be inclosed.

Manuscripts of compositions must bear no mark which would make identification of their author possible.

In case the jury should not find any of the compositions submitted sufficiently meritorious to award any prize the club will abide by the decision of the judges and reserve the privilege of calling for another competition in 1899.

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sicians' Club of San Francisco," care Messrs. Sherman, Clay & Co., southwest corner Kearny and Sutter streets, San Francisco, Cal.

The council of the club will forward all compositions to the members of the jury, will notify the successful composers of the jurors' decisions, and return all manuscripts to their authors after the verdicts have been rendered.

Compositions will be accepted until May 1, 1898, but not later.

For the Musicians' Club of San Francisco,
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Miss Hibbard's Trio Concerts.

VISIONS of those old-time days when chamber music first began to be played, and every new composition was hearkened to with eager interest, come naturally to mind in recalling the series of trio concerts given by Miss Hibbard. They have taken place at the homes of several women of high social standing who are noted for their interest in music and in all good works, and the excellent music interpreted in attractive drawing-rooms has had even more charm to many who have attended than if the concerts had been given in more public fashion. The listeners on each occasion have been attentive, and the music has been worthy of the closest attention.

Miss Hibbard has studied these trios very carefully, and has mastered them thoroughly from the technical point of view, but what is of more interest, she has invested them with the requisite poetic charm. In playing these she has had the assistance of Gustave Dannreuther, violinist, and Anton Hegner, violoncellist, and the programs have been varied by the songs of Miss Adeline Hibbard. At the second concert the Arensky trio, played, if memory is not at fault, for the first time in New York in public, was greatly admired. The Rubinstein trio, op. 52, and the Dvorák "Dumky," op. 90, were well interpreted at the fourth and last concert, December 21.

On this afternoon Miss Hibbard had the further assistance of Leon Jancey, of Paris and New York, teacher of declamation and dramatic art, who gave several of his delightful illustrative readings, and Miss Adeline Hibbard, who sang with fine effect the air "Pré aux Clercs," Herold-Abt, the violin obligato being played by Mr. Dannreuther.

Joseph S. Baernstein's Success.

That excellent baritone, Joseph S. Baernstein has already had his recent brilliant success in Newark at the Madrigal Club's first concert recorded in THE MUSICAL COURIER by our own correspondent. The following notices in addition are clipped from the local press:

Mr. Baernstein made a pronounced success. His voice is a deep, rich, smooth bass, very highly trained. After his aria, he added "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning," and after his two songs in the second part he had to come out in response to storms of applause and sing again and still again before the enthusiastic audience would be satisfied. Mr. Baernstein showed himself to be an artist of true merit.—Newark Sunday Call.

"The Monk," by Meyerbeer, was Mr. Baernstein's first selection; it made him a favorite immediately, as he has a remarkably fine bass voice, which he uses with charming effect. * * * Then followed two bass songs, "Der Doeppeleganger," by Schubert, and "Ninon," by Tosti, which were sung by Mr. Baernstein. He was forced to respond to two encores.—Newark Daily Advertiser.

Mr. Baernstein, the bass soloist, sang Meyerbeer's "The Monk," Schubert's "Der Doeppeleganger" and Tosti's "Ninon," and in response to enthusiastic encores gave the old Irish song "Off to Philadelphia in the Morning" and other selections. His noble voice, clear enunciation and fine expression made his part in the program notable.—Newark Evening News.

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Franz Rummel.

THAT pianist of finely intellectual rank, enormous technical resource and colossal memory, Franz Rummel, returns to us this season under the auspices of Messrs. Chickering & Sons after nearly a six years' absence from America. Mr. Rummel will make his initial appearance on Tuesday evening, February 1, in Chickering Hall, at one of the important Chickering orchestral concerts, conducted by Anton Seidl, and in accordance with the former appreciation shown him in this country will no doubt receive a stirring welcome.

Few people residing near New York at the period and at all interested in the art of piano playing will fail to recall the series of seven historical recitals given in the spring of 1892 by Mr. Rummel in the Madison Square Garden Concert Hall. As an exhibition of extraordinary versatility, of powerfully comprehensive grasp of each and every school of piano music, this series was unique in piano-playing annals. As a feat of memory it was simply prodigious. Such a series has found no repetition. The tremendous ability and memory essential to an effort of this kind may not readily be duplicated within many decades. To find a successor to the laurels here won by Franz Rummel we must to-day seek Rummel himself.

During his absence from America this masterly artist has been consistently adding to his successes in the principal music centres of Europe, as THE MUSICAL COURIER through its foreign correspondence has periodically recorded. His latest triumphant appearance, made at Brussels on November 26 last, in commemoration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his first public appearance as an artist, was referred to in our last issue in the Berlin letter. Of Rummel's present status Mr. Floersheim wrote: "Rummel has ripened and grown as few artists outside of him have done, and he stands to-day upon the summit of his pianistic powers."

This is good news for the musical public of America, though hardly unexpected. Rummel was not an artist to stand still. His American work for the season 1897-8 is beyond doubt destined to be memorable, and is already looked forward to with keen interest and enthusiasm by the musical people of this country.

The following condensed bit of biography, which appeared in the New York Tribune of December 12, is worthy of quotation:

Franz Rummel is to come to us next month bearing the titular honor of professor, which has been conferred upon him by the Duke of Anhalt-Desau. Last month he celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of the beginning of his artistic career. He gave his first concert on November 24, 1872, in Brussels. Three months before, at the examinations in the Conservatory in that city, he had carried off first prize with a performance of Beethoven's Sonata, op. 106. Commenting on that performance, *The Guide Musical* said: "The first prize was won by Mr. Franz Rummel, of London, with the unanimous consent of the jury and amid the enthusiastic acclaim of the public. Such perfection as his was never before disclosed by a pupil of our Conservatory. One thought he was hearing Brassin himself, so completely has Mr. Rummel assimilated the eminent qualities of his master. Mr. Rummel is the grandson of Christian Rummel, the friend and emulator of Rummel. He is only nineteen years old, which fact promises much." Among Rummel's competitors was Edgar Tinel, who has since won fame as a composer, and who took the second prize in 1872, and the first in 1873. Mr. Rummel's professional statistics are interesting. He has played in 660 concerts in 154 cities and towns of fourteen different countries; his programs have contained 326 works by sixty-one composers; of the works 153 were originally written for piano solo, fifty-nine were chamber compositions, twenty-seven with orchestra and twenty-four transcriptions. And he has played all these works from memory.

To this it is of interest to add a few of the criticisms earned by Mr. Rummel in some of the leading capitals of

Europe since his last American tour, and which have been penned by the most esteemed critics:

We found in his fine carefulness in details and tasteful execution, together with a natural swing and freshness, his rhythmic sensibility, sureness of touch, perfectly irrepachable technique, powerful even in the most difficult numbers of Liszt, the indication of a sound and healthy musical nature. Beethoven's grand Concerto has hardly ever been played here as it was yesterday since Bülow's time; and it may be questioned, indeed, whether Herr Rummel is not superior to Bülow.—Stockholm Aftonbladet, November 20, 1895.

We could not help being struck yesterday with the sound judgment and admirable skill with which Mr. Rummel played everything in the program. There was warmth, without the passion that ignores the necessary restraints of art. There were perfect equality of hands, unerring accuracy of finger, and so much clearness that each detail of the music stood out well defined in exactly its proper place. Moreover, the artist showed that he could pass from one composer to another, and bring to each qualities of perception and sympathy necessary to an interpreter. Not often of late has a more enjoyable recital been given.—Joseph Bennett, Daily Telegraph, London, February 23, 1895.

It now came the turn of one of the ripest musicians, one who stands at the apex—Franz Rummel. His art embraces the entire literature of the piano. He possesses the technique for the most classical of the classics as well as for the most modern of the moderns. He also possesses understanding for all. The great charm of his playing lies in the fineness of his rendering.—H. Neumann, in the Tageblatt, Berlin, March 19, 1895.

In the performance of Schumann's great compositions, his fantasies and sonatas, Herr Franz Rummel has attained an eminence on which he alone at this time stands. Here the peculiar fullness of the sentimental fantasia is united with a perfectly artistic recital.—L. Bussler, in the National Zeitung, Berlin, March 8, 1895.

Franz Rummel, whose appearance in Dresden in a concert at the Hof-Theater some years ago, will be remembered as that of a master of the piano, gave a piano recital on Saturday at the Musenhau, which one can think of with real pleasure. Weber's Sonata, for instance, has never been heard more perfectly executed. It was really a splendid performance. From then on the public was appreciative and even enthusiastic, and in the artist's later appearances it was like a continued triumph. Herr Rummel is a thorough master of his art; whatever has been possible for him to attain he has attained, and his position in the first rank of the most prominent contemporary pianists has been long established. With the technique of a virtuoso that knows no impediment to touch and overcomes readily every difficulty, his style is natural and entirely free from mannerisms.—Karl Söhle, in Deutsche Wacht, Dresden, March 31, 1896.

The concert arranged by the Musical Society for January 11 brought again to Cologne, as had been announced, one of the most eminent pianists of our time—Herr Franz Rummel. His success was quite unusual, and the applause and recalls were endless. Rummel handles the melodic parts in a most charming way: the instrument "sings" like a violin. His rich shading and virtuoso swing rendered his genuinely musical perception piquant and luminous, and made this concert very effective.—Dr. Otto Neitzel, in the Kölnische Zeitung, Cologne, January 21, 1896.

His technic is really perfect. Fingers and wrists are developed to the highest imaginable degree, and his strength is as much to be admired as the velvet-like softness of his touch.—Munchener Allgemeine Zeitung, Munich, August 4, 1896.

Herr Franz Rummel gave us a quite special pleasure through his masterly piano playing. Everything that he plays is plastic, of rare transparency and roundness of form. He reminds us forcibly of Hans von Bülow, to whom he stands close in many particulars. His sentiment

is soft, his tone very expressive, but never affected, and in no way degenerated. It is a delight to listen to him, because he never oversteps the boundary of beauty, and is free from mannerism.—Dr. Richard Cohl, in the Bade-Blatt, Baden-Baden, September 12, 1896.

Rummel, in his previous visits here, has so often delighted his hearers by his brilliant abilities that it is sufficient to say that this program gave him an excellent opportunity to enthuse his auditors with his grand, full tones, his extraordinary technic, unfailing sureness, and enormous power as a virtuoso, together with all the other gifts which go to make a leading performer. He was able, therefore, with a persistency and memory that are quite extraordinary, and without assistance, to hold his audience breathlessly for fully two hours.—Morgenbladet, Christiania, February 26, 1897.

Every page of Franz Rummel's artistic career is one of signal intellectuality and brilliancy. His musical range is enormous, his performances without exception superbly accurate and finished, and his gigantic memory something at which to marvel. His return to America will be an event in the season 1897-98.

Mr. Rummel's second New York appearance will be made again at Chickering Hall with the Seidl Orchestra on Tuesday afternoon, March 1, at 3 o'clock.

Barna's Success

AS VENUS AND SIEGLINDE.

Mme. Barna, as Venus, revealed to the full the notable beauty of her sweet soprano, and to a degree to admit of no question concerning her high artistic status. Her pleading with Tannhäuser was deliciously and dramatically sung.—Philadelphia Record.

Madame Barna achieved a striking and complete success as Venus, a character in which she was seen and heard to great advantage.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mme. Marie Barna was the star. Her Sieglinde was a most intelligent and able rendition. She sang the music, and avoided, as much as possible, forcing her voice.

In the beautiful duet with Siegmund Madame Barna was particularly effective.

And in the scene with her lover and brother, in Act Second, where she is bewildered, exhausted, Madame Barna sang and acted ably.

On more than one occasion her tones rang out clear and strong, and with a dramatic force that convinced me of her ability to sing such roles as Valentine in "Les Huguenots."

Madame Barna has a fine stage presence; she is graceful, refined, earnest.—Sunday Item.

The Sieglinde of Barna gave that artist an opportunity for the display of more finished work than she has yet done. Her voice tones were rich and expressive, and her notes were always clear and certain.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Scarcely less fine was the Sieglinde of Madame Barna, which was impressive at all points.—Evening Telegraph.

Aside from Madame Gadsby's success, a truly gratifying feature of the afternoon was Madame Barna's artistic treatment of Sieglinde. It was by far the best work she has done this year, and was marked by a tenderness of manner and a pleasing quality of voice that were full evidence that her artistic training has been of the best. The Wagnerian roles are all so new to Madame Barna as to make her success of yesterday surprising. She has a felicitous manner and infuses the simplest phrases with just the right shade of meaning, and she took advantage of all that was beautiful in the Sieglinde music to show her lyrical powers, and consequently one's favorite strains had a happy interpretation. While absolute familiarity with the part may add to the force of the declamatory passages, as it is, by reason of its pathetic grace, her Sieglinde gives true satisfaction.—Philadelphia Press.



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J. H. McKinley.

THAT tenor of highest excellence and leading reputation, J. H. McKinley, has just returned to New York from a Western tour with Nordica which has proved in his case an unbroken series of successes. It would be a new departure were Mr. McKinley to return from any tour, however lengthy and taxing, without an exceptional record for the highest artistic work. But his recent successes with the Nordica company have been peculiarly brilliant, so much so that it is deemed a matter of interest to reproduce a number of his press notices, as representing a tissue of opinions rarely obtained by any one artist in such flattering consistency:

McKINLEY WITH NORDICA.

Not only did Madame Nordica receive an ovation of the most pronounced character, but Mr. McKinley, the tenor, was given a reception that plainly warmed his heart to the core. Mr. McKinley sings with a great deal of feeling and most excellent taste.

His rendition of his aria and some other things are among the best things Kansas City has heard from a tenor in some time.—Kansas City Star, December 21, 1897.

Mr. McKinley, the tenor, has been making rapid strides during the past two years.—Denver Republican.

J. H. McKinley made his first appearance with the aria, with which, strangely enough, Gounod chose to open the first act of his opera, "The Queen of Sheba." Mr. McKinley possesses a robust tenor voice. His voice is musical and his singing dramatic. He was enthusiastically applauded, and obliged to respond to several encores. He is deservedly one of the leading tenors of the country.—Omaha Bee, December 19, 1897.

Mr. McKinley, the tenor, was given a tremendous encore at the conclusion of his first number. He was heard to much better advantage in Granier's "Hosanna," and perhaps best of all in the encore to which he responded.—Denver Times.

Mr. McKinley, the tenor, won rapturous applause. He ranks among the leading concert and oratorio singers of the land, and is proving one of the strongest features of the Nordica concerts this season. The press notices received by him are among the most flattering ever accorded to any artist.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Daily News.

Madame Nordica was not alone in finding favor with the audience. Mr. McKinley, the tenor of Madame Nordica's company, proved very popular and he was compelled to respond to three encores. To an expressly clear and melodious voice he adds method, making his interpretations most pleasing.—Kansas City Times, December 21, 1897.

The members of Madame Nordica's company, notably Mr. McKinley were well received.—Kansas City World, December 21, 1897.

J. Henry McKinley needs very few words of introduction to any American audience. Last year he made a most successful concert tour with Madame Calvé and the Boston Festival Orchestra. Mr. McKinley sang with great dramatic force and power. He is one of the tenors who has a thoroughly warm quality of tone. There is a manly manner in his declamation that challenges admiration.—Omaha Bee.

Perhaps the greatest favorite of the evening was Mr. McKinley, whose tenor voice of rare quality, finish and wide range, won him hearty expressions of approval and two encores.—Mt. Vernon Chronicle, November 19, 1897.

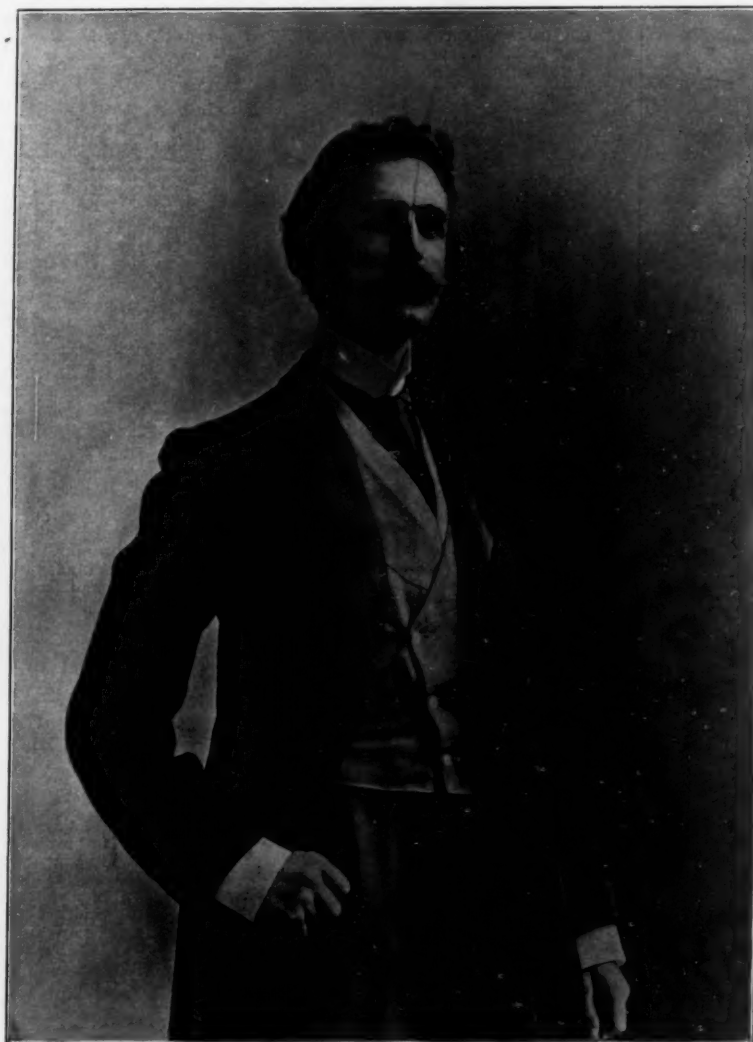
J. H. McKinley, the tenor, followed, and he created a furore. He sang "Lend Me Your Aid," from the "Queen of Sheba," and in his higher register his voice was ringing and clear as a bell. He was vehemently called back.—Denver Republican, December 7.

Madame Nordica received the lion's share of the applause, but Mr. McKinley, the tenor, who appeared be-

fore a St. Joseph audience for the first time, was also enthusiastically received.—St. Joseph (Mo.) Herald.

J. Henry McKinley holds an enviable position among the leading American tenors of to-day. His voice combines with remarkable purity of tone a degree of strength and resonance characteristic of grand opera experience rather than of concert work. His methods are of the very best, and Mr. McKinley is equally at home in oratorio, in opera or in ballad singing—three separate and distinct schools. He has a manly and agreeable presence and a bearing which denotes the artist of experience and culture. Mr. McKinley's voice has all the qualities of youthful freshness and vigor united with a finish gained only by winning honorable laurels in one's professional career. Like other members of Madame Nordica's company, Mr. McKinley is of American birth and education.—Omaha, Neb., Critic, December 18, 1897.

Mr. McKinley has a remarkably rich tenor voice of rare quality and great power which he uses with much



J. H. McKINLEY.

skill and expression, singing with both force and feeling. He was admirably accompanied by Thomas à Becket.—Philadelphia Times, November 24, 1897.

Mr. McKinley sang with his usual lucidity and intelligence.—Philadelphia North American, November 24.

Mr. McKinley is an artist whom one delights to hear. He gave three solos in his own wonderful manner.—Christian Advocate.

Of all those who assisted Madame Nordica J. H. McKinley was the favorite of the audience. Mr. McKinley is a fine, clear tenor, and from his first selection "Lend Me Your Aid," by Gounod, he was liked by his hearers. The audience applauded him vociferously, and made him come back every time to sing more. Such appreciation by a Denver audience was most flattering to Mr. McKinley.—Denver Daily News, December 7.

Mr. McKinley was a particular favorite of the audience. He sings with much feeling and has a pleasing voice of lyric quality. He was obliged to sing three encores.—Kansas City Journal, December 21, 1897.

Mr. McKinley displayed his great and powerful tone qualities in the upper register, taking B flat with a rich-

ness and ease simply magnificent. The audience burst out in rapturous applause as a reward for this excellent execution.—Mt. Vernon Daily Argus, November 19, 1897.

It is generally understood, throughout the provinces particularly, that the appearance of an operatic prima donna is largely calculated to obscure the light of any other singer unless that singer happen to possess a unique and predominating talent. That Mr. McKinley is in artistic control of exactly such talent is a matter conceded by every individual of intelligent judgment who has had the pleasure of hearing him.

Equally at home in oratorio, dramatic singing or the song recital, Mr. McKinley's versatility is as satisfying as the essentially pure quality of his voice and style. Nor does the character of his work vary. Fatigue never seems to impress itself on his efforts, and from one series of concerts he will set forth on a fresh tour as brimful of vitality and artistic purpose as though he had been enjoying a rest instead of singing night after night after a manner to exhaust the singer of average energy. The patent fact goes more than half way to explain this. J. H. McKinley knows how to use his voice.

On to-morrow (Thursday), the 30th inst., he sings in "The Swan and the Skylark," at Mount Vernon, and then leaves directly for another Western tour, beginning at Albany, N. Y. Several song recitals will form part of his program in the West. As an accomplished lyric artist Mr. McKinley stands on a plane occupied by very few singers of the day. He sees in a song or ballad every syllable of its emotional content, and reproduces the same with fullest sympathy and convincing power. Altogether, a delightful artist with whom to spend an afternoon or evening in the concert room.

Good artists like Mr. McKinley are naturally in demand, and already the tenor has signed engagements reaching forward as far as June and covering, among various appearances, some at the spring festivals. While constantly before the public Mr. McKinley manages at the same time to keep well abreast in study, as is made obvious by a constantly sustained improvement and a more subtle finish in his style.

One of the most satisfying singers is found in J. H. McKinley, and beyond doubt, in the opinion of every musical person of acumen, one of the forthcoming typical representatives of good tenor art.

Frederick Smith.

Mr. Smith, the Boston tenor, who is rapidly coming into favor on account of his fine voice and reliable musicianship, made a splendid success in "The Messiah" at Providence, R. I., on the 21st inst. The following notice is from the Providence Journal:

Mr. Smith, the tenor, won a conspicuous success by his unpretentious but thoroughly artistic way of singing and his remarkably fine voice, which is of pure tenor quality and of adequate power and range for the trying demands of "The Messiah" score.

Clarence de Vaux-Royer.

The violinist De Vaux-Royer will play at William Edward Mulligan's organ recital January 2 at St. Mark's Church; at the song recital given by Albert Gérard Thiers in Brooklyn Tuesday afternoon, January 4, and for the Cantata Club, of Brooklyn, Thursday evening, January 6.

Antoinette Trebelli's Engagements.

Antoinette Trebelli will sing in January in Plainfield with the Philharmonic Club, in Troy with the Vocal Society, in several concerts in Canada and later on in Pittsburgh, where the "Elijah" will be given by the Mozart Club. The young prima donna has a flattering offer for a six weeks' tour in spring.



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Boston Music Notes.

December 24, 1897.

THE new club in Newton Centre, called "The Singers," which is under the direction of George A. Burdett, has about forty voices now, all well-trained and, it goes without saying, well directed, for Mr. Burdett's splendid work is well known. This club is now in its third season. At the concert given on the evening of December 21, T. Adamowski was the soloist. This club did some remarkably fine work last winter, and there is every reason to believe they will make an enviable name for themselves—their work is not only thorough but intelligent—an ingredient often lacking.

Selections from "The Messiah" were given at the First Baptist Church on Sunday evening. The principal solos were rendered by Miss Helen Wright, Mrs. Jennie P. Walker, Miss Gertrude Edmunds, Mrs. Ernestine Fish, Frederick Smith and Arthur Beresford. The choruses were sung by a large choir, the music being under the direction of Norman McLeod, organist of the church.

Prof. James W. Hill, of Haverhill, gave an organ recital at St. John's M. E. Church in Dover, N. H., on Wednesday evening. The audience was a large one, filling the church to the doors.

The *Republican*, of Dover, devotes nearly a column to a favorable criticism of the recital.

A few days ago Georg Henschel paid a visit to his old time friend Carl Faeltel at the latter's new school in Steinert Hall. Mr. Faeltel had several pupils of the school play before Mr. Henschel, beginning with Russell Williams, eight years old, now in his third month of instruction, who was followed by Gladys Toward—a cousin of Madame Nordica—also eight years old, who transposed a piece into a number of keys; Ethel Harding, ten years old; Louella Dewing, twelve years old, and finally, as a representation of the advanced class, Wm. D. Strong. All played from memory and acquitted themselves splendidly, calling out expressions of high appreciation from the distinguished visitor. Mr. Henschel was afterward taken to the sight playing class room, with its eight pianos, where sixteen pupils were in the midst of analyzing and transposing. On leaving Mr. Henschel spoke in the highest terms of approval of the methods pursued in the school and congratulated Mr. Faeltel on the great success which he has achieved in such a short time.

Everett E. Truette, of Union Church, Worcester, arranged an elaborate program for the Christmas services. The soloists were Mrs. H. W. Asbrand, soprano; Miss Aagot Lunde, contralto; F. W. Jameson, tenor, and J. V. Thomas, bass; organist and director, Everett E. Truette.

Gustav Strube has been engaged as conductor for the forthcoming Brockton musical festival.

Miss Gertrude Gardiner, who was the first teacher in Massachusetts to receive a certificate from the Virgil Piano School, of New York, is meeting with excellent success in this city. Her studio is in rooms 34 and 35 in the Steinert Hall Annex, where Clavier literature can be had upon application.

Miss Minnie E. Little, the talented young pianist, played "Valse Caprice," by Rubinstein, at a concert in Cambridge recently, and, in answer to a hearty encore, the melody by Stojowski. Miss Little appeared at a recital in Steinert Hall December 21 with Miss Rose Stewart and Heinrich Schuecker.

George W. Chadwick, of Boston, has formally accepted the invitation of the directors of the Worcester Music Festival to succeed Carl Zerrahn as conductor, as it was thought he would do, his letter of acceptance being as follows:

C. M. Bent, President, Worcester, Mass.:

MY DEAR MR. BENT—Your favor of the 20th, offering me the position of conductor of the next festival of the

Worcester County Association, is at hand. I assure you that I am deeply sensible of the honor you would confer upon me, for I feel that any musician might be proud of being conductor of an organization with such a history as yours, or to succeed so eminent a leader as Mr. Zerrahn. His long and honorable career and faithful services, I am sure, are fully appreciated by your association, and in accepting its directorship I shall hope to assist its progress toward still higher things, and to increase the power for good for which it has been renowned in the past. I shall be happy to confer with your committee regarding details at your convenience. I have the honor to remain

Very sincerely yours,

G. W. CHADWICK

New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, December 21, 1897.

Jenny Osborn's Success in "The Messiah"

WITH THE APOLLO CLUB IN CHICAGO.

The Chicago papers in speaking of Miss Osborn's singing on Tuesday night said:

Miss Osborn has a voice that is one and foremost of a thousand. Her tone is fine, sympathetic, of the quality that moves an audience to immediate appreciation. * * * She sang the air "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth," to the complete satisfaction of all present.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Miss Osborn, with a clear, true, soprano, was effective in her numbers.—Chicago Record.

Miss Osborn's recitatives are particularly interesting. All the floriture was very chaste and graceful as Miss Osborn gave it, and in concerted numbers she was very effective.—Chicago News.

Miss Osborn sang with discretion and feeling. Again Miss Osborn has gained in breadth and delivery since last she was heard here, and she was distinctly well received.—Tribune.

Another of the soloists who achieved a most decided success was Miss Jenny Osborn, whose singing was a distinct feature of the evening. Adding to a brilliant voice a most fluent and artistic expression, she succeeded most admirably in interpreting the music that has generally taxed the most distinguished vocalists. In the recitatives her utterance was distinct, and the arias were given out with great distinction and purity of tone. In all the principal numbers, such as "Come Unto Him" and "I Know That My Redeemer Liveth" she was enabled to command the exacting tribute of hushed attention, and thus approved herself an oratorio singer of marked value.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Miss Osborn proved her right to a place in oratorio work more than once during the evening, and particularly in the "I Know That My Redeemer," a passage of which the sentimentalists have said, Only a good singer who is a good woman can sound all its wondrous and heart-breaking heights and depths.

To the honor of Miss Osborn be it said that she achieved exquisitely the devotional utterance, without which the passage would be naught. Her voice has a delicious lifting quality and carrying power that seemed easily to overcome the vast spaces of the Auditorium.—Chicago Journal.

Geo. W. Fergusson.

The baritone Geo. W. Fergusson will return to the United States for an extensive tour, to begin about the middle of February.

Bloodgood in Demand.

The popular contralto Katherine Bloodgood seems to be in greater demand than ever. We notice among the prominent engagements booked for next few weeks the following dates:

Pittsburg, Pa., December 31; Toronto, Ont., January 1; Peterboro, Ont., January 3; Troy, N. Y., January 12; Grand Rapids, Mich., January 14; Columbus, O., January 17; Toledo, O., January 18; Kansas City, Mo., January 20; Chicago, Ill., January 21; Evanston, Ill., January 22; Philadelphia, January 29.

Max Liebling in Philadelphia.

Max Liebling was engaged as pianist and accompanist at a concert given by the Mercantile Club, of Philadelphia, last Wednesday evening. The variations from the "Kreutzer Sonata," with which Mr. Liebling and Jane Koert opened the program, made a great hit. The other participating artists were Miss Camille Seygard, Mme. Gisela Standigl, Ernst Kraus and Signor Campanari.

The program contained songs by Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, Massenet, d'Albert, Händel and others, and was listened to with earnest attention by an audience that numbered 1200 persons.

Mrs. Minnie Peck, a Powers Pupil.

The appended is from a Denver, Col., daily of recent date, referring to a Western singer who is coming to the fore:

Mrs. Minnie Peck's superb singing was as all anticipated, the leading feature of the delightful occasion. Her grand contralto is always a delight to hear. Her voice is of remarkable range, strength, purity and sweetness, and equally attractive in the higher, middle and lower registers, both to musicians of the highest cultivation as to all who hear her. Her rendition of "Lieti Signori" was especially artistic and in the "Intermezzo," in which she was accompanied by the piano, violin and harp, all lovers of the grand and beautiful in music were charmed.

Leonora A. Dally in Concert.

A thoroughly enjoyable recital was given on December 13 in Wissner Hall, Newark, N. J., by Leonora A. Dally and Florence Mulford, assisted by the well-known violinist Maurice Kaufmann, and Mrs. Celeste Henderson, accompanist. The hall was crowded to the doors and each number was enthusiastically applauded. The following program was ably interpreted:

Sonata, op. 8.....	Grieg
Miss Dally and Mr. Kaufmann.	
Aria, from Queen of Sheba.....	Gounod
Miss Mulford.	
Pastorale.....	Scarlatti
Bourrée.....	Bach-Joseffy
Miss Dally.	
Mazourka.....	Jarzycki
Mr. Kaufmann.	
Czardas, Danse Hongroise.....	Joseffy
Mazourka, B flat minor.....	Chopin
Scherzo, B minor.....	Chopin
Miss Dally.	
Sans Toi.....	d'Hardelot
Three Fishers.....	Hervey
Ich Will Meine Seele Tauchen.....	Raff
Miss Mulford.	
Scherzo-Tarantelle.....	Henri Wieniawski
Mr. Kaufmann.	
Schwer Liegt auf dem Herzen.....	Goring-Thomas
Miss Mulford.	
Valse.....	Moszkowski
Miss Dally.	

Appended are some criticisms:

The opening number is Grieg's first composition for piano and violin, written before he developed into his later style. It was attractively played. Then Miss Dally surprised the audience by a splendid piano performance. Her playing was marked by perfect clarity, fine technique and a beautiful degree of self repression, making the composer stand out above the performer, and, consequently, making the performer shine all the more in the estimation of the true music lover. Miss Dally's other numbers deepened this impression, and revealed the fact that a new and highly accomplished pianist had appeared. She will be sure of a welcome when she is heard again.

Miss Dally closed the concert with a brilliant performance of a brilliant waltz by Moszkowski.—Newark Sunday Call.

Miss Dally was first heard, together with Mr. Kaufmann, in Grieg's sonata, op. 8, which was conscientiously played, and then Miss Dally gave an exhibition of her skill in a pastorale, by Scarlatti, and a bourrée, by Bach-Joseffy. To these she afterward added a delightful Hungarian dance, by Joseffy; a mazourka in B flat minor and a scherzo in B minor, by Chopin, and a waltz by Moszkowski. The tuneful scherzo was particularly well rendered, and warm applause rewarded the work.—Newark Advertiser.



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NEW YORK, December 27, 1897.

JULIUS J. LYONS, the president of the Metropolitan Musical Society, sends this to your *Gotham Gossip*, who put in a word of recommendation of Miss Margaret Gaylord just at the time when it was not quite decided who should sing Yum Yum in "The Mikado," at the Astoria performance just given:

Allow me to take this opportunity to express my thanks to you for having fortified my judgment concerning Miss Gaylord, and to say that I will be glad at any time to further her interest.

With very kind regards, I am,
Yours very truly,
JULIUS J. LYONS.

Miss Gaylord has made many friends here, and is making them as fast as she meets new people. There is a something so natural, so refreshing, about the charming Margaret, that she commands sympathy at once; that established, it is but a step to liking and admiring the young girl, who has made her way in the world by sheer power of merit, and—personality!

Howard Brockway sends me the following:

DEAR SIR—A couple of weeks back there was a notice in your paper of studio chamber music recitals to be given by Mr. Mannes and Mr. Powers. I can only suppose that this was intended to announce the series which Mr. Mannes and I intend giving. Mr. Powers does not undertake that variety of entertainment. Would you kindly insert a notice of our series, to be given in my studios on the second Monday night in each month, commencing January 10, and first program, *i. e.*:

Sonata, G major.....Brahms
Sonata, D major.....Mozart
Sonata, F major.....Grieg

These recitals will take place at half past 8 on the evenings of January 10, February 14, March 14 and April 11.

May Brown, violinist, seems to go 'round pleasing people immensely with her violin playing. I constantly hear of her, here, there and everywhere. The latest is Mount Vernon, where a newspaper man wrote this of her in a local paper:

Miss May Brown is already favorably known as a violinist in New York and vicinity. She appeared once in Mount Vernon a few years ago when fresh from the University in Stuttgart. Even then, as a very young girl, she possessed a delicate touch, a pure and virile tone, a satisfactory technique, with an artistic temperament promising distinction among violinists. This promise has been amply fulfilled. She has continued her studies under the best masters here, and is now frequently heard at musicales and recitals. The pupils who throng her New York studio are also enthusiastic in her praise. Miss Brown gave a concert in Yonkers last season, including all the prominent society leaders among her patronesses. It was a great success, the local press being loud in her praise, and many flattering comments appeared in the New York papers.

Miss Lillie d'Angelo Bergh's third song recital occurs next Monday, January 3, at 4 o'clock, at her studios, 56 West Fifth street, her pupils presenting the larger proportion of the program. On this occasion we shall have the felicity of meeting the Swami Obhe Dananda, a representative of the highest order of Brahmins of India. I hope I have that name right, but will not swear to it. It might be Suiauni Obbedandy; but, as near as I can guess, the fair writer wrote the former. I hope to meet Swami, for while we, many of us, know Brahms, few of us know Brahmins.

Dr. Gerrit Smith's 235th free organ recital attracted the usual large audience, who heard this program:

Chaconne, in F.....Händel
Cantilene Pastorale.....Guilmant
The Manger.....Guilmant
Rhapsodie, sur des Airs Catalan.....Gigout
'Cello solo, adagio.....Arcangelo Correlli
Toccata, in C.....Bach
Communion, in G.....Bach
Grand Choeur, in D (alla Händel).....Guilmant
George W. Westerfield, Jr.

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'Cello solos, larghetto.....Händel
Evening Song.....Schumann
The Holy Night.....Buck
March of the Magi.....Dubois
Fantasy on Ancient Christmas Carols.....Best

The recitals will be resumed Monday, January 10, and continued throughout the season.

A recent Astoria musicale for a charitable purpose had six men and one lone woman concerned in the program, the latter being the contralto, Eleanore Broadfoot, the well-known Murio-Celli pupil, who sang the Samson aria of Saint-Saëns, and the Habanero from "Carmen."

A young baritone with a very nice voice sang "Las' snite I lay a-sleeping," &c., by Adams, and another feature of the program was the remarkable number of printer's (?) errors, such as "violincello," "cantelena," "Gotterman," "celloist," &c., all of which have no business on a decent program. Well, charity covers a multitude of sins, and this is no exception.

At to-day's morning musicale, the second of the Powers-Mannes series of five, David Mannes will play three classics, the Sarabande and Tambourine of Le Clair, and the F major Romance of Beethoven. Besides these he will play the Gavotte from the E major violin Sonata of Bach, unaccompanied.

Mr. Riesberg will play the accompaniments for the first two, and for Miss Marguerite Hall, who will sing.

A series of musical mornings explanatory of symphonic concerts, entitled "The History of Music," is to be given by Miss S. C. Very, at the residence of Mrs. Jonas B. Kissam, under the patronage of Mrs. F. Bronson, Mrs. A. Iselin, Jr., Mrs. J. B. Kissam, Mrs. L. P. Morton, Mrs. W. A. Street, Mrs. F. W. Vanderbilt.

These will occur on successive Wednesdays, beginning January 12, at eleven o'clock.

In honor of M. Alexandre Guilmant, Mr. and Mrs. Charles S. Jardine gave a musicale at the Saint Andoche, West End avenue and 102d street, last Friday evening, *i. e.*, Christmas Eve. Your scribe's time was, however, occupied that evening, the once Wee Kidlet having arrived at the age when Santa Claus and Christmas trees are not to be ignored.

George A. Decker has been appointed choirmaster and precentor of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, Jersey City.

The Choir Agency of Thomas & Fellows, Carnegie Hall, has been doing a very extensive business for the past week, in supplying voices for the different churches for Christmas work. Mr. Eberhardt, tenor, has been sent to Mr. Froelich, organist of the Lexington Avenue Synagogue. Harold Going, tenor, to the Evangelical Lutheran Church of Holy Trinity, Mr. Schmauk, organist. Harry Connor to the Eighteenth Street Methodist Church, Edwin Cary, organist. W. P. Young, tenor, to the Grace Methodist Episcopal Church, Miss Kate Stella Burr, organist. Ten singers for Dr. Gerrit Smith, at the Old South Church. Mr. Bruce, tenor, to the Rutgers Riverside Presbyterian Church, F. W. Riesberg, organist, as supply for Lloyd Rand, who is suffering from a severe cold. Miss R. Berge, harpist, has been sent to the St. James M. E. Church, Paul Ambrose, organist. Miss Avis Boxall, harpist, to the Eighteenth Street Methodist Church, Edwin Cary, organist, and a number of singers to out-of-town churches.

A number of their singers have during the past week sung on trial before committees, who are anticipating changes in the choirs of their churches, and of which at present no other agency has been notified.

During the past week Dr. Ion A. Jackson has been engaged by Mr. Kronberg, of Boston, for his Southern festival tour, which will take up the entire month of May. Negotiations are pending for other artists under the management of Messrs. Thomas & Fellows for the same tour.

The changes for the coming year in the churches of New York City and vicinity promise to be greater than that of any past season, and those singers who are desirous of securing better engagements than they are holding at present will do well to see this firm at once, as the cream of the trade will be thrown to them, the recognised leading agency of this kind.

This firm has decided for various reasons (principally for those who are holding positions at present and do not wish their names to be published) not to publish a list of the singers who have registered on their books, and those

who are desirous of registering can do so without apprehending that their names will be made public. The entire business of this agency is perfectly confidential. A number of their singers have been engaged to sing at some of the swellest musicales to be given this winter.

Thomas & Fellows are to be congratulated on the energy which they have displayed thus far.

By kind permission of Messrs. Thomas & Fellows the National Society of New England Women were privileged to hear one of the best artists in this country at their annual Christmas luncheon at the Astoria, Mrs. Sophia Markee, soprano, who made a most pronounced success at this dinner. Her selections were "Springtide," by Becker; "At Parting," by Rogers, and by special request, "A Dream," by Lassen, in all of which she accompanied herself in the most charming and artistic manner. Mrs. Markee is one of the few singers to-day before the public who can give an entire program of songs, playing her own accompaniments, and she certainly is deserving of the great success which she invariably meets in all her engagements.

For drawing-room and musicales there is probably no better singer before the public to-day. She is also one of the most valuable church singers we have, and there is no doubt her voice will be heard in one of the prominent churches the coming year.

Von der Heide to Sall.

J. F. Von der Heide, the well-known singing teacher and former president of the New York State Music Teachers' Association, has paid the penalty of too close application to work for several years past and has been earnestly advised by his physicians to take a long rest.

Acting on this advice, he has closed his studio and will proceed at once to Italy, where he will spend the winter, mainly in Rome and Florence. After visiting all the principal cities in Italy he will return to New York, by way of Paris and London, in time for the musical season of 1898-99, let us hope, with a fully restored nervous system.

Mr. Von der Heide's permanent New York address will remain Steinway Hall, or in care of THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Townsend H. Fellows.

At present he is one of the busiest men in New York city. What with teaching and the choir agency and general entertainment business Mr. Fellows finds his time fully occupied. Every day from 9 till 1 o'clock his time is devoted to his pupils, and some of the best voices in New York city are found among them. Mrs. Eva Gardner Coleman, who is making herself felt in the musical world, and who is one of the best sopranos in the country, has been a pupil of his from the beginning of her instruction until the present time. He numbers among his pupils those who have studied with some of the greatest teachers in America, and also those who have studied in Europe.

Mr. Fellows is one of America's best exponents of correct and soulful singing, and is an authority on oratorio work. As a Lieder singer and instructor of German songs Mr. Fellows is one of the widest known, speaking and singing the language like a native.

Francis Fischer Powers at the Savoy.

Mrs. Joseph T. Knapp's "Tuesday evenings" at the Savoy are remarkable in that the programs of music are of the highest character and are interpreted by artists who are in the forefront of the musical profession.

The program of music on the second and fourth Tuesday evenings of each month are in charge of Francis Fischer Powers and it is needless to add that the last program was most artistically given and enthusiastically received. Mr. Powers himself sang on this occasion and his fine baritone and finished style evoked the most flattering demonstrations. He was ably assisted by seven of his representative pupils, they being Mrs. Stanley Gardyne Stewart, Mrs. Marcella Powell, Francis Van Rensselaer Bunn, John Fredericks, Herbert Miller, Victor Baillard and Percy R. Stevens. Harry Arnold, the prominent pianist, also contributed to the success of the program by playing exquisitely several numbers, while F. W. Riesberg, the accompanist of the evening, was ideal in that capacity.

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CHICAGO OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER,
226 Wabash avenue, December 25, 1897.

QUALITY and not quantity has been the musical distinguishment of the week just past. Handel's "Messiah" has been given twice by the Apollo Club, and these famous annual Christmas performances gathered in the Auditorium every one in Chicago society, or anxious to be, as well as all who are interested in the city's musical advancement. The club, and very noticeably its able director, Mr. Tomlins, are evidently among our most popular institutions. Educated slowly and laboriously up to its enjoyment it has become one of the city's fixed pleasures, the loss of which would create a blank impossible to estimate. Hence the crowded audiences the Apollo Club's fixtures invariably command.

On Tuesday the soloists were Miss Jennie Osborn, soprano; Miss Jessie Ringen, contralto; W. T. Van Yorx and David Bispham. The Chicago Orchestra accompanied on both occasions, and the distinguished organist W. Middelschulte presided at the organ.

If a choice of the two performances could be made regarding the choral and orchestral work it would be in favor of Tuesday's performance. To begin with, the chorus was in excellent form, and the orchestra showed itself amenable to Tomlins' rule. The local soprano, Jennie Osborn, created more than mild surprise by her finished method and powerful voice, which could be heard in the most distant part of the Auditorium. Miss Osborn interpreted her solos in accordance with oratorio traditions, and showed that this is the class of music for which she is eminently fitted. Nature has been kind to her, too, in many ways. Her personality is distinctly taking. She has a most graceful presence and a very excellent stage manner.

Miss Jessie Ringen, the St. Louis alto, would have to be heard in something better suited to her voice and style before adequate criticism could be passed; but that she is one of the handsomest girls on the concert stage is generally acknowledged.

W. Theo Van Yorx excited some favorable comment, while David Bispham, in his extraordinary declamatory singing, created a perfect furor of applause. His singing on both occasions was such as one rarely hears. I cannot recall in recent years an artist who gave "Why Do the Nations So Furiously Rage" so magnificently. He was a splendid tower of strength for the Apollos to have and one they can never possibly excel.

Thursday Mme. Clementine De Vere was the soprano, with George Hamlin and Mrs. Furbeck taking the places of Van Yorx and Miss Ringen. Madame De Vere, in spite of a desperate cold and hoarseness, did full justice to the music and gained most enthusiastic applause. George Hamlin gave most excellent service. The Chicago tenor is one of the best before the American public. His voice has grown wonderfully in volume, and it is no small compliment to his ability to say that he stood nobly the test of an appearance in the same work with such a consummate master of vocal art as David Bispham. Mrs. Furbeck was hardly equal to the demands of such an

immense place as the Auditorium; but she has good method and clear enunciation.

The Apollo's first concert of 1897-98 can be summed up as having opened a most auspicious season.

THOMAS ORCHESTRA—NINTH CONCERT.

True to the present policy of the management to give all possible attractions, the program this week included some of the most enjoyable music known—Bach, Beethoven, Haydn, Saint-Saëns, Berlioz, Wagner and the Russian composer Glazounow.

The innovation of having two soloists was adhered to, and the famous French basso Plançon made his first appearance this season. He is always an immense favorite here, and even at the most trying period of the year a vast audience assembled to greet him.

His first number, from Haydn's "Creation," created immense enthusiasm, and he responded with Fauré's "Les Rameaux." The Frenchman kept his temper admirably during this latter selection when Mr. Mees' accompaniment went astray. In the second part Plançon sang the serenade from the "Damnation of Faust," which the audience insisted upon having repeated. Still they clamored for more, but Thomas, evidently considering the lateness of the hour which had ruled at recent concerts and deeming it best to give Chicago people shopping time, gave the signal to commence just when Plançon returned to bow his acknowledgments and possibly sing another encore.

L. Kramer, the new concertmaster, made his début as a soloist, and despite nervousness amply fulfilled all predictions made for him, but the selection chosen was uncommonly uninteresting, calculated only to display technical skill. Mr. Kramer was at his best in Svendsen's "Romanze," which he played exquisitely.

The orchestra did full justice to the program, and finished this half of the season's concerts with complete satisfaction.

This is the program in full:

Fugue, A minor.....Bach
String orchestra.
Overture, Coriolanus.....Beethoven
Recitative and aria, The Creation.....Haydn
Symphonic Poem, Le Rouet d'Omphale.....Saint-Saëns
Concerto for Violin, D minor.....Hans Sitt
Waldweben, Siegfried.....Wagner
Serenade, The Damnation of Faust.....Berlioz
Scenes de Ballet, op. 52.....Glazounow
Preamble, Marionettes, Mazourka, Scherzino, Pas d'Action, Danse Orientale, Valse, Polonaise.

FLORENCE FRENCH.

Staats' Concert Dates.

C. L. Staats, the eminent clarinetist, will fill the following dates in January: January 3, Boston Star Course; January 4, Newton, Mass.; January 10, Salem, Mass.; January 17, New Bedford, Mass.; January 18, Medford, Mass.

The finished work of Mr. Staats is always in demand.

J. Harry Wheeler's

"Hints to Singers," of which we recently quoted eleven, are here continued:

12. Do not give too much force to the voice when singing, by doing so you will be apt to sharp, and produce a shrill, thin tone, and the vocal cords will be liable to strike together, causing the voice to break.

13. It is better to stand when practicing vocal exercises; one can place the tone better, breathe better and execute better.

14. After singing in a warm room cover the throat when you go out, but at no other time.

15. Never go to your singing lesson or rehearsal fatigued.

16. When you sing a solo let your face be an index of your soul. Your hearers will always feel as you look.

17. To become an artist one must be susceptible to joy and sorrow, have a large share of common sense, and possess a warm heart, loving all that is noble, good and true.

Herbert Witherspoon.

HERBERT WITHERSPOON, the well-known and favorite basso, of Brick Church, Fifth avenue and Thirty-seventh street, is about to leave America for a time and go abroad to study further. Mr. Witherspoon sails on January 5 on the St. Louis and will go direct to London, where he will spend a few weeks before settling down in Paris, in which city he intends to take up work.

Mr. Witherspoon will be substituted at Brick Church by Forrest D. Carr and leaves the congregation, which regrets him deeply, with the understanding that should he return to New York with intention to sing in any church he will be sure to return to his old quarters at the Brick. It has cost Mr. Witherspoon's congregation a decided sacrifice to release him, while his numerous friends are at the same time glad that he has decided on a course which will broaden his methods and experience and by which he possesses such excellent material to profit. The basso will stay in Paris at least a year, and will then go to London, where he has already concluded numerous engagements to appear in public.

The merits of Mr. Witherspoon's voice and style are too well known by the artistic public to need recapitulation. He has the true basso cantante, admirably produced and used with excellent discretion. He brings intelligence of a high order to his work and genuine sympathy and taste. The effect of a polished education tells in his interpretations, which are always governed by judgment and refinement. Mr. Witherspoon happens to be a university man, having graduated from Yale in 1895.

Concerning the purity of his vocal production, Mr. Witherspoon considers that too much honor and gratitude can hardly be accorded his teacher, Walter J. Hall, in whose studio at Carnegie Hall he believes he has learned more in a year and a half than in many preceding years of study. Mr. Hall, the basso considers, is uniquely successful in the placing of the voice and all the credit of his good production he lays cheerfully at this teacher's door. A very nice tribute to Mr. Hall.

On his return Mr. Witherspoon's friends will all be glad to see him, and will no doubt have reason to greet with welcome an immense advancement and much interesting versatility in his art. Bon Voyage!

A Notable Musical Service.

M. ALEXANDRE GUILMANT assisted at the organ in the "Old First" Presbyterian Church at a special musical service arranged by William C. Carl, Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, together with the choir of the "Old First."

M. Guilmant's program included his own "Offertoire sur deux Noël," a chorale by Bach and his "Noël Espagnol." The choir gave a selection from Handel's "Messiah," "O, Come, Redeemer of Mankind," by West; "The Presentation of Christ in the Temple," Johan Eccard (sung a capella), and several Noël's, accompanied by Mr. Carl.

M. Guilmant was in admirable form and seemed especially anxious to do honor to his friend and pupil, Mr. Carl. He was heard to superb advantage by an audience that filled the church and which included many well-known organists and musicians.

At the conclusion of the "Postlude" the choir sang a chorale which closed with an amen (the entire congregation remaining), and as the final note was sung Mr. Guilmant advanced to the organ and played the "Dresden Amen," forming a unique and fitting close to a remarkable musical service.

Mlle. Verlet.

The charming prima donna Mlle. Alice Verlet left Monday afternoon for Toledo, O., where she is to appear at a prominent concert on Tuesday evening. Miss Leontine Gaertner, the cellist, accompanied Mlle. Verlet.

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To Composers. Prize Competition.

THE North American Saenger Bund will celebrate its golden jubilee in the city of Cincinnati, State of Ohio, U. S. A., in the year 1899.

Fred H. Alms, of this city, has offered a prize of \$1,000 for the best composition, to be sung at the opening concert of the festival by the United Singers of Cincinnati.

All composers are invited to compete for this prize under the following conditions, agreed upon by the music committee of the festival.

CONDITIONS.

1. The composition is intended for a mixed chorus, solos and orchestra, the rendition of same to occupy not less than forty and not more than sixty minutes.

2. The character of the composition is to be a glorification of the fine arts in general, more especially of music.

3. The text is to be written in the German or English language.

4. Since the composition is to be rendered by a mass chorus of about 1,500 voices, it shall contain no extraordinary difficulties.

5. The orchestral score must also be accompanied by a complete piano score.

6. Composers competing for the prize must have their work in the hands of the Music Committee on or before August 1, 1898.

7. The prize judges will be selected from the most competent and best-known musicians of this country.

8. The composition receiving the award shall be the sole property of the festival board. All other compositions will be held at the disposal of the authors.

The Music Committee will cause the result of the competition to be published and the prize to be paid immediately after the judges have announced their decision.

10. The composition without the name of the composer, but accompanied by some suitable motto, is to be sent to Ed. Berghausen, 307 East Second street, Cincinnati, Ohio. At the same time an envelope containing this motto and the name and residence of the composer is to be sent to the chairman of the committee, Rev. Hugo G. Eisenlohr, 1213 Elm street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

All further information will be cheerfully furnished by the Committee on Music for the Golden Jubilee Saenger-fest of the North American Saenger Bund.

REV. HUGO G. EISENLOHR, Chairman.

Music in Copenhagen.

COPENHAGEN, December 8, 1897.

THE first series of the "Palace Concerts" had a most brilliant ending on December 2. A chorus of 160 male voices sang J. P. E. Hartmann's magnificent work "Volven's Spadom" ("The Prophecy of Volven"), and although it has often been given here, never has it been sung more perfectly than under the inspiring baton of Joachim Andersen. The composer, a man of ninety-three years, was present and at the close received a great ovation.

This series of concerts took place October 14, 21, 28, November 11, 18, and December 2, under the direction of Herr Kapelmester Joachim Andersen. Of the six concerts given two were entirely orchestral and those were the best attended of the series. One of these orchestral concerts was devoted entirely to Wagner, the other to Beethoven and Wagner.

At the second concert Henri Falcke, from Paris, who was the soloist, made a great success with Saint-Saëns' G minor concerto. Mr. Falcke had studied the concerto with the composer, so that the interpretation was excellent.

At the third concert Friedenthal, from Berlin, played Brahms' B flat major concerto, op. 83. Pianist, orchestra and conductor deserve all honor for the artistic reading of the great work.

At the fifth concert the royal concertmeister, Hilmer, played most charmingly a very interesting new violin concerto of Aug. Enna, just published by Wilhelm Hansen, Copenhagen and Leipzig.

The concertmeister of the orchestra is Herr F. Hemme, and Minna Heyn is the harpist. D.

The New Sohmer Building.

ON another page of this issue we publish the first picture given to the public of the magnificent new Sohmer Building, just nearing completion and to be ready for occupancy on or about February 1, 1898.

The situation of the Sohmer Building is peculiar, in that it is not only in the very centre of the best retail district of Greater New York, but that it is particularly prominent because of its position in relation to both upper and lower Fifth avenue, Broadway, Twenty-third street and Madison Square.

It is one of the handsomest and most imposing of the many new and modern structures that have been erected in New York within the last year, and it is particularly adapted for a piano showroom because of its location and because of its architectural beauty and general convenience. Messrs. Sohmer & Co. will occupy the ground

floor and basement and such other portion of the building as their use may require, and their main wareroom will be the handsomest, best lighted and most prominent piano exhibition room in New York city. The movement also takes them the farthest north of any piano firm in town, and leaves Steinway Hall as the only prominent retail piano house on Fourteenth street east of Fourth avenue.

The old landmark—the Sohmer wareroom at the corner of Third avenue and Fourteenth street—will be missed by the thousands who have in the past quarter of a century looked upon it as a fixture, though the finishing factory, which occupies the upper floors of the old building, will be retained.

The new Sohmer Building, which, by the way, occupies the site of the famous Goupil Art Gallery, is destined to become a new landmark of greater beauty, of greater prominence and of a more lasting nature.

The retail business of Sohmer & Co. in New York city has long been one of the marked features of the piano business, and with their new home, with its superb show-rooms, its handsomely equipped offices and its remarkable accessibility, will undoubtedly give a new impetus to their trade.

The Sohmer Building will naturally become the headquarters and general rendezvous of musicians and musical people, as well as a general centre about which will gather the retail piano business of the greater city.

Richard Burmeister's Management.

From January 1, 1898, Richard Burmeister's concert and business affairs will be under the sole direction of Ernst Dietrich, concert manager, 604 Park avenue, New York.

Sophia Priestley's Pupils.

The successful musicales given by Miss Priestley, pianist and teacher, at the Edgemere Hotel, L. I., during the past summer have resulted in a number of engagements for her pupils. Miss Priestley, who teaches in a number of prominent families in New York has moved her studio to No. 6 East Forty-seventh street.

Alexandre Guilmant Stays Longer.

Guilmant, who intended to remain here only until March 1, will most likely have to extend his tour. There are few dates left open for January and February and Mr. Wolfsohn, his manager, will therefore most likely arrange with the organist to remain until the middle of March, up to which period dates are already proposed.

Siloti in England.

That great pianist, Alexander Siloti, who will arrive here early next month, has just concluded a triumphal tour in England, concerning which we reprint some notices.

As might be supposed, M. Siloti is quite at his best in interpreting the music of his compatriots. The distinguishing trait of his style lies in the combination of strength and gentleness. His technique is representative of the Lisztian school at its very best, and his tone production is full of delicate insight, always emphasizing the right thing, reducing minor details to proper subordination, and exaggerating nothing. There does not exist, and never can have existed, a public performer more absolutely free from affectation than M. Siloti, and it says much for the taste of the audience that they should have singled out for marks of exceptional favor a musician who never attempts to attract attention by anything but the legitimate beauties of his art. The young Russian composers are fortunate in possessing such an interpreter. In Beethoven's late sonata M. Siloti appeared as a past master of the classical style, every point in the enormously difficult variations having been brought out with perfect clearness, and in the two early pieces—Händel's Suite in six movements, and "Le Coucou," a fancy piece by the old French composer Daquin—the delivery was a model of the neat and simple style that suits such old-world music. The etude by Chopin was a revelation of all the poetic and tragic significance in that wonderful movement. As already stated, an extra piece was demanded by the audience, and, after concluding his program with that remarkably fine, but somewhat hackneyed, piece, Liszt's "Twelfth Rhapsody," the performer gave, in answer to persistent applause, a transcription for piano of Jensen's well-known song, "Murmeldes Lüftchen."—Manchester Guardian.

The middle section of the program was devoted to works by Russian composers—Rachmaninoff, Glazounov, Laidoff, Arensky and Tchaikowsky. Here Mr. Siloti was in his element, and the music of his countrymen, whether graceful, vigorous, or pathetic, received equally effective treatment. The "Paraphrases sur Oneguin," by Tchaikowsky-Pabst, roused the audience to something like enthusiasm, and several recalls were the result. The remaining pieces were Chopin's "Ballade" in A flat major, and "Etude," op. 25, No. 7, and Liszt's "Consolation," No. 5, and "Rhapsodie," No. 12. As a pupil of the latter master the pianist proved a worthy exponent of his works, and that he could also play Chopin with true feeling and taste was no less evident. So long as recitals of this class continue to be given, the suppression of them, which has been more than once been hinted at in London of late, need not be desired or anticipated. In deference to the expressions of approval which were heard on all sides at the close of the concert, a short "morceau" of Jensen's gratified those who stayed behind. The attendance was very good.—Manchester Courier.

Sembrich in "The Barber of Seville."

MARCELLA SEMBRICH with her unsurpassed voice and fascinating ways; Marcella Sembrich as Rosina in scarlet and white and gold, with a scarlet tuft in her black hair and her black eyes glowing; Marcella Sembrich glittering and flashing with jewels, actual and vocal, a picture of beauty and a poem of song, bewitched the Waldorf-Astoria audience at Mr. Bagby's "musical morning" Monday, as she had bewitched the Sunday night audience at the Metropolitan Opera House. During the second act the audience was at a white heat of enthusiasm; the men and women of fashion who frequent the Astoria seemed for once to entirely forget the repose of manner which is the hall mark of elegance. They recalled her again and again. In the music lesson she sang Strauss' "Primavera" and the "Florian" song, words by Marie Antoinette, and after the quartet the "O Luce di quest Anima" from "Linda di Chamounix."

But Madame Sembrich's success did not mean that the condensed version of the old-time opera was altogether satisfactory or that the support was worthy of the artist, who is undoubtedly the foremost among opera singers of the day. But the stage setting and general management, were admirable, and the affair gave a chance to see Madame Sembrich in opera, even on a small scale. The characters were:

Almaviva, William Lavin; Figaro, Signor Del Puente; Don Bartolo, Signor Carbone; Conductor, Signor Bevingani; stage manager, William Parry.

Mr. Bagby has been the polished and gracious host at many musical entertainments for the past few years, but he has arranged none more delightful than this of his "Ninetieth Musical Morning." Among the thousands or more present were noticed Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan, Mrs. Calvin S. Brice, Mrs. Whitelaw Reid, Mrs. Douglas Sloane, Mrs. James W. Gerard, Miss Gurney, Mrs. Nicholas Fish, Mrs. C. B. Alexandre, Mrs. J. A. Burden, Mrs. Belmont Tiffany, Mrs. Ward McAllister, Mrs. Storrs Wells, Miss Helen Gould, Miss Fanny Reid, Miss Clementina Furniss, Miss Emily Vanderbilt Sloan, Miss Edith Clapp, Miss Julia Dent Grant, Mrs. Lanfear Norrie, Mrs. Alfred Seton, the Misses Barbey, Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, Mrs. Walter S. Gurnee, Jr., Mrs. Lewis Cass Ledyard, Mrs. Edwin Stevens, Miss Margaret Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. Reginald de Koven, Mrs. W. Rathbone Bacon, Mrs. Griswold Gray, Mrs. Edwin Gould, Mrs. G. Eggleston Dodge, Mrs. Frederick Neilson, Mrs. William H. Field, Miss May Field, Mrs. Henry E. Howland and Miss Eva Van Cortland Morris.

Anna Burch in Brooklyn.

Mrs. Anna Burch and Max Karger, the violinist, will give a recital in Brooklyn before the Young Women's Christian Association next Thursday evening, December 30.

Marteau Comes This Week.

Marteau, who is expected to arrive on the St. Louis this week, will play at the Philharmonic Concert next week and will then go to Boston, where he will give two recitals in conjunction with Madame Szumowska. In the first concert he will play a new suite by Wormser, which was especially written for and dedicated to Marteau. He will then go West and on his return to New York will be heard in two recitals in Mendelssohn Hall with Alexandre Siloti. Some fine ensemble music may be expected.

Charles W. Clark in Boston.

Charles W. Clark, the young baritone, was called to Boston last week to sing in "The Messiah" performance of the Handel and Haydn Society and made a distinct success. He was at once engaged for another of the Handel and Haydn concerts and has also been engaged by Frank Damrosch for "The Messiah" performance of the People's Choral Society, which will be given in the Metropolitan Opera House on the evening of January 15. The following is clipped from the Chicago Times-Herald of December 21:

Boston, December 20.—At to-night's performance of "The Messiah," which is the great annual Christmas event in Boston, by the famous musical organization, the Handel and Haydn Society, a Chicagoan, Charles W. Clark, made one of the greatest hits in the history of the society.

In the crowded music hall before a mighty audience of the most fashionable people of the city and its keenest musical critics, Mr. Clark's performance won praise unbounded, and his singing was rewarded by tempestuous bursts of applause, in which not only the audience but the singers in the great chorus and the musicians of the orchestra joined as if impelled by some irresistible force. Mr. Clark appeared at short notice, taking the place of Leon Rains, who is one of Mr. Damrosch's stars. Mr. Rains had an attack of the grip and could not sing.

Mr. Clark was slightly nervous at first, but that feeling soon wore off, and he sang the difficult bass solos with magnificent breadth, power and expression. His fine figure and confident bearing helped out the favorable impression which he had created. The audience even forgot its pet, Evan Williams, the great tenor, and gave to Mr. Clark the applause and bravos that they had intended for the New York artist.



INDIANAPOLIS.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., December 4, 1897.

THE first of a series of three concerts planned for the season by the Indianapolis Symphony Orchestra, came off at the Grand Opera House on Monday evening last. Karl Schneider, without assistance or guarantee of expenses, got a local band together and gave three concerts last year. His loss was considerable, yet he is again in the field on the same lines. With six men from Cincinnati there are fifty-two pieces listed. Eight young ladies local students and semi-professionals, are easily discovered, among the men dolefully attired as custom prescribes. Thank heaven the girls do not all dress alike! They lend color to the scheme to begin with. The program was: Symphony No. 5, in E major, op. 177, Lenore.....Raff Concerto in A minor, op. 16.....Grieg (For piano with orchestral accompaniment.)

Oliver Willard Pierce.
American Folksong, for string orchestra (new).....Busch
Danse Macabre, Poeme Symphonique, op. 40.....Saint-Saëns
(Solo violin, Mr. McGibeny.)
Jubilee Overture, op. 59 (ending with America). Von Weber

The playing showed the usual shortcomings incident to an amateur band to a very slight extent only. The violins lacked strenuity, quite naturally it may be said, there being six beautiful young women of the ten firsts. Accent and snap can and will be further attained as the work progresses under Mr. Schneider. A point or two is not cited in a mood of fault finding, but praise alone might indicate that we were not altogether sane.

The symphony was prettily handled, with a smoothness and homogeneity altogether pleasing, the allegro neatly given, the piazzi cellos a trifle obtrusive as to the balance of forces. The "March" tells a great story, normally orchestrated and of rhythm forceful in the extreme.

Oliver Willard Pierce was the soloist of the occasion in the Grieg concerto. He has never played better for us, and with his work well in hand he gave us a sense of security, a repose and a wider variety of tonal effects, with a maturer art than he has heretofore presented us, with many poetic and refined phrases. The adagio was especially beautiful on the part of both pianist and band. "Very pretty" does not tell the achievement in the "Suwanee River" arrangement for strings (Carl Busch). Contrapuntally the little work is wondrous beautiful, and it was smoothly presented in good tone and fervor. I think the accompaniment throughout would be acceptable anywhere.

The "Danse Macabre" might have been put on for the picture, since a pretty girl with a golden harp thrown in the foreground had things about all her own way for a dozen measures or so before the orchestra came out of its eclipse and found a place to get in.

Mr. Schneider certainly did good work with the material at hand, and the remaining concerts will be awaited with interest, and a faith in added strength and improvement. That we may, through such work at home, gain a knowledge of many worthy orchestral works, learn to know and to love them as we know and love our poets, our painters and our sculptors, easily justifies the attempt and tests us clearly as to any boasted interest in the art of music. I suspect that the great crowds at our May festivals are not drawn by the music alone, but they ought to be, and may be in due time through the practice and study afforded by good local work presented in all modesty and sincerity.

The attendance was large and the series gives promise of a flattering success. W. G. HUNTER.

NEWARK.

NEWARK OFFICE THE MUSICAL COURIER, 1
Wissner Hall, December 5, 1897.

THE appearance of two notable artists in Newark, namely, Leonard Auty, tenor, and Hans Kronold, violoncellist, together with the Countess Gilda Ruta, pianist; Milton Rusling Wood, baritone, Miss Meta Chadsey, soprano, and Miss Ruby Montgomery, contralto, at the concert of the Home of the Friendless, December 1, drew a large and fashionable audience to the house of the late Theodore Runyon. Ambassador to Berlin.

The immense drawing room was converted into a music room with a stage erected at one end, upon which stood a Wissner grand piano, the countess' favorite instrument. In the equally large library and halls the guests were accommodated. In these same rooms in days gone by, Paul Tidden, Emma Abbott and other bright lights have appeared, and the announcement that the artists for the December 1 concert would perform sold hundreds of dollar's worth of tickets.

Kronold, who undoubtedly has few equals as a cellist, added new laurels to himself on this occasion. His performance was quite as perfect as cello playing could be, and his wonderful temperament manifested itself throughout. Kronold was well accompanied at the piano by Miss Lillian Julien.

Of Auty—Is he not one of the foremost tenors in America to-day? Intensely artistic, he is of the musical profession solely; no other interests are allowed to share his life work, and his fine musicianly training is an attribute rather unusual to the vocalists of to-day, who are mostly "bad" musicians. His portrayal of an exquisite setting of Scotch songs was so simply and tenderly given as to cause a silence at the finish more expressive than applause. Later, his broader, vigorous and dramatic portrayal of the recitative and aria, "Lend me your aid," provoked the most enthusiastic demonstration.

Mr. Wood, a young baritone occupying positions in

churches in New York and the Synagogue, Newark, gave real pleasure to his hearers. He is rapidly gaining in favor. His voice is fine and sonorous in quality and he evinces a spirit of truth in his work and a striving for the best in art. His conscientious work and native ability will win their reward.

Countess Ruta's performance at this concert was of course up to its usual high standard of excellence. On coming to America from Italy a few years ago Gilda Ruta was unfortunate in having poor management. The result was a loss of many thousand dollars and little advancement artistically. I am happy to say the countess has at last learned that the only way to success in the musical world is through its medium, THE MUSICAL COURIER.

Two vocal debutantes of this season had the honor to appear on the program with these distinguished artists, namely, Miss Meta Chadsey, soprano, and Miss Ruby Montgomery, contralto; also Charles Townsend, violinist, a pupil of Miss Herod's, who played a violin obligato to Miss Chadsey's last number.

Mr. Townsend played well and in good tone quality. Miss Chadsey, who has only been studying a very short time, did refined and intelligent singing. Her voice is excellently well placed, and shows good training, and, as Mr. Auty remarked, "she is very promising." Miss Montgomery made a decidedly agreeable impression; her voice is broad in compass and rich in quality.

Miss Carolyn Miller was the accompanist. Miss Miller is especially successful in this particular field of work. John Courrier accompanied Mr. Wood. Here is the program:

Eighth Hungarian Rhapsody.....	Countess Ruta.Liszt
Heart's Delight.....	Miss Chadsey.Grieg
The Two Grenadiers.....Schumann	
Berceuse.....	Accompanied by John Courrier.	
At the Fountain.....Liebling	
The Flowers of the Forest.....	Herr Kronold.Davidoff
My Only Joe and Dearly.....	Accompanied by Miss Lillian Julien.	
The Land of the Leal.....Scotch Songs	
Salve Regina.....	Mr. Auty.Dudley Buck
Rhapsodie Hongroise.....	Miss Montgomery.Popper
Recit. and aria, Lend Me Your Aid, from the Queen of Sheba.....	Herr Kronold.	
The Children's Home.....	Accompanied by Miss Lillian Julien.	
Danza Mistica.....	Mr. Auty.Gounod
Polonaise de Concert.....	Miss Montgomery.Tours
Oh! Thou Sublime, Sweet Evening Star.....	Countess Ruta.Wagner
La Serenata, with violin obligato, by Chas. Townsend.....	Mr. Wood.Bragg
	Accompanied by Mr. John Courrier.	
	Miss Chadsey.	

MABEL LINDLEY THOMPSON.

MONTREAL.

MONTREAL, December 31, 1897.

THE annual and fourteenth performance of "The Messiah" by the Philharmonic Society took place on Thursday evening last in Windsor Hall. The soloists were Miss Kathrin Hilke, soprano; E. C. Towne, tenor; Mrs. Helen Warren, contralto, all of New York, and R. M. Muller, basso. The chorus in the program numbered two hundred, the orchestra thirty-five. Mr. Couture conducted.

You must have heard this oratorio once in your city, so I will not analyze it. Miss Hilke was in excellent voice and gave a most delightful performance all through. Her reading of "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" was with genuine pathos and dignity, and gave immense pleasure to listen to. She was always true to the pitch and her enunciation was clear and distinct.

Mr. Towne, who made his first appearance here, likewise met with great success. His delivery of the recitative "Comfort Ye My People, Saith Your God" was all that could be desired. He was dramatic when spirit required and his reading all through was broad and authoritative.

Mr. Muller astonished the audience, considering that it was his first experience singing with an orchestra. His performance as a whole was a most remarkable one. I never heard the air "Why Do the Nations" sung with such breadth and authority as he did. He possesses a rich, mellow bass voice, well trained, and keeps it under perfect control. The credit of his success is due to his teacher, Mr. Landre, who is one of the best vocal teachers in this city. Mr. Landre was a pupil of Mr. Bristol, the vocal teacher of New York. The chorus sang magnificently: breadth, volume and dynamics were all present, the "Hallelujah" chorus being especially superb. I was told by a good many artists that have appeared for the Philharmonic Society that the singing of the chorus is one of the best on this continent. The orchestra was well balanced, and Mr. Couture's conducting was inspiring. The performance as a whole was one of the best given by the society. The audience was large and enthusiastic.

The work selected by the society for the coming festival will be Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust" and Gounod's "Romeo and Juliet." Seidl's orchestra is engaged to play the accompaniment and Mr. Seidl will be associate conductor to Mr. Couture.

The officers for the season are elected as follows: Hector Mackenzie, honorary president; Charles Cassils, president; Angus W. Hooper, vice-president; committe, N. J. Power, Wm. C. McIntyre, A. Browning, G. F. Benson, A. Haig-Sims; Professor G. Couture, conductor; Emery Lavigne, accompanist.

A. R. Gaul's cantata "Israel" was performed in St. James' Methodist Church by the Douglass Church choir, under the baton of Edward Broome, organist of the latter church. The soloists were Miss MacGee, Miss Ena Clark, sopranos; Fred Capon, tenor, Percy Allan, baritone and Marshall Williams, bass. Each performer acquitted him or herself satisfactorily. The chorus sang well. Mr. Broome conducted with skill. Mr. Brown presided at the organ and Miss Babcock at the piano; both furnished the

accompaniments acceptably. Mr. Williams also sang two songs composed by Mr. Broome, which were well received by the audience.

The pupils of Septimus Fraser, pianist, assisted by Miss Chambers, soprano; Mr. Wilkes, baritone; Miss Belasco, pianist, and J. J. Goulet, violinist, gave a concert at Mr. Fraser's studio, 51 Crescent street, on Tuesday evening last. The program represented Beethoven, Chopin, Mendelssohn, Saint-Saëns, Raff, Schutte, Gottschalk, Godard, Chaminade, Leybach, Holländer, Heller and Schubert. The pupils showed evidence of careful training and acquitted themselves splendidly. Miss Chambers sang Mendelssohn's "Song of the Savoyard" and the "Silver Ring," by Chaminade with pleasing effect, and had to give an encore. Miss Belasco and Mr. Goulet played a sonata, by Schubert, in a straightforward, artistic manner, and received a hearty applause. Miss Belasco is a pupil of Jediczka, the Berlin piano pedagogue, and Mr. Fraser is a pupil of Mr. Sherwood, the well-known pianist of Chicago. The audience was larger than the place could accommodate.

The monthly musicale of the Catholic clergy took place on the 15th inst. in Ville Marie Hall. The performers were the Haydn Trio, composed of Messrs. J. J. Goulet, violinist, J. B. Dubois, violoncellist, E. Lavigne, pianist, and M. J. Saucier, baritone. I was unable to be present, but I was told by good authority that the performance of the trio and Mr. Saucier was all that could be desired. Mr. Saucier, who returned lately from New York, intends to remain permanently in this city and will devote his time to teaching singing and piano accompaniment.

The Amateur Operatic Club is holding two rehearsals weekly for the performance of "Dorothy," which will be produced in the middle of January. Mr. Goulet, the conductor, tells me that he expects the production will be one of the best ever witnessed in this city. Miss Ella Walker, our popular soprano, will take the part of Dorothy. She, too, seems to be confident that she will meet with success. Of course everything remains to be seen.

Mr. Goulet is organizing a symphony orchestra from local musicians. The move is a good one, and I hope he will succeed.

The Kneisel Quartet is announced for January 10, under the auspices of the Ladies' Morning Musicales; and Plançon, the bass singer, for the 20th.

Charles E. Harris, of Vert & Harris, left recently for England to bring over some artists.

Local musicians desiring to obtain information about subscription and advertising in THE COURIER will kindly drop a note to P. O. Box 254, and the writer will be pleased to call on them. H. B. COHN.

PORT HOPE.

PORT HOPE, Ont., December 9, 1897.

THE Port Hope Madrigal Society, formed last year, has had a very successful season under the able baton of F. Coombs, Oron. The following compositions have been studied and will be given at their concert next January: "My Love's Like a Red, Red Rose," Garret; "Down in a Flow'ry Vale," Festa; "My Love Dwelt in a Northern Land," Elgar; "Song of the Vikings," Blumenthal; "On the Sea" and "Departure," Mendelssohn; "Close His Eyes," Horace W. Reyner, of Montreal; "Hail Gladstone Light," from Sullivan's "Golden Legend"; "The Bells of St. Michael's Tower," Knvett-Stewart; "Matona, Lovely Maiden," Lassus, and "Hunting Chorus" from "Dorothy."

Although a small society of about sixty members, the good quality of work done is really surprising. Mr. Coombs, who has studied under the late Sir John Ouseley and John Varley Roberts, is a capital conductor, and the sterling character of his attainments is well shown in the work of the society. The officers elected last year were: J. D. Smith, president; Mrs. Chas. Wilmot, vice-president; Thos. Long treasurer, and V. S. Smith, secretary.

V. S. S.

Van Yox.

The well-known tenor Theo. W. Van Yox has just returned from the West, after a series of most successful appearances.

Ernest Gamble.

The young basso Ernest Gamble will accompany Mlle. Verlet on her extensive concert tour, which begins February 1.

Concert at Marble Church.

A brilliant concert was given last Tuesday evening in the Marble Collegiate Church, on Fifth avenue, by three of its choir soloists, Anna Burch, Evan Williams and Carl Dufft. They had the assistance of Miss Sherwood, contralto, who took the place of the regular contralto, Marguerite Hall, who was ill, and Richard T. Percy, director, at the piano. Mrs. Burch sang with much brilliancy Ardit's waltz song, "Se Saran Rose," made popular by Madame Melba, but while a most enthusiastic recall followed, it may be said that Ardit's strains are too trivial for so fine an artist as Mrs. Burch. In the duo from "Giaconda" with Miss Sherwood, and later in the "Rigoletto" quartet, Mrs. Burch showed the true timbre of her voice and aroused the audience to a real state of enthusiasm.

Mr. Williams was also highly successful in this number and was previously successful in three songs, delivered with his fine diction, while Mr. Dufft disclosed his vibrant style in the Vulcan song from "Philemon and Baucis."

Miss Sherwood, although a young singer, has a voice of much promise. Mr. Percy's accompaniments were thoroughly sympathetic.

Some Wagner Letters.

SOME letters of Richard Wagner have lately been published for the first time which give new details of his hope and struggles. These letters, of which the *New Wiener Journal* gives some extracts, go back to the time when the great work at Bayreuth was in progress. They are addressed to Josef Hoffmann, the painter, who was specially known to the older Viennese as a decorative painter. The decorations he furnished to the Vienna Court Opera created a lasting sensation. It was a quite new technic, of which Hoffmann was the inventor.

It is not then surprising that Wagner, who knew the value of artistically conceived and executed decorations for his work, should address himself to Josef Hoffmann:

RESPECTED SIR—It is my intention, as the projected performance of my drama "The Ring of Nibelung" can only be rendered practically possible by a widespread participation in my designs, to avail myself for the technical part of the participation of the working forces scattered through Germany. As regards the scenery, I have come to the conclusion that nothing can be attained here worthy of the German name in its highest sense, if I leave the most important tasks simply to our routine, technical scene painters. I am desirous, therefore, to be able to submit sketches, designed by real artists, to the cleverest and most experienced decorative painters, in order to excite them to more elevated work. I have already applied to some (historical) artists, and lately I have especially had my attention called to your remarkable productions, my dear sir, the character of which seems to come very near to what I require.

Hoffmann replied that he would at once, with greatest zeal, proceed to the study of such a task, and artistically carry out the scenes that Wagner desired, in sketches and models. Wagner was delighted by the first sketches submitted, and hastened to express his satisfaction. This letter contains such weighty remarks on the Bayreuth creation, as it was then planned, that it is advisable to give a large part of it *in extenso*:

ESTEEMED FRIEND—Receive my warmest thanks for all the labors of which you speak in your friendly letter. Be assured that now when I have learned to know better your admirable productions, I really see my way clearer to the artistic success of our undertaking. Valuable as were the communications from you, yet a special reason suggested to me later that I, on my side, should communicate with you. I do not yet definitely know whether I can consider myself assured of the various aids, without which the festival of the year 1875, as well as the definite assignment of commissions for the beginning of the works with the new year, must seem unadvisable. As, however, I am expecting in the next few days a decision which, from many signs, I hope will be favorable, I must beg of you to exercise equal patience.

As, however, for the present, we have only to reply to a provisional communication of your conditions, I, on my part, permit myself to inform you that I and my supporters regard your demands and proposals as very reasonable. There is only one point on which we must seek another way to satisfy you. You claim a 2 per cent. royalty, while we cannot make out from what source this expense must come. The representations in the Festival Theatre at Bayreuth will not be given for the sake of the entrance money, nor for the profit of anyone whatever. They will only take place when the free contributions of the patrons cover the costs thereof; that is, the necessary advances for payments for collaborators, not any honorarium for the author and so forth. I believe, however, that I am able to offer what you have in mind, namely, that I should pledge myself that, in such theatres as wish to produce my works in the usual method for admittance fees, they will be permitted to do so only on the condition that the decorations from your sketches be used, for which agreements can be made with you and your heirs.

The execution of this ideal was impossible. What a share in her husband's work Cosima Wagner was even then taking can be seen from the following letter:

BAYREUTH, December 26, 1893.

I am very thankful to you, dear master, for having looked at the sketches and written to me about them. Your approval was very weighty and valuable to me, and I see that in you a good star has let us find the right man, for I believe with you that the brilliant Makart would be of less service for our affair. The Walhalla and the Grotto, or rather the Cave of the Wala, especially please me, and display the arrangement and conception most corresponding

to the poetry. God knows now how we are steering our proud bark into harbor. I gaze with a kind of stupor on the peculiar building which now rises to heaven as a last upward struggle of reality. Still less do I understand how such a being as Wagner can have been dropped into this present world, and I rejoice that I have been enabled to know it. This knowledge, my dear friend, has shown me my way, and if you in kindly fashion complain that I do not, for at least a few days, come to you and my friends, I most gratefully reply that I think of nothing but the fulfillment of my office, in which my happiness consists. I have rendered it possible for the master, in spite of opposition of all kinds, not to put aside his creations, and when, of an evening, he closes the day in good spirits, my day's work is ended, and I thank in silence the God who blessed this day's work for me. I think, too, of all the good friends from whom I am parted by time and space, whose love surrounds me like a magic cloud. I have no longer the freedom to visit those dear to me; it would seem to me to be a sin to be wanting here a moment, but to think of you in the pure depths of my heart is a joy I permit myself.

COSIMA WAGNER.

How dependent the whole project was on the changing humor of the unfortunate Ludwig II., and was more than once directly in peril can be seen from the following very pessimistic lines of Wagner:

DEAR FRIEND—On your intelligent judgment of my position I am compelled to rely, as I left you for a long time without news. Whether to-day I am too late or too early in writing is still not clear to me. On your last visit to Bayreuth I told you without reserve that the possibility of making any propositions for the year 1875 depended entirely on the assurance of a guarantee for necessary advances on the part of the King of Bavaria. I wished to know from you the date at which these proposals must take the form of contracts, in order to be able to begin the preparations for their completion in the summer of 1875. We agreed that this must be the middle of December in the previous year, so that the work might begin in January. Since we parted in the beginning of December I have had good ground to expect every day the wished for communication from Munich. Nothing was wanting but this brief document to see us placed for the moment in a position to proceed with the necessary agreements.

As, however, in the first days of this present January I received from the royal secretary a negative answer, I thought it was necessary at once to communicate the fact to you and to cancel the orders for the present. What prevented me from so doing was that at the same time I was confidentially informed that the cause of the king's momentary displeasure was that he had been told something about me which he took badly. This (very annoying) incident I was able to explain to the king in my favor. I was again advised to be patient, and yesterday I really received an extremely gracious letter from my exalted benefactor, so that I cannot, after his assurances, doubt that in the next few days the desired arrangements will be made. So again the point is, How in this peculiar situation shall I arrange with you?

You cannot withdraw either from sharing the creation or in sharing in the suffering of this extraordinary undertaking, if you in any case are willing to collaborate—and I assure you my anguish was great. Take this thoroughly confidential communication in a friendly spirit, and impute no wrong to me; I have myself suffered up to chronic insomnia. If you do not find ways and means to gain the time after the middle of next month to deliver ready the work for the summer of 1875, yet it is still conceivable to-day that a later favorable decision (which I am thoroughly justified in certainly expecting) will save everything. There will be no doubt then of the fulfillment of your wishes and conditions. You have, as you inform me, arranged everything admirably, and I can only approve them all with the warmest thanks.

The original intention to begin the festival performances in 1875 had to be given up on account of technical difficulties that stood in the way, and the following year was fixed for the opening of the house.

"Messiah" at the Metropolitan.

The cast of "The Messiah," which will be sung in the Metropolitan Opera House, January 15, will be as follows: Mme. Emma Juch, Mrs. Josephine S. Jacoby, Evan Williams and Charles W. Clark. Frank Damrosch will conduct. The chorus will be that of the People's Choral Union.

Gustav Strube Will Direct.

The composer Gustav Strube has been engaged to direct the Brockton, Mass., musical festival.

Verlet in Opera Again.

Owing to the great success of Mlle. Verlet's first appearance in opera at the Astoria, she was immediately engaged for the role of Sylvia in Mascagni's "Zanetto," to be given by the Society of Musical Arts at the Astoria on January 4.

Madame Burmeister-Petersen.

At Messrs. Harrison's morning concert given in London on Saturday, December 4, Madame Burmeister-Petersen played Liszt's Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 12, and the Schubert-Tausig "Marche Militaire."

The vocalists at this concert were Adelina Patti, Miss Clara Butt, Edward Lloyd, George Fergusson and Andrew Black. Besides Madame Burmeister-Petersen, pianist, the other instrumental soloists were W. Henley, violinist, and H. C. Tonking, organist. Wilhelm Ganz was the accompanist. The concert took place in Royal Albert Hall under the direction of Percy Harrison, of Birmingham.

Lotta Mills in Utica.

Miss Lotta Mills, the talented young pianist, appeared in Utica, N. Y., with the Maud Powell Trio on December 13. Here are some press notices:

Miss Mills, the pianist, played for her solo number the "Magic Fire" music. She did it most effectively, with ease becoming an artist, proving in every movement that she is unquestionably one of the most satisfying pianists of the day. Her touch was poetic, and her execution throughout marvelous.—Utica Morning Herald, December 14.

In no small measure is the success of the trio as a concert company due to the work of the pianist, Miss Lotta Mills, another American girl. As a solo she played a spirited strain from Wagner's "Die Walküre," the "Magic Fire" music. It was a difficult selection, and was deftly executed, not only with precision and shading, but with much feeling and life.—Utica Daily Press, December 14.

Miss Lotta Mills, the pianist, contributed a generous share of the evening's enjoyment. Not only is she a soloist of conspicuous excellence, but also one of the most perfect accompanists ever heard in Utica. The combination is a rare one, but Miss Mills possesses it to a degree which makes her an almost invaluable member of the trio. In concerted work, solo or accompaniment, Miss Mills was always at ease.—Utica Observer, December 14.

William H. Lee's Engagements.

William H. Lee, the baritone, sang with his pupil, Charles Meehan, the soprano soloist of St. George's Church, at the first concert of the Fidelio Club of this city, given last month. Mr. Lee also recently sang at an organ recital at Christ Church, New Haven, Conn., and on Saturday, the 18th, at the reception given to Alexandre Guilman, at the First Presbyterian Church, of this city, on which occasion he sang the baritone solos of Guilman's oratorio, "Belshazzar." Mr. Lee and Charles Meehan are to give a recital in New Haven January 18, assisted by Isidore Trosnyk, professor of the violin in Yale College.

Mr. Lee has a number of pupils of great promise, including the brother of Ben Davies, the well-known English tenor, and who is also a tenor. Mr. Davies is having his voice cultivated, as the result of the repeated urging of his famous brother. Mr. Lee also is training a young contralto who possesses a phenomenal voice, which will undoubtedly make a decided sensation when heard in public.

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"Mr. JONÁS is a pianist of indisputable talent; his technique is frank, brilliant, individual, and above all elegant."—PHILIP HALE in the *Boston Journal*.

"He was applauded with tremendous heartiness and recalled five times."—BEN WOLFF, in *Boston Herald*.

M^{me}. BAROLET-JASMIN,

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THE DREYFUS SCANDAL.

M. MAURICE BARRÉS, the well-known author, journalist and politician, has published in the *Journal*, December 4, a very remarkable article on the Dreyfus scandal. He recognizes the hysterical, feverish condition of his countrymen, and cries, "It is the unity of France that is at stake. Partisans and opponents of Dreyfus are more profoundly separated than any of the political parties. They are divided not by a question of logic, but of temperament. Hence the terrible gravity of the present crisis; the intensity of hatreds from one end of France to another."

"Here," he adds, "is the immense gravity of the Dreyfus scandal. With the cry of 'Treason! Treason!' the French, warned by the bitter mortifications inflicted on them by their chiefs in 1870-71, are capable, in a time of perfect peace, of destroying their army. I now ask, if on the day of a war, we would march to the frontier. After three weeks of this scandal, I see that the unity of France is menaced."

That M. Barrés does not exaggerate the universal suspicion and perplexity of the French can be seen in any file of the Paris daily papers, from *Le Petit Journal* to the *Journal des Débats*. In all of them is depicted the same extraordinary suspicion.

Has not a good deal of this disturbance of public sentiment, a disturbance which really seems to threaten the existence of the Republic, been caused by the action of the Government in the trial and punishment of Dreyfus? Without insisting on the secret proceedings of the court that tried him (for such courts must act in secret), it may be asked why was such a public display of his condemnation for treason made?

When valuable secret papers are stolen by an enemy, common prudence would suggest that the loser should say nothing about it. He should allow the enemy to cherish the fond illusion that some valuable information had been obtained. He should not indicate even to the traitor that his crime has been detected. He should lull both the spy and his employers into a happy state of false security.

In Dreyfus' case the very opposite course was pursued. The treason was proclaimed publicly; the infliction of the punishment made purposely as striking as possible. And why? To punish a man who could have been locked up without any fuss? No. Was it to deter other traitors? Or was it to give warning to his employers and all concerned that their plots or intrigues were known? The latter supposition involves the inference that the warning is addressed to some party or combination of parties so strong, so highly placed, that even the Government dare not attack them.

In striking contrast to the publicity given to the Dreyfus affair was the secrecy with which Louis XIV. suppressed the "Man in the Iron Mask." A few years, after the Franco-Prussian war a French officer, Lieut. Th. Jung, published a volume based on unpublished documents in the archives of the War Office. From the examination of 1,700 volumes of dispatches and reports between 1665 and 1703 M. Jung comes to the conclusion that the mysterious prisoner was the unknown and obscure adventurer around whom was formed a wide-spread and formidable conspiracy to kill Louis XIV. and his ministers.

Since the present French republic was established there have been two notorious attempts to overthrow it—one when MacMahon was president, the other when Boulanger was the popular idol. It is absurd to suppose that a similar movement is secretly at work just now. It may involve statesmen as high as the late Duc de Broglie, or generals as popular as Boulanger; it may involve Royalists and Bonapartists, both of whom would seek for foreign sympathies and alliances. In such a state of affairs it is conceivable that a flagrant example should be made of a subordinate official involved in the conspiracy.

M. Barrés concludes his article with an account of a dialogue with a friend. He said: "I am a Bonapartist now. God knows I used not to be one."

"Whence this change?"

"We want someone who will tell us clearly where the truth lies, and will put to silence those who create confusion."

M. Barrés' friend clearly wants "the man on horseback." If this opinion is spreading the trial of Dreyfus is worse than a crime, it is a blunder. Per-

haps a still greater blunder is that of M. Barrés, who represents the present state of affairs as the result of a combination of Jews and Protestants. H. C. □

LOOKING BACKWARD.

When I was young I thought all the world, as well as myself, was wholly taken up in discussing the last new play.—SWIFT.

BUT, after all, why should one discuss plays? And is there not an additional measure of inutility in discussing plays that are dead—last year's plays; the fallen leaves of the deciduous drama.

Why peer into the empty bird's nest?

The plays of last year served their purpose: they amused people or bored them; it is all one—people like to be bored as well as pleased—a notable discovery made in 1832 by Honoré de Balzac. He saw the advisability—"d'ennuyer un peu notre public pour lui inspirer du respect, l'ennui étant une puissance."

And the plays that amused us and the plays that bored us, the profitable and abominable, the dull and the gay, are they not written in the book of the Chronicles of THE COURIER? They are written. Abroad there were a few notable plays—Hauptmann and Sudermann were not silent; Mirbeau and Céard were heard from; Strindberg spoke not inefficiently, though unwholesomely. In England the drama has lain as dead under the heaped up conventions as Tarpeia of exciting memory under the shields of the Sabines—poor wretch! The playwrights of the United States have not produced one play in which there were originality, artistic craftsmanship, literary value. One actor gave birth to a work of art. The actor was Francis Powers. The work of art was "The First Born." This piece of fine romantic realism was successful in the West and in the East; it was hurried off to London, and in a breathless condition died there; its epitaph may well be: "Died of too much Frohman." It is a sad comment on stage politics that our leading manager should have killed our one artistic play—our ewe lamb of the drama.

The rest was but mint and cummin and annis.

We look back over the books of the year, and there is little gladness in us by reason of the retrospect. All is desolate as the wilderness toward Siblath, and one has Ezekiel's word for it that this was desolate indeed.

There have been books and books—poems by the Gilded Watson, stories by the Branded Matthews; sentiment from the Kailyard and dialect from the Yankee spinsters and the tar-heel journalists; but there has been no literature.

The pantelette critics have squeaked their approbation of this nonentity and that; the paid puffers of the magazines have kowtowed to this "boom" and that; but there has been no literature so far as this country is concerned. Still there has been a good business in books. The yarns Jack Hall invented, and the songs Jem Roper sung—we daresay they have sold—but who cares tuppence for Jem Roper and Jack Hall?

The editors of THE COURIER beg leave to record their distinguished indifference to J. Roper, J. Hall, to the Gilded creatures, and the Branded creatures, to the pantelette critics, and the tar-heel novelists, to the literary ladies who wear red flannel underclothing, and the literary gentlemen who wear plush neckties.

Usually there is what is called a "Book of Year." This is not quite the same as a "Year Book," though it comes just about as near being literature. This season the "book of the year" has been "Quo Vadis." It has pleased the unlearned. One is grateful nowadays to find the unlearned really liking anything, and we believe that it is better that the unlearned should read "Quo Vadis" than confine themselves exclusively to the "literature" Julian Hawthorne purveys in the *Sunday Journal*.

M. Céard has said that there can be no literary movement careless of science; that may be true or not, but we are quite sure that there can be no literary movement careless of literature. Therefore do we see very little hope of successful outcome in the literary peristalsis of the day.

During the past year many silly books have been printed; nor is it any great satisfaction to know that there is much unpublished silliness in the world.



THE deplorable tendency of the player to take himself seriously is not without its amusing aspect. Those very vices (which for other men are whips to scourge them) of drunkenness, intellectual idleness and profligacy he erects into magnanimous virtues. He wears his vices as though they were badges of good-fellowship. He gets drunk—in the name of art. In the name of art—he lets his mind lie fallow. He leads astray headstrong girls—in the name of his art of miming and posturing.

It would be an interesting inquiry: Whether Roscius is such a man, simply because he is a player, or whether he is a player simply because he has such a nature. In other words, does acting deteriorate the man, or is it only the deteriorated man who becomes an actor? 'Tis a pretty problem and quite as philosophical as Uncle Toby's theory of noses.

Dumas' "Kean; or, Disorder and Genius" has always been a favorite with actors. It belongs to an order of plays that is kept alive by the actors themselves and despite the apathy of the playgoing public. In a word, it is an "actor's play." It is a medium for displaying the actor's own virtuosity—his technical ability. It is a play in which the "part" is greater than the whole.

There are many such plays forced on us by the actors, but "Kean; or, Disorder and Genius" is distinguished by one peculiarity: It is not only an actor's play, but it exploits an actor. It glorifies the mummer. It displays in all its effulgent charm his character; it holds up a mirror to the mummer's soul.

See, then, how this Kean struts—in all the tinsel virtues and mock heroisms, the bastard sentiments and fustian pathos of the real mummer, to whom life is merely an attitude and the immortal soul only a posture!



I shall talk of Charles Coghlan's version after awhile; for the present let us see if we can pluck out the mystery of this strange bundle of unreality—the actor.

From Aristotle to Sir Walter Scott there has been a sort of agreement as to the psychology of acting. Nietzsche puts it as clearly as anyone, when he says: "A person is a stage player in virtue of having a certain discernment that what must operate as true must not be true at all."

In that one sentence, I believe, is summed up the entire psychology of the stage player—and his morality, too.

Talma, who was one of the few stage players capable of logical thought, formulated his theory in a notable conversation with M. Barrière, as you may read in the preface to the sixth volume of the "Bibliothèque des Mémoires Relatife à l'Histoire de France, pendant le 18me Siècle."

WHAT MUST OPERATE AS TRUE MUST NOT BE TRUE AT ALL.

I remember when Ford's famous tragedy "Tis Pity She's, &c.," was being rehearsed in Paris. A few of the enthusiastic realists insisted that Giovanni should bear on the end of his poignard a real, bleeding heart. The actor who played the role of Giovanni was very insistent and at the dress rehearsal brandished on the end of his dagger a real heart, fresh torn from a sheep. This lump of mutton the heart of the poor Annabella! We shrieked with laughter. So we made him Annabella's heart out of a piece of red flannel; it was in the conventional heart-shape; it was flaming scarlet in hue. The scene was tremendously effective that night.

The unreal realism of the red flannel heart triumphed.



By this little anecdote I would illustrate the essential unreality of all dramatic presentations and emphasize again that the stage player, who moves in this false world, must express the true in terms of the false. The psychology of the stage player is summed up in our experience with Annabella's red flannel heart.

As to his morality: The actor who can portray a part so that it carries across the footlights must be as absolutely false in his morality as he is in his physical

posturing. Were his morality real it would seem false to his audience—and even, I believe (we shall find it in the Dumas-Coghlan play), to himself.

The actor is a man with a red flannel heart.

An Irishman said of Kean, the actor: "His life was a blaze of glory quenched in tears and fire-water."

In plain un-Irish speech, he was a drunken mummer who wept when in his cups.

Imagine for a moment that you or I were trying to put this character on the stage. We should ask ourselves what is essential in the character—his tears? his tipping? No, merely that he was an actor—not a man, then, but a curious mockery of a man, the heart of it red flannel, the body of it able to assume the posture of the thinking, feeling, living man of everyday life. The character then is made up of attitudes and illusions.

The first illusion of this actor, whom we have taken for hero of our play, is that he is a "genius"—as though the mirror yonder which reflects my Degas should pretend to the genius of the painter!

The second is that genius and a disorderly life are indissolubly bound together. The play-actor will tell you that he leads a disorderly life, dips himself in excesses of all sorts, in order to know life—to "know the passions." Ah! the poor, unthinking simulacrum of a man; does he not know that in his business of playing parts it is not the real life he must know, but the false; not "the passions," but the empty reverse of them? He need not idle with responsive girls in order to "know the human heart." What's the human heart to him? His is of red flannel.

His third illusion is that he is an "artist." We have already seen that the mirror that reflects a painting is not a painter.



It was Lamb, I think, who pointed out that this confusion arises only in dramatic recitations. We never dream that the gentleman who reads the famous fourth chapter of the second book of Epictetus in public with great applause is therefore a great philosopher; nor do we set the schoolboy who mouths the speech to the fallen angels upon a level with Milton.

But let us leave Kean's illusions for his postures and his psychological attitudes, remembering, withal, that they are typical.

In the first place, then, I do not assert that Kean (our typical actor) never had real, intimate, sincere emotions. I do say, however, that in such a nature they can last but a moment. Real anger may be struck out of the player, as out of a man, but in a second he sees the scenic value of his emotion and the imitation takes the place of the real. He is no longer angry. By that curious quality that makes of him a stage player and not a man, he translates his momentary anger into the false terms of stage anger; he "renders" it with what effect he can and ere long forgets whether that emotion belongs to him or to some role he has played. And thus it is with love. His inner life (often he is on the point of having one) escapes him just as soon as he begins to feel it stir and evaporates in gestures and postures and the conventional phrases of the drama.

Therefore it is impossible for Kean to love a woman. Let us analyze exactly what the "love" of a stage player is, seeking to divide into its different states and parts.



(1) Kean sees that normal men love; that in all the plays through which he wanders there are great passions, desperate deeds done for love, that poets cry for love and die for love and soldiers and statesmen undo themselves for love; clad in his "black, sleeveless roqueler, which reached only to his knees, so that the blood-red undergarments that fell to his feet appeared in sharper contrast," he has posed as the Jew of Venice and watched a pretty idyll of love; surely he knows there is such a thing as love and he knows it is the appanage of great men.

(2) We have seen it is an illusion of Kean that he is an "artist," a "genius," a "great man"; therefore he must "dress the part" of a great man—and love. Love is a necessary property. Oh! the pure love of the great soul!—can you not hear Kean declaiming the echoes of old sentimental dramas?

(3) Kean therefore determines to be in love with the Countess Helena or with simple Anna; it is all one. Let us go one step further in our analysis—

(4) For a moment he loves; that is, his imaginary love is for a moment a real and essential fact to his fugitive inner life.

(5) He expresses his love—and the love vanishes.

(6) What is left? Phrases and attitudes.

(7) Kean leaves the gentle girl and as he passes through the door he says to himself "Ah! I was superb!"

(8) Again he sees her and again he plays the part of a lover; again he is "superb"; again and again—

(9) For the girl he feels a sort of gratitude, because she has given him these opportunities to be "superb"; it is the feeling he has for a "fat" part; it is the kindliness he has for an applauding audience.

(10) He will meet you and beat his breast and sigh, "My Gawd! how I love that woman!" It is the histrionic manner; it is Kean's way of loving.

When an actor tells me he loves his wife I always feel like crying "Bravo! Ah, you play that part well."

In the little analysis I have made there is the whole play of "Kean; or, Disorder and Genius"; there is the whole psychology of the stage player and there is, as well, his morality. For the soul of the player is not a soul; it is merely a vitascope of theatrical postures and absurd, but not interesting, attitudes. Kean and those of his race can never be good, neither can they be bad; they are neither moral nor immoral—a whimsical, soulless race, existing merely for the amusement of mankind.

How whimsical, then, must be the play which has for its hero a stage player and is built up out of the false and tinsel sentiments of stage playing folk!

You remember that "what must operate as true must not be true at all"? Should not this rule work both ways? Then the proper way to interpret this false, histrionic fantasy of a play would be to have it played—not by stage players—but by real men and women.

In turning "Kean" into "The Royal Box" Charles Coghlan has made a few changes, only one of which is of the slightest importance. That he should turn Kean into Clarence is of extreme importance; that he should substitute a scene from "Romeo and Juliet" for the "Hamlet" episode, beloved of Lemaitre and Barney, is equally unimportant. The way he pared and cored the dialogue was, however, decidedly interesting. He managed to strip the piece of its high-sounding Dumascan romance, which having done he dressed it in the newest Yankee shoddy. I do not think the change was in the way of being an improvement.

(By the way, on second thought I believe that "Romeo and Juliet" was in the original Dumascan version; indeed, I am sure it was. Ay, that was it!)

This is the great scene—indeed, the only scene in the play. Clarence (as Romeo) is descending the silken ladder from Juliet's balcony. In the stage box (which is not the "Royal Box," by the way) he sees the girl whom he loves with all an actor's love. The Prince of Wales leans over her shoulder, gloats on her, intent upon making a conquest. In a mad passion of jealousy Clarence rushes down to the footlights and denounces the peccant Prince o' Wiles.

This was well done the other night and caught the audience, as it always has done and always will do. It is, of course, merely a variation of Weber and Fields' free and easy way of taking the audience into their confidence, or the old circus trick of the "hayseed" who tries to ride the trick donkey, but to a certain order of minds it is very effective.

Mr. Coghlan played the part excellently. He is so well known that he needs no bush. He was ably assisted by Miss Grace Filkins, W. Craven, Mr. Granville, Mr. Plunkett and others. On the whole it is a very good presentation of the old play and is well worth seeing.



THE ANGLO-SAXON ELEGANCE.

THE United States has one definite policy—only one definite policy—the Monroe doctrine. This policy is independent of the popular will.

Not long ago I had a long conversation with a gentleman who has been prominent in the English diplomatic service for nearly twenty years, and who has represented his country at Washington, as well as in the East and the South of Europe. He was deploring the fact that England had no settled foreign policy—the question was not of Lord Salisbury or Lord Rosebery, of Tory or Liberal; it was a question of the national policy.

"In England," he said, "the popular feeling blows this way and that, and the national policy is at the mercy of any accidental gust. Surely, this is undignified, to say the least. Indeed, nothing is more dangerous to the general peace than that the foreign policy of a great power like England should rest on such a fickle foundation as popular sentiment. It makes any long-sighted policy impossible, and endangers even the alliances of the moment."

"You would have the foreign policy independent of the popular will?"

"That is another question there is no occasion to go into now. First of all I would urge that England should have a clearly defined national policy—a policy like that, for example, of the United States. The Monroe doctrine, for good or ill, is recognized by all nations as the national policy of the United States. No European power, not even England, is anxious to run her head against this doctrine. The result is that America is less likely to be involved in war than any other country. It has a national policy, which is independent of party. There is a national sentiment behind this policy which no gusts of sympathy disturb."

"But England," I suggested, "has an immemorial policy—that of national aggrandizement."

"That," said the diplomat, "is not a policy; it is a condition of her existence. Of course it is the genius of the race to spread. And the first duty, the paramount duty of the Government, is to defend the interests of England, and with even greater care the interests of her colonies. It goes without saying that this is the first principle of England's policy, as it is that of the United States and every great power. But the point I am trying to make clear is this: England's foreign policy should be so clearly defined, so nationally supported, that alliances should be impossible with any nations which do not recognize and accept this principle."

"I do not know whether Mr. Edison, the great inventor, is a politician or not, but he is unquestionably a better guide in politics than many professional statesmen of the day. He has made one of the most valuable contributions to the study of the international policy of the two nations. His remark was, I believe: 'In fifty years' time there will be 200,000,000 Anglo-Saxons in the world. In the face of a such a fact as this, what can French, or Russian, or German politics matter to you?' It was wisely said. It pointed out England's duty more clearly even than Sir Charles Dilke has done. England's only worthy policy is to prepare for that day, to bind her colonies closer to her, to make their interest and aims and ambitions hers, and at the same time to cultivate the friendliest relations with the United States."

"There is certainly something very attractive about such a policy—the English speaking races against the world," I admitted. "It sounds better than England's peace at any price policy of these many years."

"Ay, it would be a magnificent policy," he replied—"a policy to be worthy of the name must be one that you are ready to fight for, but who is there—outside of Ireland—who would think of calling on a nation to fight for peace?"

V. T.



Mr. Coghlan interprets anger by throwing things around the stage.



"I Won't play—I Won't play!" Act IV.

A SEASON OF OLD COMEDY.

IT is so long since there has been a Daly season that lovers of the serious drama have almost forgotten the interior of Mr. Daly's dignified playhouse. The new year, it is pleasant to record, will be marked by a series of revivals of old and tried comedies. The first of these will be "As You Like It," which will be given January 3, with Miss Rehan as Rosalind. The next week there will be seen "The Merry Wives of Windsor," which was last produced at Daly's Theatre twelve years ago, though in the meantime we have had the revival by Mr. Crane at the Star, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree's presentation at the Knickerbocker (as Abbey's Theatre is now known). The Mrs. Ford will be Miss Rehan. George Clarke will play Falstaff.

The third week will be taken up by "The Country Girl," with Miss Rehan as Peggy. The other revivals will be "Twelfth Night," "The School for Scandal," "London Assurance," and "Much Ado About Nothing."

This will bring the long promised revival of "The Merchant of Venice," with Miss Rehan as Portia, about March 1.

FRIEDRICH NIETZSCHE was lately visited by Carl Gottchen. He found him in a spacious room lighted on two sides, lying in a corner on a sofa close to which a table was drawn up. Nietzsche was asleep, breathing quietly, in a deep, peaceful slumber. He afterward was awake sitting up in a chair by the window. His broad shoulders were bowed over a thick book in which he seemed to be reading, although it was upside down. He looked at his visitor with large bright eyes, and seemed to be trying to recall who the stranger was, then turned again to his book. He talked to himself, "In this hour only good men live," and afterward "I have written many beautiful things." A piece of pie was given him. He seemed to like the taste and said seriously: "That is a beautiful book." He is perfectly quiet, indifferent to everything; memory, judgment, imagination all gone.

SOME AMERICAN ARTISTS.

TWICE every year the Academy is brought to bed, and twice every year the brood that is brought to light evokes such comparative criticism as "Not as bad as it might be," "A little worse than last year," &c.

The fall exhibition of a year ago reached the high water mark of insignificance and absurdity. The whole show might have been painted by Oscar

Hammerstein. Not that I know that Oscar Hammerstein paints, but it had his flavor, the flam of the pretentious incapable. This year the exhibition is a little better.

What of it?

A little more or less technical finish does not count against the absolute sway of mediocrity.

A serious artist like Mosler, who has won recognition and reward abroad, will find in his compeers at the Academy but the manufactured sentiment of the kindergarten minus the simplicity.

The obvious moral, the breadth that is shallow, the sentiment that pules—it is for these that Baffometus has built his temple on Twenty-third street.



GEORGE GREY BARNARD.

It is not, with one or two exceptions, within the Academy that one finds what is of value in American art.

The society exhibitions are not faultless—hardly—but at least there is no attempt to "foster" art. Art that needs fostering will stand killing in hog time.

But if it were only for the fact that the society has at its head an artist like John La Farge, it would show in the main that the so-called "younger artists" are serious and appreciative, the question of talent resting, of course, with the number of friends you happen to have in the association.

If there is any hope for American art it is to be found in the fact that men like John La Farge and George Grey Barnard are willing to give up the sustaining and productive atmosphere that they find abroad and live and work in this glorious spread-eagle country of ours. If there are limitations to the art of La Farge, those limitations are to be viewed in the light of the man's sacrifice, for sacrifice it was not to follow in the footsteps of Sargent, Whistler and others who have sought abroad what they cannot find here.

But it is sufficient to say that La Farge is our greatest artist at home. To call him the leading American artist would be misrepresenting. He does not lead, for there is no following.

His career, beautiful throughout in its expression in an unflinching devotion to art, has not been one of systematic development. Wherever the artistic would lead him he has gone, and in all, landscapes, flower painting, religious subjects and stained glass, there is a creative power and strongly individualized style as prominent in the first as in the last.

Certain natures are attuned to certain qualities, and just as Mr. Barnard finds satisfaction in hearing things—the statues must speak to him ere he is satisfied with them—so is there in Mr. La Farge a color



responsiveness. Every tint means something, every tint is a symbol expressing, at least to the artist, the fullness and glory of the nature which it helps to interpret. In the beautiful painting in the Church of the Ascension, for instance, the artist has expressed with a wonderful and mysterious power the Christ-like atmosphere through the medium of his fluent colors.

Mr. La Farge's manufacture of stained glass—he was the first artist in this country to do so—is in a way an aid to the interpretation of the man and the artist; he has turned to church work because he believes by that means he finds a broader audience. How much he has done for this poor artisan overwrought country is unnecessary to say.

It would have been expecting too much to have looked for anything like a repetition of George Grey Barnard's success here in America. Americans, fortunately or unfortunately, are not built on the Parisian plan; they don't

enthuse until they have looked the matter up. They have been fooled so often that the pure glitter of genius brings only the poignant tinge of previous disappointments.

Another way of saying the heart is all right, but the mind—plainly there is none. Mr. Barnard was here a year, and then something like appreciation began to show itself, even though such bedrizzled sons of night as John Van Dyke were very willing to shake their venerable locks over Mr. Barnard's voluntary straying



from the paths of the conventional. William A. Coffin threw away a fine opportunity in a century, and went over Mr. Barnard's work in a reportorial fashion, evidently more engrossed in turning out copy than in showing the meaning of Mr. Barnard's work.

Of Mr. Barnard's life there is not much to write. It is more crowded with thought than it is with events; it is represented better by his several achievements than by a chronicle of dates. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1863, moving to Illinois with his father, entered the Chicago Art School in 1881 and went to Paris in 1883. Several years later, inspired by the feeling that what he had to do must be done alone, he withdrew from the atelier in which he was studying, and set up his own studio and worked there alone. There he completed his "Brotherly Love," so dramatic and delicate, so poetic, so real, and his "Two Natures." There he developed his mysticism, his feeling for the absolute. For he is a mystic and a poet, and in his writings, unpublished, unconnected and without literary form as they are, he expresses that same wonderful idealistic vitality. He sees life, but not as others see—it life ennobled in its entirety, both in the past and in the future. When one considers that the sculptor has been but a few years in his thirties; that he is yet a young man; that his greatest work was done some six years ago, one feels with animation the greatness of the future—a future as great for the country as it is for this tireless individual. It seems strange to have among us here in America, where so many attempts at sculptural art have verged on the ridiculous, a man who can, does and will rank with the greatest. The only trouble is that in having him so near we may not see him in his true light. This is a fear, but is a fear that does not come when one stands before the marble of one who has the fire, the force, the vitality, the poetic insight and the emotional nobility of dominant genius.



Once the editor of *Mile. New York* wrote:

"The pleasures of art (and all art subjectively is creation, though objectively it fail) are but in a forced and conventional way connected with what passes for success. Circumstances, revolutions in the evolutionary and the atavistic

directions, developments, &c., determine the value of the artist's impulse to others, whether he has really "created" or not. But that can hardly matter to him. If the relative value showed its real importance, if the impulse were dependent on outside encouragement, the history of æsthetic creation would be shorter and less interesting. Sometimes this is well, sometimes it is not."

Some months ago I saw in Philadelphia a picture called "The Gate of Hades," by an artist named Frank W. Stokes.

In a vague way I knew something about Mr. Stokes; he had gone to the Arctic regions with the Peary Relief Expedition; he had written an interesting article on color in the North, and I had a fair knowledge of his black and whites. But here in this strong picture of highly colored mystery there was a power to read symbols and an appreciation of the unpretending effects of nature as lit into magnificence by an accidental ray of blood-like sunshine; exaggeration was written all over the picture, and yet it was all within the bounds of the artistic conscience.

I went to see Mr. Stokes in his studio in that City of the Dead, and was fortunate enough to be able to compare this "Gate of Hades" with some of his other work. In a way Mr. Stokes is little known, but that has mattered little to him; he has worked on because his impulse moved him toward creation. Some of his pictures have the purely scientific interest, and these must be left to those who are interested in the ethnological aspects of the Arctic regions, but his "Gate of Hades" is a poem in every sense of the word, a picture that should bring the artist recognition and fame. One sees in the distance the lofty peaks at the head of Olrik's Bay, partly obscured by the fog banks drifting over and around them, and partly lighted by the blood-red rays of the sun, which shines through a cleft in the clouds; the clear, calm water, a perfect mirror of this, is flecked here and there by drifting icebergs—the artist has painted this, studying nature, musing on the scene, and while I suppose he has been truthful in a way to what was before him, he has painted the feelings aroused within him as much as he has painted anything. And doing this successfully, you will allow, is art of a very high order.

GEORGE HENRY PAYNE.

FRITHJOF NANSEN.

WHEN Nansen came back to Christiania flags fluttered over the town and the harbor, as in Bjørnsen's famous novel.

It was like the home coming of an old berserker—spoils laden. But Frithjof Nansen bore back from the North only the spoils of science. This is the scientific age. It was well to honor the hero of science. It was well to ac-



NANSEN.

claim the Norseman who came triumphantly home with the scientific plunder of the polar seas and the guerdon of the Arctic drifts.

Through the courtesy of Frithjof Nansen THE COURIER has secured a number of unpublished photographs of this Norse adventurer and the scenes in which he figured.

They speak for themselves.

Here you see the fête in the harbor of Christiania; there you see Nansen in his common dress; again you see him in the woolen shirt he wore the day he reached Norway on his return.

There's a fine man inside that shirt!

There, too, you see a fair presentment of his wife and a picture of the Norwegian cottage in which they dwell, when they are not sky-ing down the hills. The picture of the Fram is a capital one.

These pictures, in their way, are a record of one of the most daring feats of modern days. Nansen's odyssey in the frozen seas will always rank as one of the few heroic exploits of this unheroic century.

To the scientific adventurer—Skål!



The vulture eats between his meals,
And that's the reason why
He very, very seldom feels
As well as you and I.
His eye is dull, his head is bald,
His neck is growing thinner;
Oh! what a lesson for us all
To only eat at dinner!

WHO wrote the above? It is a masterpiece in little, and should be illustrated by Gelett Burgess. And how seasonable is the appearance of this passionate poem! Even Pope Leo's Latin verses on the same theme will



MRS. NANSEN.

not hit the heart of the people so hard and sure. O unknown poet, tell us some more about the vulture and his predaceous table manners!

Not "The Seven Lamps of Architecture" nor "The Stones of Venice" could keep for him Ruskin's wife, who died the widow of Sir John Millais. When Euphemia Gray was Mrs. Ruskin, she called on some old family friends, and not finding them in she left her card bearing her maiden name. Her father was told of the occurrence, and being of an eminently practical mind asked his daughter some leading questions. She answered them in as frank a spirit, and a divorce resulted. Ruskin did not lose his mind because his wife married Millais. He assisted at her second marriage. Says a contemporary:

"The death of Lady Millais recalls the fact that when Sir John Millais fell ill the Queen sent the Princess Louise to the dying man to inquire what favor she would grant. He called for a writing tablet, and inscribed the words: 'I should like the Queen to see my wife.' The Queen broke through her iron rule not to receive any woman whose marriage tie had once been dissolved, whether blameworthy or not, and accorded to her a tender and sympathetic interview."

For the second time this season I broke my rule regarding abstention from theatre going. But for Pinero any rule may be broken; so last Thursday evening found me enjoying "The Princess and the Butterfly" at the Lyceum. V. T. has told you all about this clever, fantastic piece, which holds you to the end, despite its often wavering outline and lack of plausibility. Its dialogue alone would float many a water-logged dramatic raft, while the characterization is clean and always interesting. I was especially attracted by Miss Julie Opp, whom I well remember as a newspaper woman in the old Recorder days. That she had dramatic aptitude I never dreamed, and that she has accomplished so much in a year is nothing short of the remarkable. Miss Opp is handicapped by a peculiar beauty of face and physique. She is

divinely tall and fair. But, unlike most stately women, she is plastic in her poses, and her features changeful. She has evidently modeled her playing of the Princess on another's conception, but there is individuality enough and to spare, and some emotional power. The duo in Act III. was executed with



NANSEN AS HE APPEARED ON THE DAY HE REACHED NORWAY.

sincerity and a sort of subdued pathos that was very striking. She still has her amateurish moments, and very often her effects go off into midair. In a word, Miss Opp is not yet mistress of the complicated mechanism she calls herself. She impresses me as a rhythmical nature, and has a sweet, sane personality. She will undoubtedly develop into a brilliant actress, but her beauty will have to be trained and subdued, else will she continue to play gliding, dangerous princesses, and that I am sure is not quite her ambition. As far as natural gifts go this New York girl is the superior of Julia Neilson. But she needs fluidity and the art that conceals art. It seemed to me that sometimes I heard her practicing the five finger exercises of the footlights. But all this will be remedied by study, and Miss Opp is evidently a student.

* * *

"The Princess and the Butterfly" is very prettily put on by Mr. Frohman.

Yes, but these Fourth avenue gongs are in the same key as the fire engines, and often deceive trustful young men spoiling for the chance of seeing a fine conflagration!

* * *

The old tradition of the literary critic as a splenetic monster, stained with the blood of the innocent, still lingers among those who are in the chamber of horrors stage of culture; but, in fact, as a writer in the last number of *Literature* declares, "by far the most startling feature of modern reviewing is not its harshness, its scorn, its implacability, but rather its universal indulgence and its indiscriminate and excessive language of eulogy." Says this writer:

"It is only necessary to glance down the advertising columns of a literary journal, in which publishers attach 'notices of the press' to the books they announce, to be struck by this fact. Words and terms, once upon a time reserved only for the great masters of literature, for the great classics of the language, seem to be now sprinkled freely, with no sense of their incongruity, over any and every new work of fiction that may appear. The term 'genius,' for example, which was once held, as it were, a sacred appellation to be conferred on the Di Majores of our literature, is now so common as to have lost any significance whatever. I noted it three times last week, in the advertisements of a single publisher, applied to some recent works of fiction. As for lesser terms of praise, 'unique,' 'unsurpassed,' 'first-rate,' 'intensely human,' 'quivering and palpitating with passion'—these, I need not say, appear week after week as plentiful as blackberries.

"It is therefore of a certain lack of moderation and discrimination that I complain as unfair to the reader who comes to the critic for guidance. He wants to know, in the first instance, which new books are of high excellence, which of a moderate merit, and which are to be avoided as worthless. Too often he reads reviews which seem to speak of all alike in language which used once, as I have said, to be restricted to the masterpieces of our literature. We all know the story of the little child who, reading epitaph after epitaph in the churchyard, inquired with some surprise of its parent 'where all the wicked people were buried.' An unsophisticated stranger after reading review after review of modern works of fiction might well ask where all the worthless novels were interred. It is our sense of proportion that is offended when praise is universal. We long at last for some rough and ready measure of distinction. A graduated scale, numbered for reference, as thus: (1) First rate, (2) Good, (3) Good, but not good enough; (4) Very fair, (5) Fair, (6) Mediocre, (7) Poor stuff, (8) Pretentious trash, (9) Sensational rubbish, (10) Drivel—would at least indicate an attempt at classification, though it did not provide elaborate reasons for the judgment given. But if the critic's judgment by classification were sound, it would be a great saving of trouble. The method might be crude and inartistic, and would not even make copy. But the reader, supposing the classification to be reasonably just, would at least be nearer than he is at present to knowing what to expect from the book noticed."

* * *

An eminent physician and Fellow of the Royal Society, seeing over the



NANSEN'S HOME.

The cast is good as to women, the men, with the exception of Mr. Morris and Mr. Morgan, being mediocre.

* * *

This was in the *Sun* last Sunday:

"Not the least pleasing feature of the new Fourth avenue electric cars is their gongs, which are of milder tone and more musical than the gong of the cable cars."

door of a paltry ale house, the Crown and Thistle, by Malcolm MacTavish, M.D., F.R.S., walked in and severely rebuked the landlord for this presumptuous insult to science. Boniface, with proper respect, but with a firmness that showed he had been a soldier, assured the doctor that he meant no insult to science. "What right, then," asked he, "have you to put up those letters after your name?" "I have," answered the landlord, "as good a right to these as your honor, as Drum Major of the Royal Scots Fusiliers."

The estate of the late actor, William Terriss, is estimated at between £40,000 and £50,000.

It pays to be a successful actor nowadays.

I culled this from the *Sun*:
To the Editor of the *Sun*:

SIR—The *Sun* has done so much to check the "encore" abuse at the Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan Opera House that thousands will

plaudits are never heard. Why must New York be peculiar in this display of bad manners?

W. E. H.
NEW YORK, December 21, 1897.

THE MUSICAL COURIER has been fighting the encore fiend for the past decade.

Says the *Evening Post* editorially:

There have been worse prophecies than this of the poet Keats, written



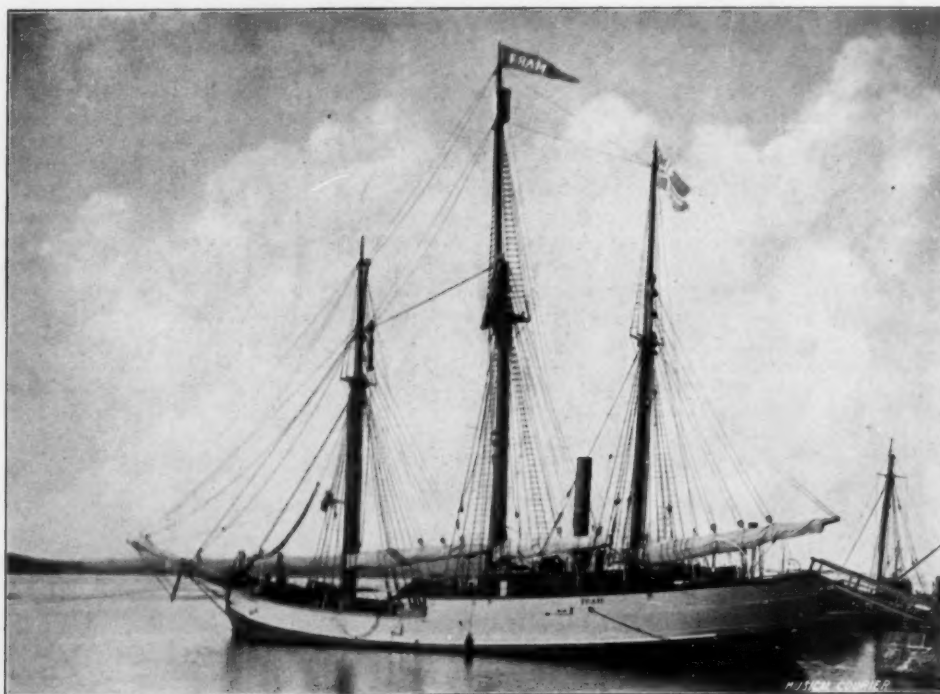
CHRISTIANIA READY TO RECEIVE NANSEN.

rise up and call you blessed if you will muzzle those idiots in all parts of the house who insist upon breaking in on the final high note of the sopranos to clap hands or yell "bravo!" These idiots are in their glory when Melba sings Händel's Nightingale song or Sembrich gives "Le Voce di Primavera." In each case the singer builds her way up gloriously to the last note, and we wait for that exquisite sensation that comes from feeling an immense auditorium filled with her voice. But we wait in vain.

Looking over my old programs I find I have heard Melba sing her song

to his brother George in Kentucky in 1818: "Russia may spread her conquest even to China—I think it a very likely thing that China itself may fall. Turkey certainly will. Meanwhile European North Russia will hold its horns against the rest of Europe, intriguing constantly with France."

W. G. Valbert writes of the Life of Tennyson in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for December 1. Apropos of Tennyson's extraordinary sensitiveness in criti-



THE FRAN.

eight times and Sembrich hers on four occasions, and never yet has the last note failed of destruction by the ill-timed applause of the ignorant or inconsiderate. Is there no remedy for this short of carrying a gun and bringing down these "too previous" idiots, who are undoubtedly own cousins of the encore fiends? In Paris, London, Berlin, Vienna and Milan such premature

cism, and with special reference to the abusive anonymous letter which he used to receive on the publication of each volume of poems, M. Valbert has a capping story to tell of Renan. "Renan told me," he writes, "that every year, on the same day, he used to receive from some province of France an anonymous letter containing only these words, 'Don't forget that you are

going to be damned" ("Souvenez-vous que vous serez damné"). Renan used to enjoy receiving and reading this annual "memento damnari."

A very curious and interesting portrait of Voltaire has been presented by Madame Floquet to the Musée Carnavalet in Paris. It dates from his youth, when he was in the habit of frequenting the foyer of the Opéra, and was paying very assiduous attention to Mlle. de Livri, one of the most charming of the *corps de ballet*. It bears the inscription: "Je donne à Mlle. de Livri mon portrait par Largillière." It represents Voltaire half length, nearly full face, and with a young and smiling countenance. There is no doubt as to its authenticity.

The *Tribune* announces that Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has paid already not only the 50 cents on the dollar which he agreed to pay on the liabilities of the firm of Charles L. Webster & Co., but this last week he has also paid 25 per cent. more of the money due the creditors. There have been many wild reports about the matter, and the *Critic* publishes the following extract from a private letter written by Mark Twain to a Hartford friend:

"The possible reports are nearly all in. It has been reported that I was seriously ill—it was another man; dying—it was another man; dead—the other man again. It has been reported that I have received a legacy—it was another man; that I am out of debt—it was another man; and now comes this \$82,000—still another man. It has been reported that I am writing books—for publication; I am not doing anything of the kind. It would surprise and gratify me if I should be able to get another book ready for the press within the next three years. You can see yourself that there isn't anything else to be reported—invention is exhausted. Therefore, don't worry. Bliss—the long night is breaking. As far as I can see, nothing remains to be reported except that I have become a foreigner. When you hear it, don't you believe it, and don't take the trouble to deny it. Merely raise the American flag on our house in Hartford and let it talk."

Julia Marlowe is sick, and also sick of poor business on the road, so she has returned to New York.

Landor prided himself on the fine proportions of his leg. Somebody presumed to say that Landor's leg was "too thick."

"Too thick!" roared Landor. "When I was last at Florence there was a man in the Casa Filicaja, one Giuseppe Baldi, said to have the most wonderfully beautiful leg in all Italy. I went with Bartaloni, the sculptor, one day to compare my leg with his, and upon measurement it was found to be exact in all its proportions to that of Baldi."

In the newly published Rossetti letters, the following story is found:

There was a man, MacCracken, who was a Belfast shipping agent, and also a picture dealer. Above all, he was an early pre-Raphaelite and willing to put money into the cause. To him Rossetti addressed "The McCracken Sonnet," which begins:

"Getting his pictures, like his supper, cheap,
Far, far away, in Belfast by the sea,
His scaly, one-eyed, uninvaded sleep
MacCracken sleepeth. While the P. R. B.
Must keep the shady side, he walks a swell
Through spungings of perennial growth and height."

MacCracken seems after all to have been a good sort of man, but of course intent on making his living, and in this dealers do not differ from painters. Holman Hunt tells of a sale he made to MacCracken:

The only picture that Mr. MacCracken bought of me was "The Two Gentle men of Verona." It was painted in 1850-51, and was assailed by the critics in the R. A., together with works by Millais, in the most violent manner, until Ruskin came forward quite unexpectedly and assailed the critics, to the last ing confusion of one or two of the craft. The picture did not, however, sell in London, and I sent it to Liverpool, when again it was attacked most acrimoniously, but the committee of the exhibition, to my surprise, ended by giving me the £50 prize awarded to the best picture in the exhibition, and yet it did not sell there, but from Belfast Mr. MacC. wrote, saying he very much wanted to get to Liverpool to see it. He could not, however, get away, and at last asked whether I would take a painting by young Danby as payment for £50 or £60 of the price, which was, I think, £157. (It might, however, have been 200 guineas.) Eventually I agreed, and he paid me the money, part in installments of £10 at the time.

Parisians have not been able to comprehend the sudden and satisfactory ending of the Sanderson-Terry romance, writes *Town Topics*. First of all, there was no publication of the banns, which is deemed necessary even to a civil marriage in France; though there are ways of dispensing with it, which were evidently adopted. Then, too, in the "marriage act" the consent of parents has always to be mentioned, or else the fact that the contracting parties, being past twenty-five years of age, have duly served on their respected progenitors the "respectful summons"—three times, at an interval of one month between times—declaring their irrevocable determination to be married, even without the parental blessing. This difficulty also was safely rounded, the legal document declaring that Mr. Terry and Miss Sanderson, being each over thirty, were allowed by the laws of their respective countries to marry without reference to parents or guardians. The reporter—a *Figaro* French-

man—who ferretted this much out of the documents at the mairie, where the civil marriage took place, at once jumped to the conclusion that Mrs. Sanderson had refused her consent. Wide-awake people in the colony assert that it was Madame Terry, who is a Roman Catholic of the old school and unable to understand her son's goings-on, especially when they lead to marriage. However this may be, the late prima donna has herself become a Roman Catholic, which warranted her marriage in the seclusion of a convent chapel, where—as the knowing ones put it—she received all the sacraments in one day (excepting, of course, priestly orders and extreme unction). Not the least of these is Holy Matrimony—which, as it was the last, proves once again that all's well that ends well. The *Figaro*, in sad irony, complains that everything was conducted with American reserve.

Sardou's new play is called "Pamela, la Marchande de Frivolités," and deals with the life and death of the poor little Dauphin, called by the French Royalists Louis XVII. Of course the plot has to do with an attempt to rescue the ill-fated son of Louis XVI. from the temple. The title role is to be undertaken by Madame Réjane and that of the Dauphin by a little girl twelve years old. For these two characters some moving scenes have been written, which, it is gravely declared, drew tears from the eyes of Sardou himself when he read them to the assembled vaudeville company week before last. There are no fewer than thirty-six speaking parts in the piece, of which fifteen still remain unallotted. Of course, nearly all the well-known personages of the period will be seen upon the stage, among whom Napoleon and Josephine will make a brief appearance.

That "The Highwayman," is a success at the Broadway Theatre may be imagined from the fact that a claimant has arisen to its book. The *Herald* printed the following story with Harry Smith's remarks: William H. Campbell, who is one of the owners of a comic opera entitled "Dick Turpin," the book of which is by H. Grattan Donnelly and the music by Bowness Briggs, and which was produced at the Tivoli Theatre, in San Francisco, Cal., on July 9, 1894, visited the Broadway Theatre the other evening and was surprised, he says, to find that "The Highwayman" was similar to his opera in a number of particulars.

"For instance," he remarked yesterday, "the hero in our opera is a highwayman named Dick Turpin; in 'The Highwayman' the hero is a knight of the road called Dick Fitzgerald. In both operas the hero rides a black mare and practices his deviltry on Hounslow Heath. In both someone else disguised as the hero stops a coach to rescue a lady love, and in both the hero is apprehended and only rescued from death on the gallows by the pardon of the king secured by his sweetheart."

"And that isn't all. In each opera there is a chorus of gypsies, a baronial castle and a wedding scene, an old English inn, a thief catcher's song and a coaching song. No one who has seen both operas can help noticing these and other points of similarity, and I think anyone will agree with me that 'Dick Turpin' has the drop on 'The Highwayman' in seniority of production at least."

Mr. Harry B. Smith, the author of the book of "The Highwayman," laughed very heartily when he was told last night what Mr. Campbell had said.

"I'm discovered!" he exclaimed at last when he could find his breath. "On behalf of Mr. De Koven and myself I am obliged to turn pale and cringe like the villain unmasked in the last act."

"I'll admit one thing—I'll admit that 'The Highwayman,' by De Koven and Smith, is a rank plagiarism from 'Robin Hood,' by Smith and De Koven."

"I attended the Broadway Theatre last evening myself, and I saw at once that this man Smith and this other, De Koven, have stolen our 'Robin Hood.' These pirates have only given their Robin an Irish brogue, and they have written in four horses and a mail coach. Every song and every character in 'The Highwayman' has its parallel in 'Robin Hood.' We intend to bring suit at once, and we believe that we have a good case against ourselves."

"But," he added more seriously, "I have never been in San Francisco, the city where 'Dick Turpin' was produced. I have never seen a line or heard a note of that opera. I have collected books on highwaymen, pirates and such gentry for many years, and the sources of 'The Highwayman' (besides 'Robin Hood') are so numerous that a list would fill a column of the *Herald*."

"I may venture to add that if six librettists were locked in padded cells and told to write a romantic comic opera dealing with a knight of the road, five out of the six operas would contain a black mare, a tavern, Hounslow Heath, a robbery of a coach, Bow street officers, reward offered for the rogue's capture, final pardon, &c."

"I repeat that the only plagiarism in 'The Highwayman' is of 'Robin Hood.' But this familiar old charge of 'plagiarism' was the only thing lacking to prove that 'The Highwayman' is a great success. Now we know it can run the season."

WHAT is the origin of the name Dreyfus? One supposition is that it comes from the town of Troyes, the birthplace of the celebrated Rasch; another is that it is a modification of the name of the old Roman city of Treves. In the middle of the fourteenth century there was a Rabbi in Marseilles, Joseph Treves, son of Jochanans, the Ashkenazi. The son of Rabbi Joseph was Chief Rabbi of France, and one of the "great men of his time." His descendants emigrated to Germany, Russia and Italy and were distinguished for their learning. The Italian members of the family still call themselves Treves.

The Wife and Son of the Late M. Daudet, Novelist.

MADAME DAUDET.

YOU remember that Alphonse Daudet wrote very wisely of artists' wives, and deduced the lesson that the man of talent should never marry a woman of talent.

The ideal wife for the painter, the musician or the man of letters, he intimated, is the matter-of-fact woman. She should be a trifle dull; a bit heavy. She should have an animal-like somnolence and stolidity in which he might rest as in a feather bed.

The artist is more or less irresponsible.

He is full of irritancies.

His work demands of him a certain intensity which, when the strain is over, lapses into peevishness or, at all events, into weakness. In these moments he does not want the counter-irritant of a woman's brilliancy.

He wants a mental feather bed.

These, I fancy, are the causes that induce so many men of genius to marry their cooks.

M. Alphonse Daudet, however, was no illustration of this theory of artists' wives.

Madame Daudet is a woman of talent—which is, perhaps, as near genius as a woman ever comes.

A few years ago I had the pleasure of seeing her in her charming apartments, in the Place Royale—I believe it was. A dark little woman, she bore herself with all the dignity and homeliness of a good housewife. Her conversation was that of the tactful hostess, charming, but quite unremarkable.

And yet Madame Daudet is a not unremarkable woman. She is a writer of fine taste, a poetess of pretty sensibilities.

* * *

Mlle. Julia Allard—

Let me take you back—how many years it would be ungallant to say—to an old, dark house by the Seine, in the oldest and darkest part of Paris. The windows were very high, and were draped with green curtains. Outside there were little fantastic iron balconies, dark with smoke and rust, and from the window of the chamber where she sat a young girl looked out on an old, old monument, gray and time-worn, written over with Latin words.

A sad old house, very ancient and very austere.

It was here Julia Allard was born; here her girlhood was passed. A good bourgeois home. Everywhere there were books. Books on the tables, on the sofas; books in cases and books on shelves; it was a house of books. And the dark little girl read, read—

She was like a little gnome burrowing in the golden mine of literature.

M. Allard read; Madame Allard read; little Julia read, read—

After dinner they sat round the table and (it was a not inerudite game) they wrote verses—*papa, mamma, et bébé*.

Can you imagine that pretty scene—these good, learned, pious bourgeois folk gathered in the lamplight writing verses and verses. It is a picture of which I often think; it haunts me like Jeniers' "Family" in Brussels. Once these verses that Papa Allard and his good wife wrote thus at the supper-table were read aloud and the little girl wondered.

"Yours are charming, dear wife!" said M. Allard.

Madame Allard blushed gratefully.

"And yours, dear friend," she replied, "are superb! They must be published."

"They shall be published."

And even so it was.

I have seen the book; it was called "En Marge de la Vie." It is the record of two gentle, honest bourgeois souls—the tender record of a true and happy married life. They could ask no more fitting monument, these brave, good souls. God's peace be with them.

* * *

And the little Julia?

What did she read?

Of course I do not know; let us hope it was the "Histoire Sainte" or the "Contes de Perrault." Fortunately she was not of this age, in which the infant mind is stuffed with—

But never mind.

* * *

In after years Mlle. Allard wrote a gracious little book—"l'Enfance d'une Parisienne"—a gentle book, sweet and gracious as a field of whitening rice. And in one chapter of this book she writes of the games of her childhood. In the old gray garden of the gray old house the little girls used to play the games that all little French girls play and have played for generations. Can you not see that merry band of children? Their little white frocks—their fluttering ribbons—

Hand in hand they dance to the old, old tune—

Ah! mon beau château,
Va-t-en tire lire lire—

Then the childish voices sing the chorus as a sort of answer:

Le notre est plus beau,
Va-t-en tire lire lo.

Or perhaps they sang the "Petit Tambour"; much may be made of the "Petit Tambour," with its ran, tan, plan!

* * *

Mlle. Julia grew up to be a very learned young woman.

It was inevitable that she should marry a poet. Daudet was young then—a gay, droll, mocking, laughing little devil of a poet. She loved him for his eyes and curls. Perhaps she married him for his wit. He was just on the verge of his success. She carried him over the border. She was more than a wife to him. She was his collaboratrix. It is no secret that she wrought with him at his novels—a winsome forge-mate.

Daudet was proud of it. In certain copies of the "Nabat," which he sent to a few friends, is this special dedication:

Au collaborateur dévoué, discret et infatigable, à ma bien-aimée Julia Daudet, j'offre, avec un grand merci de tendresse reconnaissante, ce livre qui lui doit tout.

This was in 1878.

* * *

Madame Daudet has written much, not under her own name, but under various pseudonyms. I remember "Lettres d'un Absent" and the book of literary essays that she signed Karl Steen. Her *chef d'œuvre*, however, is the book of childish impressions to which I have referred.

Did I say she was *bourgeoise*? She is *bourgeoise*, just as a Dresden shepherdess is bucolic. She admires Manet, De Goncourt, Mallarmé.

* * *

Will you read this little poem of the needle?

Sous un grand frêne en éventail,
Que le soleil dore et paillette,
J'ai brodé du plus fin travail
Tout le tour d'une colerette.

Au poids des écheveaux usés,
J'avais mesuré ma pensée,
Sereine entre les fils brisés
Et chaque fois recommencée.

A gentle poetess; said I not well?

* * *

LÉON DAUDET.

Of one who is somebody it is only natural to expect something.

Of Alphonse Daudet and Julia Allard it is not unreasonable to expect a son who should be in the way of being a prodigy.

And this young man?

He is an unusual young man. He was educated for a physician. I am not certain whether he took his degree or not, but I fancy he never carried his studies that far.

He made his literary début by marrying the granddaughter of Victor Hugo. They separated. There is no occasion to tell the story here; no one was to blame; perhaps it was incompatibility of rhyme.

Léon Daudet published a book; I have forgotten what it was; he wrote for the journals; and what he wrote was very young—*des âmes, des flammes*.

* * *

One night a year ago Alphonse Daudet sat dreamily staring at Léon, his son. M. La Jeunesse was present (he says), but he did not speak. There was lamplight and there was silence.

Suddenly Léon cried aloud miserably:

"Père, père, je crois que je n'ai pas une belle âme!"

Alphonse Daudet grew sad, but he did not reply.

Silence.

Léon leaned forward; his eyes shone with sincerity; humility glowed in his young cheeks; he lifted his voice and cried again:

"Père, père, je crois que je n'ai pas une belle âme!"

"Et moi?" said Alphonse Daudet.

* * *

Were I in this short sketch to endeavor to give you a definite idea of Léon Daudet's talent—young, hectic, angry, virile—I should, I fancy, turn back to "Les Morticoles." When it appeared a few years ago it was scandalously successful. He has done better work since then, but in "Les Morticoles" his individuality stands out finely distinct.

And he has individuality, this young Daudet—a jangling personality that he trails, as a militia captain trails his sabre.

"Les Morticoles," then, is a grim and vicious attack on those respectable charlatans (whom Molière lashed), the physicians. Léon Daudet does not like physicians. Neither do I. Those who are not charlatans are fools, and I dislike a charlatan and I hate a fool. (I don't dislike a rogue so much; you can guess which way a rogue will jump; but only the dear Lord knows what a fool will do, and even He at times must be in doubt.)

One after the other you are introduced to all the modern types of the physician. You meet the "general practitioner;" you journey through the hospitals and bedlams; you meet the physician who is a "man of genius"—dear Lord!—the village doctor, the dabbler in the occult, the surgeon, the callow lads who cling to the end of ambulance wagons.

It is in the "Ile des Morticoles." Swift might have imagined it. Indeed

Swift—in a mood at once rancorous and ferocious—might have written this novel in which realism waits even upon romance.

* * *

Léon Daudet's early studies at the School of Medicine have influenced all his novels. "Germe et Poussière" is a physiological study; "Haeres" is a study of the changes of personality; "L'Astre Noir" is a study of the man of genius, considered as a monstrosity.

All this, of course, is but the pedantry of a very young man.

But there is power, there is virility, there is sincerity, there is even that formless abundance out of which style may be made. He should go far, M. Léon Daudet.

* * *

In the lamplight, in the silence, Léon Daudet, lifted his voice and cried bitterly: "Father, father, I believe that I have not a beautiful soul!"

"And I?" said Alphonse Daudet.

* * *

A beautiful soul? I do not know.

But then—

He has talent, imagination, industry, ambition, vigor and abundance—and youth.

C'est quelqu'un.

VANCE THOMPSON.

WAS CHOPIN A JEW?

ALL great men have their fads. Gladstone fiddles and chops down trees; Ruskin's fad is going mad; Roseberry noctambulates; Richepin's fad is the *savate*; McKinley's fad is getting elected to office; Dr. O'Sullivan raises pet ptomaines, and the RACONTEUR's fad is discovering that all composers of music were Jews. As far as Wagner goes he has settled the matter. I may help him out with Chopin.

I have gathered the facts with infinite care and immeasurable industry; it is for Mr. Huneker to apply them as best suits his fad.

As you know, Chopin was born at a small village near Warsaw; his mother was unquestionably Polish, belonging to the Kryzanowski family, of excellent repute. His father was Nicolas Chopin—mark those two names—a "Frenchman" from Nancy.

* * *

There is no occasion to discuss the long and not wholly unprofitable history of the Jews of Nancy; that has been done already very learnedly by Dr. E. Moise, the erudite antiquary. Nor shall I set about an investigation of Chopin's immediate ancestors, who were settled in the old capital of the Duchy of Lorraine. It is merely necessary to show that Chopin has been for six or seven hundred years a distinctly Jewish name, and that it may be found in the old Pipe Rolls of the twelfth century and in many of the earliest records of the dealings of the mediæval Jews of France and Norman England. With this as a clew, I have no doubt the RACONTEUR will run Chopin to earth.

I have first found the name in the Pipe Roll for the fifteenth year in the reign of Henry II., where it appears among the names of many other French Jews who had dealings as money lenders both with the king and his subjects. There, for instance, is Dieulacresse fil Benjamin, the first name being equivalent to the (Hebrew) Gedaliah or Solomon. This was a common practice. Thus you find many forms of the (Hebrew) Chaim, "life," such as Vives, Vivelot, &c. Again, Isaiah became Dieu-le-saut, Obadiah, Serf-dieu. On the other hand, you discover many diminutives and alterations of Hebrew names; thus, Hakelin (whence Hackett) is a diminutive of Isaac; Cok and Coket are unquestionable diminutives of Isaac in its Hebrew form.

The commonest diminutive of Jacob is Copin.

There was a Copin of St. Edmunds in the twelfth century, and about the same time there was a Nicolas Copin (a convert who afterward returned to Judaism) in Lincoln. Copin of St. Edmunds is referred to thus in the Pipe Rolls: "Copin the Jew of St. Edmunds owes 20 marks to have right to the chattels which Slema his mother committed to Santo the Jew."

There are other references to Copin, but these will suffice.

A half century later the name appears in the records of the Jews of Rouen. It is written "Deuaie Copin," the first name being, of course, the French form of Eleasar. Later such names as these occur: Solemun Copin and Salomon Zopin. The c, you observe, has been softened to z. In the Duchy of Lorraine the uniform spelling seems to have been Zopin. Just at what period the French z following its natural tendency became ch is not easy to determine. In this connection it is noteworthy that the Hungarian Jews commonly pronounce z as though it were zs—that is the French sound of ch.

Of course, merely because there exists an old *shetar*, signed by a well-known Jew of Nancy, known as Nicolas Copin, or Zopin, or Chopin, is no proof that Nicolas Chopin, the father of the "Polish" composer was a Jew.

I leave further investigation to the RACONTEUR. Still I may say, for my part, that I am quite convinced that Chopin was, on his father's side, of old Jewish blood.

Paderewski, I am sure will be glad to discover these ties of kinship.

THE INTERNATIONAL RAID ON CHINA.

ANY discussion of the Chinese question must be based mainly on conjecture.

France already has a foothold in China. Since 1884 she has had possession of the Northern province of Annam. It can hardly be said that her rule over the Annamites has been successful or that her possessions in Tonquin have proved profitable. More than once France has wished to retreat, leaving the millions she has invested and the lives she has sacrificed as a monument of a blasted ambition.

England's Chinese possessions have paid.

The incorrigible instinct of the Englishman to go forth and possess the land which is not his, is profitably supplemented by the commercial knack of making it pay.

Of the great powers only Russia and Germany have been kept out of China. The Japanese war proved that this huge, amorphous kingdom, helpless without and helpless within, was already dead enough to be cut up. Were there such a thing as international equity the carving up of China should have been the privilege of Japan. In place of equity in international affairs, however, there is only law. On the pretense that the territorial integrity of China must be preserved, Germany, Russia and France forced Japan to forego all the advantages of her Chinese conquest. These powers forced the young conquering nation to give up her Chinese acquisitions and withdraw to her islands.

And now the time is ripe for dividing the spoil.

Germany has taken a leaf from the book of England's policy of land grabbing. It is a simple plan. First, missionaries are sent out; they carry on a fanatical crusade until the natives rise against them; a missionary or two or three are killed; then the great power is in a position to demand indemnity and seize the land on a pretext of right. Germany has imitated this antique and effective English method. The foul hypocrisy of this method needs no comment. It speaks for itself. Its morality is on a level with that of the rogue who disguises himself in a priest's garb in order to ply his trade of picking pockets. It is a blasphemous misuse of the name of Christ. It is hypocrisy of that dirty, sacrilegious sort to which only an Englishman or a German would stoop.

Well, Germany, by these means, has gained a foothold in China. Russia, less hypocritical, but more adroit, has taken possession of Port Arthur, as a winter station for her squadron.

All this while England has made no move. Her possessions in Central China are by no means secure. The latest dispatches from London seem to show that her period of masterly inactivity is drawing to an end. A squadron of thirteen ships has left Port Hamilton and is steaming northward along the coast of Corea, presumably with the idea of supporting Great Britain's attitude against Russia, and certainly with the purpose of joining the Japanese warships. There will then be an Anglo-Japanese naval force in the Gulf of Pechili, on which Port Arthur is situate, with which Russia will have to reckon.

The situation is unquestionably serious.

For many years we have been in the habit of looking to the Balkans as the place where international friction would at last strike out the spark that would fire the powder depots of Europe. War must come, but it seems probable now that the far East will hear the first booming of the guns.

No international treaty is worth the cigars burned at its signing. As yet it is impossible even to guess how well the Franco-Russian treaty will bear the strain of the Chinese problem. Speculation on this topic is quite futile.

What interest have the United States in these far-off quarrels?

The one great power to be watched to-day by our Government, we believe, is Germany. The young "war lord"—who is not only a king by "divine right," but whose very physical functions we have recently learned are "consecrated"—has declared against the Monroe doctrine. He declines to recognize it save as "involence." Unquestionably he will yet force the Reichsrath to give him the naval "loan" he demands; unquestionably he will soon have a navy, dangerously large and dangerously effective.

And then he will be in a position to force on his project for colonial expansion. It is known that his objective point is Argentina. For years the German settlers have been taking possession of these rich and fertile lands. Germany is only waiting for the opportunity to make the Argentine a German colony.

A writer in the San Francisco *News Letter*, writing of the German Emperor's avowed policy toward the United States, says:

The Monroe doctrine he knows means the interference of this country and a war with us. Meanwhile, he does not hesitate to show his dislike of both our home and foreign policy. As soon as we wanted a coaling station at Samoa he had three war vessels there to prevent it. When annexation of Hawaii was proposed he wanted to know all about it, and only quit when he found the game was not worth the candle. To show his disregard of the Monroe doctrine he has two iron-clads in American waters peremptorily collecting largesse from the Haytiens, and without opposition from us. Why we make no signs of following the Venezuelan precedent does not appear. Is it because Germany meant business and England did not?

There seems to be no doubt that Germany means business. And it may be added that America is friendless among the nations. None of the great powers approves of the Monroe doctrine. None of them has any interest in upholding American supremacy on this continent and in these waters.

We might as well recognize the situation. Even to look to the future might not be unwise.

The Stage Abroad.

A PLAY, on the lines of "Die Weber," has had some success on the stage of Vienna and Berlin, and the fact of its earning any popularity in two capitals is a curious revelation of the extent to which the labor question attracts attention in Germany. The title of this new piece is "Bartel Turaser." The scene is a manufacturing town, where the hands at a large establishment are on strike. The strike is for the purpose of compelling the employers to discharge the foreman. This foreman has made improper proposals to one of the girls in the factory, and when she rejects them, discharges her. The proposal had been overheard by Bartel Turaser, who is to be the chief witness for the girl in an action she is to bring for unlawful dismissal. Meanwhile the day for the trial is a long way off and the strike continues.

In the second act Bartel is seen in his miserable home. His child is dying for want of food and medical care, his wife is in despair, all is misery, hopeless want, despair. Then enters the foreman. He offers Bartel 200 gulden if he will only say, when he appears as a witness, that "he is not quite sure about the words used" and then "that he cannot swear to them." He hesitates, but the reproaches and tears of his wife, the moans of the sick child, and the sight of the money overcome his honesty. The case goes against the girl after his testimony, or lack of testimony, and she is sent to jail for perjury for *lesé majesté* or some Teutonic crime. The strikers who had quitted work on Bartel's statements attack his house, but are repulsed by his wife. Then Bartel is seen sneaking out with his money to buy food.

In the next scene Bartel is alone, deserted by his friends and in deeper misery than before. As he sits in his lonely room, he hears from the adjoining chamber the tap-tap of the hammer with which the carpenter is nailing down the coffin lid for his two children. The only one who comes to console him is the girl whom he has so wronged. He sees that he must do her justice at all costs; he resolves to surrender himself to the police, proclaim his perjury and accept imprisonment as an expiation.

There is nothing new in this story of calumniated innocence, a wicked tempter and a victim of temptation; the success, such as it is may be, of pieces like this must depend a good deal on the actors, but more on the mental disposition of the audience.

At the Friedrich Wilhelmstadt house at Berlin a very peculiar question is discussed. It is a question of literary property. A learned professor in a very learned university has made use of the papers of a deceased colleague. The latter had spent a long life in a series of extensive and profound researches. To the accuracy and value of these researches no objection can be made. Only, as it seems to the learned professor, his late friend's conclusions are all wrong. In the interest of mankind, he resolves to use the facts and add his own conclusions. He discusses the question in his family. His assistant hesitates, says "Yes" and "No" alternately; his wife says "No," decidedly.

A publisher, who is also an officer of the reserve army, seems somehow to have some interest in the dead scholar's papers, and he has a much greater interest in the professor's wife. In fact he takes such an interest in her that the professor, who happens to have a revolver, shoots him and turns his wife out of doors. She manages to rescue her lover, who had only been wounded, and then, as the learned professor refuses to pay alimony, she goes to the police with the papers that had been stolen, and adds that her nefarious husband had raised his pistol against an army officer. Of course the professor learns that he must not steal his friend's papers. This is perhaps the most stupid piece seen for a long time.

Always excepting the "Jeanne et France," lately produced at the Théâtre Cornéille. The Théâtre Cornéille is a moral theatre; it is established to combat the present immorality of the stage by producing strictly moral plays. This piece seems to have been written expressly for it; it is moral and unspeakably dull. Jeanne, of course, is Jeanne d'Arc. She is a prisoner of the "Goddams" at Arras. She is badly watched by an imbecile jailer and by his sentimental daughter, who adores the Pucelle; the Governor Pressy looks a little better after her, but two women have their eyes on her. Madame

Franquet, who believes that her husband has been put to death by Jeanne's order and Mlle. Franquet, who believes that her lover Walter, a Scotchman, is making love to La Pucelle.

Of course, the young lady is in error. Walter is only trying to help Jeanne to escape, and they, like all the other characters, are gradually subjected to Jeanne's influence. M. Pressy, an old soldier, suddenly "gets religion" as if by miracle. Madame Franquet is convinced that her husband was not put to death, and Mlle. Franquet regards Jeanne as a saint instead of a rival. Under this happy condition of affairs it might be supposed that Jeanne would find no difficulty in escaping. But, alas! Mlle. Franquet had, before she was converted, told the English of the plan; Jeanne, therefore, walks right into a band of them. Still she could have escaped, but her conscience will not let her. Her escape would be the death of old Pressy, so she returns to her chains.

Then, of course, she has a dream, and sees the stake at Rouen, and describes her own burning at considerable length.

THE BUBBLE REPUTATION.

THE bubble reputation of Sir Edwin Arnold, editor of the *Daily Telegraph*, of London, has been pricked. For years Sir Edwin has posed in a fur coat and a chin beard as the poet of the middle classes. He has written reams of verse—rhymed and blank; he has sung the "Light of Asia" and the ephemeral glory of the daily newspaper. So hopelessly commonplace, so uniformly nul—he has appealed to the suburban mind in England, and in this country to the commuter's intelligence.

Now he has been exposed as a rank and naughty plagiarist. His "Japonica" was taken (the *Herald* demonstrates), in a large measure, from the notebook of a Yankee professor in Japan.

The discovery is not noteworthy.

Any erudite person who should take the trouble to read Sir E. Arnold's published books not uncritically might easily see that in the main his work is simian—imitating the gestures and attitudes of other writers. He has a sly, adaptive talent; nothing more.

WHEN LOVE DIED—

I kiss your hand, your garment's hem,
And each kiss is a requiem;

I kiss your lips and morbid eyes,
And each kiss is a love that dies;

I lay my hands upon your hair,
As though I laid wan lilies there;

Over your little breasts I place
A white thing, colder than a cloud.

Over your little breasts and face
I lay my dead love—like a shroud.

So with a shroud I cover it—
The face wherein love's shame was writ,

As in a book one dare not read—
Love's tragedy of thought and deed;

Cover it close that none may see
Dead love rot into infamy.

All dead—no more the lute strings sound
The old, mad tunes that spun us round;

Only far bells drone, overhead,
A threnody for love—all dead.

—VANCE THOMPSON.

THE Theatre Libre business has spread to Madrid. There our old friend Ernst Von Wolzogen is at the head of the enterprise. It will open in January with Tolstoi's "Powers of Darkness," and then there will be given a theatrically historical true presentation of Shakespeare's "Troilus and Cressida." After that a contemporary drama by Franz Retsner, "March," will be given. The Munich Free Theatre will endeavor to produce and popularize the works of unknown artists.

Brahms.

Brahms composed many of his best lieder on words by Daumer, whom he always spoke of as "a full-blooded poet." They are all glowing, passionate love songs. When Brahms went to Munich, where Daumer lived, he naturally determined to call on his poet. "I loaded myself up," he said, "with everything containing lieder of Daumer, and away I went. I found him in a retired street, in a retired dwelling, in an equally retired apartment. I stepped in to see my honored poet. Alas! he was a little, old, dried-up mannikin. I addressed him

with sincere respect, and handed to him my music; the old gentleman gave me thanks with some confusion, and I soon saw that he knew nothing of me or my compositions, nor of music at all. When I pointed out some of his most passionate words he indicated a still more dried-up old woman with a wave of his hand, and said: 'I have loved only one woman—my wife!'

Brahms was once in his favorite *bier haus* in Vienna with a friend. He said to the landlord, "Bring me a bottle of your best!" The landlord returned, "Here is wine, as much better than other wine as Brahms' music is than other music." Brahms looked at the label with his near-

sighted eyes, and said, "Put it away; give us a bottle of Bach."

Miss Eva Hawkes' Success.

One of the busiest singers this season is the well-known contralto Miss Eva Hawkes, who is in constant demand for musicales in and around New York. Miss Hawkes met with success at a recent musicale given at the Hotel San Remo, and her beautiful voice and methods were highly appreciated at a concert given at Hotel Endicott. Miss Hawkes is a pure contralto, and she possesses the true musical temperament.

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